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Marguerite of Austria.

THE HIGH AND PUISSANT PRINCESS MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA

PRINCESS DOWAGER OF SPAIN
DUCHESS DOWAGER OF SAVOY
REGENT OF THE NETHERLANDS

By CHRISTOPHER HARE AUTHOR OF "A QUEEN OF QUEENS AND THE MAKING OF SPAIN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

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INTRODUCTION

In the history of the Netherlands, there stands forth one stately figure whose noble life and striking adventures are of such supreme and absorbing interest, that, revered and beloved in her own time, her memory still haunts us through the ages.

Marguerite of Austria lived in spacious days of great events and stirring deeds, in which she played her part with whole-hearted devotion and delicate distinction. Like another Ulysses, the young Princess was the sport of fickle Fortune, tossed from one land to another, to be overwhelmed with strange vicissitudes and sad experience, yet ever ready with the spirit of a hero to go forth and meet her fate once more.

In those days, when the mediæval horizon was slowly widening, the boundless ambition of the House of Austria aimed at nothing less than universal monarchy, and to this faith—the unchanging passion of her race—Marguerite was first a victim, then in after years a willing sacrifice.

It has been no easy task to pursue the elusive image of the young girl through massive tomes of the historians of many lands, to find only too often that the grave and learned writers dismiss her with but a passing word. All serious consideration was reserved for the men of the period; a woman was but a counter in the

game of politics, ever subservient to the will of her father, brother, husband, or son; and we may be thankful if, as a guerdon for her submission, we find her name mentioned in a wedding contract or on a marble tomb. Yet there is so subtle a charm about the personality of our Marguerite, that we follow with unwearied zeal the scattered records and faded chronicles of her chequered life in those earlier days.

We see her in motherless childhood, a baby girl of three years old, journeying in her nurse's arms to a foreign land as bride for the Dauphin of France; trained for ten years in the *précieuse* school of the great Anne de Beaujeu, Regent of France, his sister, only to be sent home with a broken contract, on the marriage of this same Dauphin, become Charles VIII, to Anne de Bretagne. There is a brief interval in the Netherlands, her home only in name, and the young Princess at seventeen goes across the sea as a bride to the heir of Spain, to carry out the persistent policy of Hapsburg alliance. A widowed bride and a childless mother, Marguerite ere long returns to her native land . . . once more to tempt her fate and go forth to serve imperial interests by a marriage with Philibert-le-Beau, Duke of Savoy.

Three years of ideal bliss in married life are all too fleeting, for the cup of happiness is dashed from her lips by the death of her young husband, and the sorrowing Duchess of Savoy dedicates herself to rearing a stately fane to his memory at Bourg en Bresse, and a glorious tomb, where she may one day rest by his side.

But this was not the end. On her brother Philip's untimely death in Castile, the Princess Marguerite,

ever ready to listen to the voice of duty, obeyed the call of her father, the Emperor Maximilian, to be ruler of the Netherlands as Regent for her nephew, Charles V. As Castiglione exclaims in his famous *Book of the Courtier:* "Behold the Lady Marguerite, who with great wisdom and justice hitherto hath ruled and still doth rule her State." Henry VII wooed her in vain, and rumour says that Louis XII sought her hand, but she would have no more to do with marriage. "Je m'en suis trop mal-trouvée!" was her reply.

Beloved and honoured by all, she filled the difficult post with rare discretion and self-sacrifice and, denied the crown of motherhood for herself, she devoted herself with all a mother's love to the sons and daughters of her brother, King Philip, and Juana "la Loca."

My story deals with fifty of the most eventful years in the history of Europe, from 1480 to 1530, giving not only the story of Marguerite herself, in many lands—in France, in Spain, in Savoy, and in the Netherlands—but also a brief account of that splendid roll-call, the galaxy of famous men and women who formed her circle or influenced her policy at home and abroad.

For the history of Marguerite's career as Regent of the Netherlands, it has been my great good fortune to meet with a wealth of priceless material—nothing less than many hundreds of original letters written or received by her. In these, every political scheme, every event of public or domestic interest, is discussed, chiefly between herself and her father, the Emperor Maximilian, and we see the very heart of empire laid bare. These precious documents have been mainly preserved in the Archives of Lille, and were deciphered and made known in the early half of the last century

by M. Le Glay and Ph. Van der Bergh, and printed by the Historical Society of France. I have ventured to reproduce some of the most interesting in their original form, and have only given the translation as all my readers may not be familiar with old French occasionally tinctured with strange Flemish idioms.

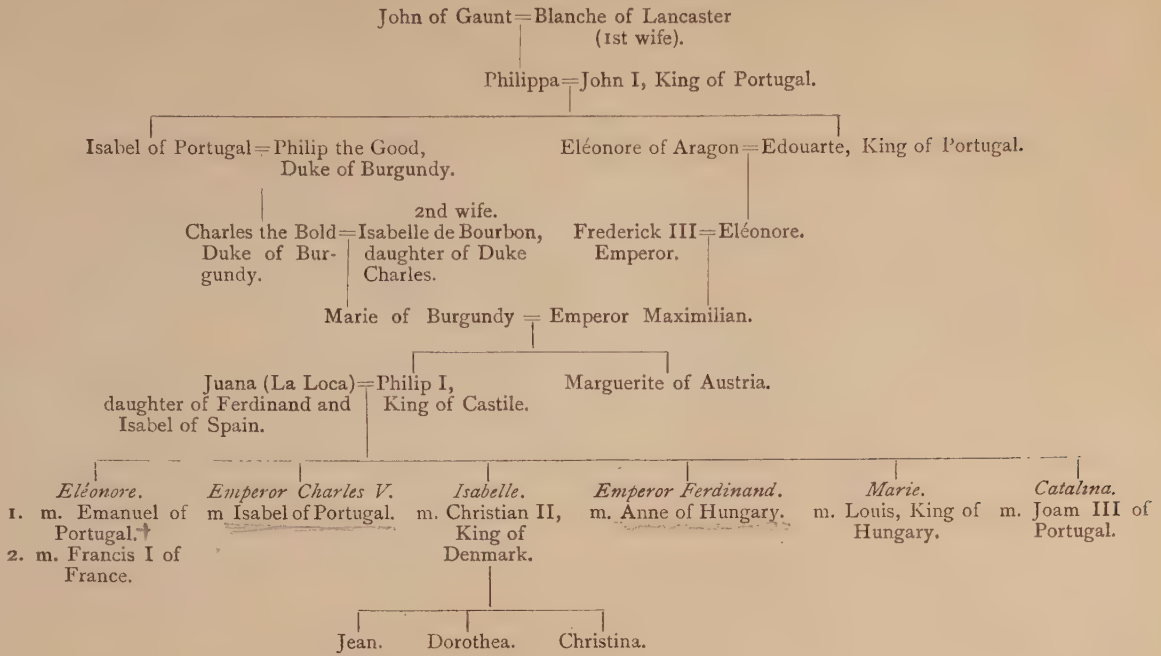
Of all historical documents, there can be nothing to compare in value with the private letters written by the great actors in the drama of history. Where contemporary memoirs—even such as Froissart and Commines —may be coloured by prejudice, are usually filled in long after the events recorded, and may prove untrustworthy; in a bundle of old letters we read the very soul of the writer. We discern what he thinks, we learn what he wishes, we see what he does.

Here, indeed, we seem to find a sure foundation, although all writing of history is but a wistful seeking after truth, and the most earnest historian will be the first to own how full of error may be his most careful work. On this point I cannot do better than end with the words of Montaigne:—

"Ceste recherche de la vérité est tellement délicate, qu'on ne se puisse pas fier d'un combat à la science de celuy qui a commandé, ny aux soldats de ce qui s'est passé près d'eux, si, à la mode d'une information judiciaire, on ne confronte les témoins et reçoit les objets sur la preuve des poinctilles de chaque accident." *

* *Essais de Montaigne*, I, II c. 10.

TABLE TO SHOW MARGUERITE'S DESCENT (BY BOTH FATHER AND MOTHER) FROM PHILIPPA, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF JOHN OF GAUNT


John of Gaunt = Blanche of Lancaster (1st wife).
Philippa = John I, King of Portugal.
Isabel of Portugal = Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.
Eléonore of Aragon = Edouarte, King of Portugal.
Charles the Bold Duke of Burgundy.
2nd wife.
Isabelle de Bourbon, daughter of Duke Charles.
Frederick III Emperor.
Eléonore.
Marie of Burgundy = Emperor Maximilian.
Juana (La Loca) daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel of Spain.
Philip I, King of Castile.
Marguerite of Austria.
Eléonore.
1. m. Emanuel of Portugal.
2. m. Francis I of France.
Emperor Charles V. m Isabel of Portugal.
Isabelle. m. Christian II, King of Denmark.
Emperor Ferdinand. m. Anne of Hungary.
Marie. m. Louis, King of Hungary.
Catalina. m. Joam III of Portugal.
Jean.
Dorothea.
Christina.

CHAPTER I

MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA

Her Birth and Lineage— Maximilian I and Marie of Burgundy

Marguerite of Austria, the only daughter of Maximilian I and Marie of Burgundy, was born the fine flower of an illustrious race. We see in her genealogy that her ancestors were noble princes of many lands, and that she could claim kinship with the House of Plantagenet, being descended through both father and mother from Philippa of Lancaster, the eldest daughter of John of Gaunt.

It would be an interesting study in heredity to trace out, in the character of this young Princess, the strong qualities of the Plantagenets, the fearless courage of her grandfather, Charles of Burgundy, the sweetness and piety of her mother, and her grandmother Isabelle de Bourbon, and the bright intelligence and taste for art and letters of her father. Doubtless all these influences combined to make Marguerite "one of the finest characters of her time"; and in order to understand aright her position in the world's history, we must turn for a while to the romantic story of her father and mother.

Of the striking and most interesting personality of

Maximilian, we are fortunate in having the fullest particulars, not only from chronicles of the time, but also from his own numerous writings, in which he stands revealed with the vivid clearness of a mediæval Pepys. He was born in Carinthia, on March 22, 1459, the son of Frederick III, Duke of Austria, who since 1440 had held the somewhat empty title of "Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation." The imperial crown was a heavy burden of anxiety and responsibility, and carried with it neither treasure nor army to enforce its claims. No historian has a good word to say for the weak and treacherous Frederick, but the boy Maximilian may have inherited his eager, gallant spirit from his mother, Eleanor of Portugal, who once said to him—

"Could I think you capable of acting like your father, I should lament your being destined to the throne."

The child was a born soldier, and from his earliest years had a passion for weapons and armour; he trained his boy companions to fight mimic battles in courtyard and hall, and with his hounds carried on a wild chase of every living animal within his father's castle walls. It was not strange that he was in constant trouble with his tutor, but in after years he complained bitterly of the incompetence of this "Pierre Eingelbert," who was rewarded by Frederick with a fat bishopric. The young Maximilian grew up to be a splendid horseman and an unrivalled huntsman, fearless and adventurous, alike in pursuit of the wild boar and the wolf, or the chase of chamois on the mountain height. He had a keen love for tilt, tourney, and feats of arms, and was skilled not only in all knightly exercises, but

had a marvellous inventive gift, and a practical knowledge of all connected with armour and gunnery.

His mind was late in developing, but we cannot deny him the credit of extraordinary mental activity, wide interests, and quick sympathies. He wrote a great mass of literary work, at least thirty books on every subject under the sun, with the help of his secretaries, of which two concern us more especially from the light they throw upon his early life. In his epic of *Teuerdank*, the adventurous knight of glorious thoughts who sets forth to seek his bride and at length fights the Turk, he draws a portrait of himself. But it is in the wonderful autobiography, the *Weiss Kunig*, that the young Prince gives the rein to his fancy and overweening self-conceit, naively describing himself as a kind of royal Admirable Crichton. In this singular book, which the scribe Mark Treitsaurwein appears to have taken down from his master's notes and dictation, Maximilian begins with the comet which appeared at his birth, "a sign of the future reign and wonderful achievements of the child." When the time came for him to have learned masters, "he put to them questions which they were not able to answer"; and soon became "so full of knowledge, and humility, and all fine qualities" that it was decreed he should be called "the young wise King."

After having sufficiently studied Holy Scripture, and incidentally become the "finest and most speedy writer in the world," the young wise King learnt the seven liberal arts in a very short time: "grammar as the basis, then logic and the five others, and in them he became unsurpassably learned, understanding more than is set forth in books, at which all learned men were,

beyond measure, astonished." Then he studied the past history of states, of popes and cardinals, of kings and princes, of counts and lords and knights down to burghers and peasants, and so mastered all knowledge and experience, and the rare virtue of moderation. "He learnt never to refuse any man anything without sufficient inquiry." Next follows an obscure chapter on the learning of astrology by the young wise King and his great proficiency in this difficult art. Then he learnt from his father the duties of a public secretary, and so, in after years, became marvellous in his methods of governing, never allowing a letter to be sent, small or important, unless he had first read it, and he signed all letters with his own hand, and would "dictate to eight secretaries at one time, that he might outdo Julius Cæsar."

With regard to painting, the young wise King heard an old wise man say that a great general and commander ought to be able to paint. "But for what reason it is not fit for me to disclose in this book, nor to write about it; it should be kept for kings and commanders." Therefore it was that Maximilian "learned sufficiently well how to paint. . . . He also supported great artists in painting and carving, and has caused many ingenious works to be painted and carved, which will remain in this world in memory of him."

We are next told how the young wise King learned music and to play on stringed instruments. He thought how King David sang "Praise God with songs and with harps." He also read the history of King Alexander, who had conquered so many peoples and countries, and how he loved the songs of minstrels and the happy sound of harps. So the young King

determined to follow their example, regarding as his two gravest duties the praise of God and the vanquishing of his enemies.

This brief sketch will give some idea of the physical and mental equipment of the young Archduke Maximilian when the question of his marriage arose. The one absorbing ambition of the Emperor Frederick, and apparently of every member of his dynasty, was to increase the honour and glory of the House of Hapsburg. Much had been done by conquest, but still more now, and in the future, was to be done by alliance.

In pursuance of the usual Hapsburg policy, the Emperor had already chosen a bride for his heir. In the year 1477, when Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, fell in battle under the walls of Nancy, his only daughter and heiress, Marie, born on February 8, 1457, was the richest princess in Europe, for she inherited most of his vast domains, with the exception of that portion known as the "Duchy of Burgundy" (which comprised, broadly speaking, the present departments of Côte d'Or, Saône et Loire, Yonne, and part of Ain and Aube). This had always been a male fief and appanage of the crown of France, and Louis XI at once laid claim to it.

The Burgundian dynasty, of which Charles the Bold was the representative, had begun when the King of France, Jean II le Bon, made it over to his fourth son Philip, who had fought so gallantly at his side on the field of Poictiers. It had recently fallen into his hands in 1361, by the death of Philip de Rouvres, last Duke of his house. It would be too long a story to tell how this fortunate house acquired by marriage Flanders,

Artois, and the Free County of Burgundy, Nevers and Rethel, Brabant and Limburg; by purchase Namur and Luxemburg; and chiefly by conquest Hainault, Holland, and Zeeland, not to mention the towns on the Somme and other lands.

Nor can we dwell on the eventful history of that last great Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, who is so familiar a figure to us in *Anne of Geierstein* and *Quentin Durward.*

It gives us a curious illustration of the striking personality of that strong and splendid Prince when we are told that, notwithstanding all proof, men could not believe in his death. There was a rumour that he was but biding his time, and would come forth again, "more magnificent, more warlike, the scourge of rebels, the alarum of Germany, the terror of France!"

This rash and turbulent Duke, "who rushed on danger because he loved it," had crowned his successful career, only a few years before, by holding a prisoner in Péronne his liege lord, Louis XI, and making him the laughing-stock of France. But the fiery Duke had taken a fancy to young Maximilian, and had arranged with the Emperor Frederick at Trèves that a marriage should take place between their children. On her father's defeat and death, Marie, now a spirited young woman of twenty, was in dire straits—attacked by Louis XI, who wished her to marry his son Charles aged five, beset by other princely suitors, and tyrannised over by rebellious burghers. As her governess, Jeanne de Commines, remarked, "There was more need of a man than a boy." In the hour of her greatest need, the helpless girl turned to the gallant young

Prince of Austria, who was already enshrined in her fancy. By the hand of his messenger she sent him a ring and a letter.

"Most dear and friendly lord and brother, from my heart I greet you. . . . You must not doubt that I will agree to the treaty made between us by my lord and father, now in glory, and will be a true wife to you, for I doubt not you will do likewise. The bearer knows how I am hemmed in, and I cannot open my mind to him, as God knoweth—may He grant us our heart's desire. I pray you not to linger, as your coming will bring help and comfort to my lands . . . but if you come not, my lands can look for no aid . . . and I may be driven to do that which I would not, by force against my will, if you forsake me."

It seems strange to us that after this touching appeal the princely lover should still delay his coming. But no Hapsburg could ever come to a sudden decision and take prompt action: it was a family failing. Not until several months later did Maximilian at length reach Cologne with his company of princes and nobles of the empire, and here he received money from his wealthy bride which enabled him to continue his journey towards Ghent. Here he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the burghers, who came in solemn procession to meet him at the city gate. As Maximilian himself tells the story in the *Weiss Kunig*, the "young wise King had a far way to go, and when he rode into Ghent in magnificent array, the great company said they had never beheld a more beautiful young lord." He also says that "the two queens had high report of him, and gave glory and praise to the noblest and worthiest youth, whom no one equalled."

This is an allusion to Marie's stepmother, Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV, whom Duke Charles had taken as his third wife in 1468. It is doubtful if the Duchess Margaret was in Ghent at the time of the wedding, as she had offended the burghers by corresponding with Louis; but we shall have occasion to allude to her hereafter.

One chronicle tells us that the betrothed, these "two noblest, mightiest, handsomest persons," first met by torchlight within the palace walls of Ghent, on the eve of the wedding. This took place at six o'clock in the morning in the ducal chapel, in the presence of a splendid company, the Bishop of Tournay at the altar, supported by a papal legate, while young Charles of Guelders and his sister bore the tapers before the bride. The bridegroom was gorgeous in silver armour; "a tall youth, perfectly formed in body and bones, with a handsome, winning face and peculiarly beautiful fair hair," says the *Weiss Kunig*, but his portrait, which is familiar to us from the hand of Albrecht Dürer and others, hardly carries out this glowing description. Still we have ample testimony to the fact that on his wedding, at the age of eighteen, he was already a striking figure, with a touch of kingly dignity, and at the same time with a bright, winning personality which few could resist.

Of Marie, the bride, we learn that she was clad in gold-embroidered damask and a golden girdle set with jewels round her waist, a cloak of ermine on her shoulders, and the magnificent crown of Burgundy, one blaze of gems, on her dainty head. It is most interesting to have a personal description of her written by the hand of Maximilian himself a few months later.

"I have a pretty, virtuous wife who fills me with content, for which I give thanks to God. She is tall, but slender of body . . . and snow white. She has brown hair, a small nose, a little head and face, her eyes brown tinged with grey, beautiful and clear. . . . The mouth is somewhat high, but well defined and red. . . ."

We all know that mouth, which has become hereditary in her house—the prominent "Austrian" lower lip; and yet we cannot doubt that in the first freshness of her girlish beauty Marie was very pleasant to look upon. She may have been married from motives of policy, but she soon won the heart of her husband, whose passionate devotion to her—and to her memory—never failed to the last day of his life.

It was no easy life which awaited these two young sovereigns, whose possessions are thus enumerated in the *Weiss Kunig:* "The two countries, Upper and Lower Burgundy, Luxembourg, and Tischay; the three countries, Brabant, Lorraine, and Guelderland; the five countries, Hainault, Holland, Zeeland, Flanders, and Artois; the six countries, Picardy, Friesland, Zutphen, Namur, Salines, and Malines; besides many other countries, dominions, towns, and castles, more than I can number or name." The burghers of the Netherland cities were masterful and resolute in asserting their rights. Already earlier that year, 1477, Marie had been compelled to grant the great charter of their liberty on February 10, and on May 29, when the *joyeuse entrée* was granted to her at Louvain as Duchess of Brabant, she had yielded new liberties to the citizens and further restricted the ducal power. If they behaved thus to their own Duchess, the men of Flanders were little disposed to obey the Austrian lad

who had married her. Yet it was absolutely necessary for him to raise men and money, for the French army was already encroaching on the north-eastern border, the duchy of Guelders was in revolt, and on every side there was trouble and rebellion. The lifelong struggle between Maximilian and the turbulent burghers fo the great cities began almost on his wedding day, for they could not endure the rough behaviour of the German soldiers in his suite, and were very jealous of any external influence.

He was fortunate, however, in diplomacy, for he made a favourable truce in September, 1477, with Louis XI, who promised to restore all the towns taken by him in Hainault. Nothing of much importance occurred before the birth of his eldest son Philip, at Bruges, on June 22, 1478. The proud young ruler had been compelled to submit, in a measure, to guidance from the city fathers, and to suffer the commune of Ghent to make appointments even in his household. But in one point he had his way, for his warlike instincts found a splendid field in reorganising the Flemish forces, training them with unheard-of discipline, and rousing such enthusiasm in town and country that five hundred young nobles actually served with them on foot. Mainly with the support of this national army, Maximilian won his first victory over the French in pitched battle, near the village of Guinegaste, and not far from the border fortress of Therouanne. This took place in the month of August, 1479, after a long period of intermittent skirmishes between the two powers.

Here the young leader gallantly distinguished himself, for when his pikemen threatened to give way before a tremendous charge of the enemy, Maximilian

MAXIMILIAN AND MARIE OF BURGUNDY
TEACHING EACH OTHER LANGUAGES
By Burgkmair
Woodcut to illustrate the "Weiss-Kunig"

MARGUERITE GIVEN TO THE KING OF FRANCE
By Burgkmair
Woodcut to illustrate the "Weiss-Kunig"

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sprang from his horse and rushed into the midst of his yielding ranks, shouting to his nobles to follow. There was a splendid rally, which turned the fortune of the day; the men of Flanders drove all before them, and so great was the flight of the French army that the encounter has often been called "The Battle of Spurs." An old French chronicler complains bitterly of this name, for he maintains that his countrymen fled, not from fear, but from the desire to obey their king, who had sent word to the army "not to give battle." As Maximilian returned, flushed with triumph, he was met by his wife and infant son at the city gate, and together they rode through the streets of Ghent amid the noisy welcome of the crowd. Unfortunately no practical use was made of this success, which was shortly followed by the disastrous capture of the Holland herring fleet.

On the 10th of January, 1480, the Duchess Marie gave birth at Brussels to a daughter, the heroine of this memoir, who received the name of Marguerite. She was baptised at the cathedral of Sainte Gudule; her princely sponsors being Philip of Cleves, Lord of Ravenstein, and the Prince of Orange, while her godmother was Margaret of York, the sister of Edward IV, widow of Charles, Duke of Burgundy. Marie appears to have been always on the most friendly terms with her stepmother, who had adopted the land of her married life, and lived in state and grandeur in her palace at Malines. It may probably have been through her influence that on the 5th of August, 1480, a treaty of marriage was concluded in London between the baby Philip of Austria and Anne, her niece, daughter of Edward IV of England, who was about the same

age as her promised bridegroom. This was one of the many futile matrimonial arrangements of that period which came to nothing.

Another son, who lived but a few brief days, was born to Maximilian in September, 1481, and only six months later there came upon him the great and abiding sorrow of his life. His wife was "a thorough sportswoman with hawk and hound," as he himself wrote in the happy days when she was his constant companion. She was passionately fond of the chase, and her castle was always well stocked with falcons and dogs; one special favourite, "a windhound that is very swift," usually slept in her chamber.

On a spring morning of the year 1482, the wedded lovers rode forth from their palace at Bruges with a gay company, to go a-hawking in the meadows near, those low-lying marshy swamps which girdle the city. They had good sport in prospect, for the herons are wont to congregate on the sedgy banks by the silvery streaks of tideless water. Ever forward in leading the way, the Duchess put her horse at a dyke; he stumbled and fell, throwing her heavily on the ground. With her usual pluck, Marie made light of the accident for fear of alarming her husband, and some writers tell us that from motives of delicacy she did not even obtain proper medical care. In any case she had received a fatal injury, and within three weeks the great Duchess of Burgundy and its broad domains, the happy wife and mother, had passed away. We have the most pathetic accounts of Maximilian's despair; he broke down so terribly that she had to beg him to leave the room and compose himself, before she summoned the great lords of the Netherlands and the knights of the Golden

Fleece to swear allegiance to him as *mambourg* (regent) for his infant son.

The old Flemish chronicle gives a touching story of the scene around the death-bed of this dearly beloved Princess, cut off in her brilliant prime of life, scarcely twenty-five years of age. Those around her were in tears; the Bishop of Tournay's pious exhortation was broken with sobs. The dying woman alone was calm as she rallied her strength to bid farewell. Her first loving words are for her husband, and she ends: "Nous serons, hélas! bientot séparés!"

"Adieu, Philippe mon jeune fils, qui serez sous peu orphelin! . . . Adieu, Marguerite ma fille. Vous perdez votre mère avant le temps, mais je dois subir mon sort. . . ." (You lose your mother before the time, but I must endure my fate.) Then one by one she goes through the roll-call of noble names, the lords and knights who have been her loyal and faithful friends, and continues: "Adieu, chevaliers. Adieu, Marguerite d'Yorck. Adieu, Dame de Ravenstein, gardienne et protectrice de mes enfants; gardez les selon mes désirs. . . ." (Keep them according to my wishes.) She has a farewell word for her dominions, and even for the masterful communes who have given her so much trouble. Then she ends with the stately appeal: "Messeigneurs, la mort est près de moi; pardonnez-moi si j'ai pu jamais vous occasionner quelque déplaisir."* (Death is near me; forgive me if I have ever caused you any displeasure.)

Never was any one more deeply lamented; Maximilian was broken-hearted at her loss and could never afterwards speak or hear her name without emotion.

* Quoted by Le Glay.

His last desire was that his heart might be placed by the side of "Marie, sa réalle epouse," in the stately tomb which he raised to her memory in the church of *Onze Vrouw* (Nôtre Dame) at Bruges, in the chapel on the south side of the choir, by the resting-place of her father, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.

The young Archduke had plenty of trouble in store for him, as guardian of his wife's heritage and regent for his son. The states of Brabant, of Hainault, of Holland, of Zeeland, of Friesland, and Namur were willing to recognise his authority, but Flanders resisted, and the burghers of Ghent showed their jealousy of him by keeping possession of the two children of their duchess. Louis XI was jubilant, and told Commines "that now his time had come, for the Duke of Austria was young and badly served, and the two children were in the hands of hostile burghers." He lost no time, and used his talent for diplomacy to such good purpose that he finally arranged the Peace of Arras with these arrogant plebeians of Ghent, represented by a certain Coppenole, clerk of the aldermen and a shoemaker by trade, in whose power rested the education and future of the two royal children. The King of France obtained the hand of the baby Marguerite for his son Charles, a boy of twelve, who had been a suitor for her mother, Marie of Burgundy, five years before. The dowry of the Princess was to consist of Artois and Burgundy, but the burghers, "Nosseigneurs de Gand," as Louis XI called them, threw in a few other minor lands in a spirit of pompous magnificence. It was also settled that the young Archduke Philip was to do homage to Louis for Flanders—the very point

against which Charles the Bold and his family had fought so valiantly.

Maximilian had no voice in the matter, not even being included in the Council, but he was compelled to comply, as the condition of receiving his annual pension, and in March, 1483, he signed the Peace of Arras, by which his little daughter was handed over to the guardianship of the French King, an alliance which he saw arranged with as much regret as he was destined to feel one day on seeing it broken by the marriage of Charles with Anne of Brittany. Meantime Philip, the four-year-old heir of a great empire, remained in the hands of the men of Ghent, and a loyal friend of Maximilian's* thus described the situation : "Monsieur l'archiduc, nostre prince, ressemble à Saint Eustace, à qui un loup ravit son fils et un lyon sa fille." (Monsieur the Archduke, our Prince, resembles Saint Eustace, from whom a wolf ravished his son and a lion his daughter.)

* Olivier de la Marche.

CHAPTER II

MARGUERITE IN FRANCE

BETROTHAL OF CHARLES VIII—EDUCATION OF "LA DAUPHINE" —LOUIS XI—ANNE DE BEAUJEU AND HER PUPILS

IN the ancient chronicles of the day we have a most interesting account of the carrying out of the Peace of Arras, when the infant Princess was conducted in solemn state to France and given over into the care of Louis XI. The most striking clause in this treaty was that "ma dite damoiselle sera en toute diligence, sans mettre la chose en délay, amenée en ceste ville de Franchise, alias Arras, et mise et delaissée ès mains de monsieur de Beaujeu ou autre prince du sang commis de par le roy; et la fera le roy garder, nourrir et entretenir comme sa fille primogénite, épouse de mondit seigneur le dauphin." (The said demoiselle shall be with all diligence and without delay taken to that free city, Arras, and placed and left in the hands of Monsieur de Beaujeu or other prince of the blood commissioned by the King; and the King shall keep, nourish, and entertain her as his eldest daughter, wife of the aforesaid Seigneur the Dauphin.)

This Monsieur de Beaujeu is evidently selected to receive Marguerite because he was the husband of the great Anne de France, the eldest and favourite daughter of Louis XI, who was now twenty-two years

of age, and who was soon to be appointed Regent of the kingdom.

We are told that the deputies of France came to Ghent to receive the formal oaths by which Maximilian, and others concerned, swore to keep the Treaty of Arras. Nothing has come down to us concerning the leave-taking between father and child, but apparently, on the demand of the embassy, Marguerite, barely three years of age, was escorted by a company of burghers over the frontier into the domain of Artois. Their destination was the pleasant town of Hesdin, with strong walls and ramparts and moats, beautifully situated in the valley of the Canche, not far from the famous battlefield of Agincourt. Here, in the grand town hall, the little Princess was solemnly delivered over by her guardian, Madame de Ravenstein, to my Lords of Crevecœur, de Beaujeu, d'Albret, and to Madame Anne de Beaujeu, the daughter of the King. It was a trying ordeal for the little girl if she was old enough to know what was happening, for of her own people from her father's Court she was only allowed to retain her nurse, whose husband, Le Veau de Bousanton, accompanied her with the post of *maître d'hôtel*, his brother, and two or three other servants of no importance. This may seem needlessly cruel to our ideas, but possibly there was wise policy in the plan of bringing up a young girl who was to be one day Queen of France entirely with the people and language of her new country.

The procession of princes and ambassadors travelled in state, and did not reach Paris with Marguerite until the 2nd of June, when she was received by the city with great honour and triumph, for the marriage which

restored Artois and Burgundy to France was most popular with the people. But the Court was at Amboise, nearly a hundred miles away; and there must have been long days of weary travelling on horseback and in litters across the hot plains of France, before the tired child was brought in safety to the fair banks of the Loire.

From a contemporary letter we gather that the meeting between Charles and his baby bride took place on Sunday, the 22nd of June, 1483, at a village called Metairie le Rayne, near Amboise. "The Dauphin left the castle of Amboise dressed in a robe of crimson satin, lined with black velvet, and mounted on a hackney and attended with thirty archers. At the bridge he dismounted, after having saluted the ladies and changed his dress, and put on a long robe of cloth of gold. Presently the Dauphiness arrived and descended from her litter, and immediately they were betrothed by the prothonotary, nephew of the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, who demanded of the Dauphin in a loud voice, so that all could hear him, if he would have Marguerite of Austria in marriage? and he answered, 'Yes'; and the complemental question was put to the Dauphiness, who gave the same answer. Upon which they joined hands, and the Dauphin kissed the Dauphiness twice; and they then returned to their lodgings. And the streets of Amboise were hung with cloth, and in the market-place was a figure of a siren, who spouted forth white wine and red from her breasts." *

Here in the ancient castle of Amboise, in the "Garden of France," the *marriage*, as Commines

* This account is given in *The Triumph of Maximilian*, edited by Alfred Aspland, F.R Hist.Soc.

always calls it, was solemnised with great pomp and display. Ambassadors of Maximilian were present at the ceremony, Jean de Lannoy, Abbé de Saint Bertin, the Chancellor of the Golden Fleece, the Abbé de Saint-Pierre of Ghent, Jean de Bergues, Lord of Walhain, and Baldwin of Lannoy, Lord of Molembais. The principal cities of Flanders also sent deputies in company with the ambassadors to be present at the wedding, one of whom, from Amiens, wrote the following quaint account as an eye-witness:—

"Et pour aller à l'église se partit mondit sieur le delphin (Charles) de la chambre où il se tient, vestu d'une longue robe de damas blanc, et tenoit Monsieur de Beaujeu par la main, et à l'autre lez estoit Monsieur de Dunois, et au devant clarons, trompettes et seigneurs par ordre, deux à deux après lui. Et attendist à l'huis de l'église, estant en la basse cour dudict chasteau, tant que madame la delphine (Marguerite) fust venue, comme l'on faist à célébrer marriage; et à la dicte église fust apportée madame la delphine par madame de Ségré, qui estoit à costé de madame de Beaujeu et madame l'admirale." * (And to go to the church, Monsieur le Dauphin set forth from the chamber where he abode, clothed in a long robe of white damask, and he held Monsieur de Beaujeu by the hand, and on the other side was Monsieur de Dunois, and before, clarions and trumpets, and the lords in order, two and two after him. And he waited outside the church, being in the lower court of the said castle, until Madame la Dauphine (Marguerite) was come, as they do when a marriage is celebrated, and to the said church Madame la Dauphine

* *Lettres des deputés de la ville d'Amiens, dans les Preuves de Commynes*

was carried by Madame de Ségré, who was beside Madame de Beaujeu and Madame l'Admirale.)

When the ceremony was over, the Abbé de Saint Bertin pronounced an oration in honour of the peace which this alliance would preserve between France and Flanders. He compared the bride and bridegroom to King Ahasuerus and Queen Esther ; and then alluding to the name of Marguerite, he added that the Belgian Empire prided itself on five precious stones called Marguerites. The first was Marguerite of France, daughter of Phillippe-le-long, wife of Louis I, Count of Flanders, who fell by a glorious death at Crécy, fighting for France. The second was Marguerite of Brabant, wife of Count Louis de Mâle, to whom she brought as her dowry the duchies of Brabant, of Limbourg, of Lothier, etc. Marguerite of Flanders was the third, the only heiress of Louis de Mâle ; in marrying Louis the Bold, she combined under one sceptre the Netherlands and the two Burgundies. The fourth was Marguerite of Bavière, who brought her husband, Jean-sans-peur, the counties of Hainault, of Holland, of Zeeland, and Friesland. As for the fifth jewel, it was Marguerite of Austria, pledge of equal prosperity ; and the good abbé made a grave salutation to the baby bride before him.

It would be curious to know exactly the form of service in these weddings for the future, or betrothals, which were liable to be so easily set aside by the word of a Pope. There is something pathetic about this splendid ceremony at Amboise when we remember that it was to be annulled and treated as of no account in the days to come, when the child bride would be sent home unwedded, in defiance of every law human and divine. But this was hidden in the future, and meantime what

would we not give for a picture of that stately pageant when, amid the assembled nobles, little Marguerite was carried into the chapel of Amboise in the arms of Madame de Ségré, the lady of honour to whose care she was specially entrusted. As we have seen in the quotation above, the bridegroom, Charles, was led in by the hand of his brother-in-law, Pierre de Beaujeu, in a long robe of white brocade. The Dauphin is described to us as small in stature, weak, ill-formed, and sickly ; he had a large head, a big nose, prominent lips always half open, and he stammered in his speech. We can imagine the feelings of this self-conscious, awkward boy of thirteen, who was too old to welcome the little girl as a playfellow, and who probably looked upon a bride of that absurd age with sulky dislike, as placing him in a ridiculous position. Yet he dared not resist, for if ever there was a domestic tyrant of the first water, it was his father, the cynical old King, who rejoiced that day in the complete success of his diplomacy in the coming of the infant Princess, who brought to him the desire of his heart—the coveted possessions of Artois and Burgundy.

Charles may have been old enough to remember the pitiful and ill-omened wedding ceremony in 1476, at the Château de Montrichard, when his unfortunate sister Jeanne was married against her will to the reluctant Louis of Orleans, and the two poor children came weeping from the altar. As for the Dauphin himself, long hoped for, he was born nine years after his eldest sister Anne, on June 30, 1470, out of due season, when his mother, Charlotte of Savoy, was a neglected and unhappy wife, almost a prisoner in her lonely exile. With the suspicion of a crafty nature,

Louis is reputed to have purposely neglected his son's education that he might exercise the more complete control over him. He is said to have remarked to the boy's tutor: "If he knows those five Latin words, 'Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare,' it will suffice."

In the august circle connected with Marguerite in France, King Louis XI is the most striking and important personage. His personal character has been summed up as "mauvais fils, mauvais père, mauvais mari, mauvais frère," but whatever he may have been in his family, we cannot deny him the credit of being an astute statesman, and having introduced many important reforms for the good of his realm. He created parliaments at Grenoble, Bordeaux, and Dijon, he sanctioned the free election of magistrates, and gave privileges to the *bourgeoisie* which enabled them to resist the oppression of the barons. He encouraged commerce and manufactures, made an attempt to establish uniform weights and measures, and was the first to organise a postal service of horsemen on all the high roads.

Louis XI did not long survive the coming of Marguerite; worn out before his time, he died at Plessis-lez-Tours, on August 30, 1483, in utter wretchedness and the most grovelling superstitious terror. On his death-bed he sent for his daughter Anne and her husband, the Lord of Beaujeu, and said to them, "I have left to you the guardianship of the kingdom and my son Charles. Go to Amboise and take care of him; you know what recommendations I have made to him, see that they are strictly observed, and bid him grant favour and trust to those who have served me well. You know likewise who are those whom he

should guard against, and who must not be suffered to approach him." His daughter Anne had always been his favourite, and he used to say of her, "She is the least foolish woman in the world; for there is no such thing as a wise one."

We shall have occasion to dwell at some length on the life and character of Anne de France, as she plays such an important part in the history of little Marguerite during the ten impressionable years which she spent in France, from the age of three to thirteen.

Anne de France

Anne was born in 1461, the year of her father's succession to the throne, before the evil days of neglect and sorrow had come upon her mother, Charlotte of Savoy. She was a daughter to be proud of, robust in body and mind, and seems to have been the one creature for whom the cold egotist, Louis XI, really cared. She was betrothed in early life to a young Duke of Calabria and Lorraine, who appears to have caught her childish fancy, for, although the match was broken off by some change of paternal policy, and the chosen prince met with an untimely death, Anne cherished his memory with tender regret, and is said to have worn his ring on her finger to her last day.

Nothing was neglected for the education of Anne of France, and even in that century of learned ladies she was distinguished for her knowledge and intelligence, which in time to come was to make her the "réfuge des scavans hommes, qui fit de sa cour une veritable pépinière de lettrés et d'artistes" (refuge of learned men, who made of her Court a veritable nursery of men of letters and artists). We are somewhat sur-

prised to hear that at the age of fifteen this splendid Princess, for whom no foreign royal alliance would have been too distinguished, was quietly married in the Château de Montrichard to Pierre de Beaujeu, next heir to the Duchy of Bourbon, a man of high character and position amongst the French nobles, but much older than his bride. It is possible that the wily despot wished to keep his daughter by him, and as he had no son at that time, Louis may even have dreamed of setting aside the Salic law and leaving the throne to his favourite daughter, with Pierre as Prince Consort. We know how bitterly he hated Louis d'Orleans, his heir presumptive, whom he had compelled that same year, 1476, to marry his younger daughter, poor little Jeanne, sickly, deformed, unloved. Of all the evil actions of Louis XI, this was one of the most wilfully cruel, to gratify his malicious spite against these mere children; for the bridegroom was only fourteen and the unhappy bride two years younger. Jeanne had a sweet, saint-like disposition, and had always looked upon herself as destined for the cloister, which would have been a congenial home for her. The gorgeous wedding dress of cloth of gold, which had seemed to flaunt her fragile, misshapen form, was dedicated by her to the service of God as a chasuble. Of her husband, who shunned her like the plague, she sighed in pathetic humility: "Je ne ouserais parler à luy, car vous et chascun veoit bien qu'il ne fait conte de moy." (I should not dare to speak to him, for you and every one can see well that he takes no account of me.)

As for the boy Louis, who was little less to be pitied, he turned his back on his despised wife, and cried, "Qu'on ne m'en parle plus, je voudrois être mort!"

His mother, Marie de Cleves, was almost broken-hearted at the ill-fated wedding, for until the last moment she had been led to believe that the great Princess Anne was to be the bride of Louis, not her pitiful little sister.

Anne de Beaujeu seems to have taken her marriage in a very philosophical spirit and to have become attached to her husband, who was twenty-one years older than herself, and who subsequently, by the death of his elder brother, became Pierre II, Duc de Bourbon. In her splendid position as Regent for her brother Charles, she had a full, interesting life, with free scope for all her practical talents. A great stateswoman, she governed the kingdom with a wise and vigorous rule, and found time in her splendid Court at Amboise to be a liberal patron of artists and men of letters. She is thus described by Brantôme: "C'etait une fière femme et déliée s'il en fut oncques, et vraye image en tout du roy Loys son père." (She was a proud woman, and sharp, if there ever was one, true image in all things of King Louis, her father.) He continues, in a spirit of unfriendly criticism which history scarcely justifies: "Elle était fort vindicative, et de l'humeur en cela du roy son père voire en tout; car elle était fière, trinquante, corrumpue, plaine de dissimulation et grand hypocrite qui pour son ambition, se masquoit et se déguisoit en toutes sortes." (She was very vindictive, and in that of the temper of the King, her father in all things; for she was proud, "trinquante," corrupt, full of dissimulation, and a great hypocrite, who, for her ambition, masked and disguised herself in all ways.)

Probably those who needed her stern rule were most

wont to see her in the pose of frowning brow and drawn sword; proud, ambitious, masculine, and miserly. This may have been one aspect to the world at large, but as we look upon her famous portrait in the Louvre, or read her private day-book, the *Enseignements* to her daughter, we find her keenly sensitive at heart, self-distrustful, longing for peace above all things, and almost dismayed at her own victories. In those days, when most women were satisfied with the milder sport of hawking, the Lady of Beaujeu was passionately devoted to the chase of the wild boar, the wolf, and the stag. "Anne chassait comme elle faisait tout" (with all her heart and energy), "froidement et méthodiquement, elle vérifiait de ses yeux la piste, elle ordonnait l'attaque, puis elle partait avec les chiens, et tout d'un coup elle s'échauffait, s'animait, criait, donnait fort bien son coup d'épieu." (Anne hunted as she did everything, coldly and methodically; she examined the trail with her own eyes, and gave the word to advance; then she set off with the dogs, and all at once became warm and animated. She cried out and handled her hunting spear well.) This superb vitality and tireless energy gave the impression of her as a "vraie figure de Michel-Ange, grande et sévère comme une cathedrale" (true figure of Michelangelo, grand and severe as a cathedral), and led her friends to suggest that she might be wanting in tenderness.

S'elle avoit un peu de cella,
Ce seroit la plus accomplie
A qui Dieu donna oncques vie.*

* If she had a little of that
She would be the most accomplished
To whom God ever gave life.

Braun, Clement & Co., photo

ANNE DE FRANCE, DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XI, REGENT OF FRANCE

Contemporary picture in the Louvre

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Yet in truth Anne de France was not wanting in the softer and more womanly virtues. She was a good mother, passionately devoted to the little son whose death was well-nigh a fatal blow. Her love for her fragile daughter Suzanne was even greater than her ambition for her, and she brought up her future son-in-law, young Bourbon, with devoted care. She was good to her sister Jeanne, and took care to assure for her the promised dowry of 10,000 livres—the same as her own. She had many friends, and we have a vivid picture of her as a watchful, loving nurse at the sick-bed of her husband, the Duke Pierre. Of her general benevolence we are told that she received the surname of "Mère des Vièrges," for she befriended so many dowerless girls, providing for them "par mariage, et si grant soing en eust, que merita mère en estre nommée" (and took such care of them that she deserved to be called their mother), says La Vauguyon. The great Regent of France would interest herself about clever children, keeping them at school until they took the "rond bonnet doctoral"; and orphans were apprenticed by her to be taught needlework and other trades.

This brings us to the subject of Anne's views about education, most interesting of all to us when we remember that for the next ten years, the most impressionable of her life, our little Marguerite of Austria was to be left to the care of this Princess. The child probably received a much more elaborate and interesting education, and had more favourable surroundings for the moulding of her character, than if she had remained at home under the protection of turbulent Flemish burghers—a constant subject of discord between them and her father Maximilian.

In those days of the early Renaissance it was still the frequent custom for great ladies to have a group of young girls brought up in their household. Of Anne we are told that she held one of these "écoles de moeurs, sorte de pensionnat mondain" for little maidens of high birth, on whom she tried her theories of morals and manners, maintaining in her Court somewhat of a cloistral authority. By a curious piece of good fortune, we can speak with absolute certainty of the special views held by the Lady of Beaujeu, for she wrote them down at a later date in a little book of *Enseignements*, intended for her daughter's use, which has been handed down to us. It is difficult to condense so much wit and wisdom into a small compass, but we clearly gather that Anne wished to encourage vigour of body and mind, and to develop individuality of character. She therefore professed to influence the minds under her care only "as good wine colours its cask." On a foundation of strong religious principles, hewn from the early Fathers of the Church and the *Enseignements de Saint Louis*, she built up a moral and philosophic education with the help of the ancient philosophers, especially Plato as studied with the commentary of Boethius. This almost takes away our breath; let us turn to something more practical.

The Duchess Anne hated all affectation alike in conduct, in study, and in dress; she would have every woman live up to her rank, even with stately magnificence if necessary. In her opinion, to neglect appearances and cultivate a false simplicity is to commit an act "malséant et fort déshonnête." In her *Enseignements* she writes with calm detachment about love, rising from the mere attraction of physical beauty to

the true devotion of heart and soul. She dwells upon the psychology of the tender passion in a grand and solemn dissertation, pointing out how often the shadow is mistaken for the reality, and naively remarking: "J'ai connu un chevalier qui multipliait les serments, les serments les plus sacrés, jusque sur les saints autels, sur l'Evangile—et qui ne les a pas tenus jusqu'au soir." (I knew a knight who multiplied his vows, the most sacred vows, even by the holy altars, by the Gospel—and who did not keep them until the evening.)

Like many another lady superior, she is reluctant to encourage the imagination or the emotions of her young pupils. Yet she is clear-sighted enough to appreciate that girls must have some outlet for their fancy, and she finds a place in her curriculum for certain high-toned romances full of practical philosophy, and at the same time thrilling and dramatic. Not possessing the flood of Victorian literature for the young person, no *Wide, Wide World,* or *Heir of Redcliffe*, our dear lady of the fifteenth century actually has to write her own moral stories, of which we cannot resist quoting one or two examples. The first is a short historical romance, compiled quite in the modern way by embroidering a paragraph from Froissart.

The son of Monsieur du Châtel, Governor of Brest, has fallen into the hands of the English, and with their usual brutality, they threaten to put the boy to death if the city is not surrendered to them. Madame du Châtel begins by fainting in the approved womanly style; then she rises nobly to the occasion and sustains the courage of her trembling husband with the language of a Roman matron, although she adds that it is worse for her, "as children are above all sons and daughters of

their mothers." Her spirit is firm, but the frail body again gives way, and the poor woman recovers from another fainting-fit to learn that her son is dead. "Que la volonté de Dieu se fasse, et que Nostre-Seigneur ait son âme!" (May the will of God be done, and may Our Lord have his soul!) she exclaims without a tear, and not until every duty is accomplished and she is clothed in her mourning, does the patriot mother give way to her grief.

The next story has another purpose and is apparently directed against flirtation as it was understood in the Middle Ages. Three young German nobles of the highest distinction set forth one day from their far-off feudal castles, with the firm resolve to woo and marry three young ladies of Poictiers, of whom marvellous reports have reached them. Unfortunately the meeting with these paragons of beauty turns out to be nothing less than a disaster. One damsel has tightened in her waist to such an extent, that she disconcerts her suitor by falling almost fainting into his arms. The second fair maiden has no self-restraint and chatters like a magpie; while the third is so naively sentimental that her wooer draws back in alarm. Thus it came to pass that the three noble knights who had travelled so far, and were prepared to woo so bravely, all with one accord made a hasty retreat to their own land—possibly wiser and sadder men. The moral is self-evident.

In connection with this subject, it will be well to quote the deliberate teaching of the *Enseignements* to little Suzanne: "Soiez tousjours en port honorable, en manière froide et asseurée, humble regard, basse parolle, constante et ferme, tousjours en ung propos sans fléchir." (Always maintain an honourable bearing,

your manner cold and assured, a lowly glance, subdued words, constant and firm, ever of one mind without changing.)

It would be a most interesting study to trace out the influence, both moral and intellectual, which the great Regent of France exercised over the little daughter of Maximilian during those ten years of childhood spent at the Court of France. To touch upon one matter of less importance, we know that Marguerite emulated her in her love for outdoor sports, as in after years she was a great huntress and was proud of her collection of stuffed wolves' heads. Of course, "bon chien chasse de race," and the child may have inherited this taste from her mother. Still she was like Anne, not only with the same fearless temper and resolute will, but also the same love for abstract truth and keen interest in art and letters; both were also distinguished rulers and diplomatists, and were alike capable of a certain magnanimity of self-sacrifice for an ideal. The Lady of Beaujeu was, no doubt, the sterner character of the two, and as we follow the story of Marguerite, we shall see how, for her gentler nature and loving heart, Fate had many a cruel blow in store, until in after years she may have looked back with regret to her peaceful life in Touraine.

The life of a child is in its very nature uneventful, and we can scarcely wonder that the most careful search can bring to light but few traces of our young Princess in the land of her adoption. The greater part of her time was spent at Amboise, with its stately gardens and park by the sunny banks of the Loire; in the fortified castle, whose many towers may have recalled to her memory that of Brussels. Of the great

feudal stronghold the ravages of time have only spared to us the chapel and two fine towers.

"Naive et douce enfant," we can picture her in those hours of patient study when she learnt all that Madame de Ségré could teach her, and was educated according to the *précieuse* theories of the Duchess Anne; attaining praiseworthy success, as her chronicler tells us, in music, vocal and instrumental, in painting, and in rhetoric. She had her dogs and her ponies, but dearest of all her domestic pets was a certain green parrot, which the Archduke Sigismund of Austria had once given to her mother, for whose sake the little girl valued the clever bird and always cared for it herself. We shall have occasion to refer to this parrot in later days, when it was destined to attain poetical immortality under the name of "L'amant vert." Like every great lady of her period, Marguerite was always noted for her fine needlework and exquisite embroidery, and we can fancy her sitting at her tambour frame in the long winter evenings, while the *Légende dorée* or some other work approved by the Lady Anne was read aloud to her and her companions. It is interesting to know that amongst these was the famous Louise de Savoie, a young girl four years older than herself, who was destined one day to be her sister-in-law, and who, as the mother of Francis I, was to play so notable a part in the history of France.

Louise was born in 1476, the daughter of the Sieur de Bresse and Marguerite de Bourbon, sister of Duke Pierre, and she thus became niece by marriage of Anne de France, who took charge of her on the early death of her parents. Her biographer appears to think that she was treated as a poor relation with but few indul-

gences, of which one was a gift at the New Year of eighty francs to buy a crimson satin gown for state ceremonies. As a young child she had been betrothed to a great peer of the realm, Charles d'Orléans, Comte d'Angoulême, who was by no means anxious to carry out his contract with her, as he had a love affair of his own choosing, but the powerful Regent insisted upon the match, and the Lord of Angoulême at length married Louise in 1488, on the infamous condition that he should be allowed to bring Jeanne de Polignac, his mistress, to live at the French Court.

The later history of Louise de Savoie and her relations with Marguerite of Austria—when they met many years later as rival sovereigns to settle terms of peace for all Europe—will be told in due course.

It is true that few details have come down to us concerning the daily life of our little Princess in Touraine, but there is one vivid and striking exception—a living voice speaking to us through the silence of the dead years. This is nothing less than a letter written by the child herself to the great Regent of France, the arbiter of her fate, imploring that her "cousine" may not be taken away from her as the young King Charles VIII has commanded, for what reason we know not.

Letter of Marguerite d'Autriche to Anne de France, Dame de Beaujeu.

"Madame ma bonne tante, il faut bien que je me plaigne à vous comme à celle en qui j'ay mon espérance, de ma cousine que l'on m'a voulu oster, qui est tout le passe-temps que j'ay, et quand je l'auray perdue je ne sçay plus que je feray. Parquoi je vous prie que

veuïlliez tenir la main pour moy qu'elle ne me soit ostée, car plus grand déplaisir ne me scauroit-on faire. Lachault est venu qui a apporté lettres adressantes à madite cousine, par lesquelles le Roy lui éscrivoit qu'elle s'en allast; toutefois je ne l'ay pas voulu souffrir, jusques à ce que vous en eusse advertie, en espérant que m'y seriez en aide, comme j'ay en cela et en autre chose ma parfaite fiance, vous priant, Madame ma bonne tante, que quelque part que je soye ne parte point de vostre bonne grâce, car toujours en aurai-je besoin, à laquelle bien fort me veut recommander. Madame de Molitart m'a dit que voulais que je sois mieux traitée que je ne fus oncques, qui est une chose qui m'a fort réjouie, puisque avez encore souvenance de moy, vous disant adieu, Madame ma bonne tante, que je prie qu'il vous doint le plus aimé de vos désirs.

"Escrit à Melun, le dix-septième jour de Mars. Vostre bonne humble et léable nièce Marguerite.*

"à Madame ma bonne tante."

(Madame my good aunt, I must complain to you as to her in whom I place my hope, with regard to my cousin whom they wish to take away from me, who is all the pastime that I have, and when I shall have lost her I know not what I shall do. Therefore I pray you that you hold your hand for me, that she be not taken from me, for greater distress they could not cause me. Lachault came and brought letters addressed to my said cousin, by which the King wrote to her that she

* This letter is alluded to by several historians of the period, and is quoted from the original by Denis Godefroi (archivist) in his *Life of Charles VIII*, published at Paris, 1684.

must go away; in any case I would not suffer it until I had let you know, hoping that you would come to my help, as I have in that and in other things my perfect confidence, praying you, Madame my good aunt, that wherever I may be I may not depart from your good favour, for I shall always have need of it, to which I desire strongly to recommend myself. Madame de Molitart told me that you wished me to be better treated than I was formerly, which is a thing which has greatly rejoiced me, since you still remember me. Saying à Dieu to you, Madame my good aunt, I pray that He may give you the most beloved of your desires.

Written at Melun, the 17th March. Your good, humble, and loyal niece,

MARGUERITE.)

We have no clue to the identity of the cousin so pathetically described as "all the pastime that I have, and when I shall have lost her I know not what I shall do." Could the object of this affection possibly have been Louise herself, who in her precocious shrewdness might have contrived to make herself indispensable to the future Queen of France? As to the relationship, young people of royal blood appear to be often "cousins" by courtesy, but as Marguerite was the granddaughter of Isabelle de Bourbon and Louise was the daughter of Marguerite de Bourbon, they were undoubtedly second cousins. It is a curious point in this letter that Anne is three times addressed as "Madame ma bonne tante," her correct title from the lips of Louise, and naturally used by little Marguerite, in imitation.

It is a wonderful letter for a child, with the touch of regal assurance which refuses to obey the order of

Charles without an appeal to his sister the Regent. At the same time the little Princess restrains her indignation sufficiently to write a most charming expression of "perfect confidence" in the great lady, and a flattering assurance of her own love, humility, and loyalty. The words "que je prie qu'il vous doint le plus aimé de vos désirs" are evidently a fragment of the proper ending which would call down the blessing of God. Another noteworthy point is that Marguerite "is much rejoiced that she is to be better treated than formerly." This may be an allusion to the strict discipline which Anne undoubtedly maintained over all her wards. One chronicler gives a curious instance of her close supervision over her brother the young King. "During dinner, the Dame of Beaujeu, in a robe of cloth of gold, came unawares through the chapel door into the dining-hall, when Charles rose in haste to meet her and did not stay at table, so that the 'service du four, et les entremets de confitures et dragées,' were not served that day."

In the midst of her capable government of a troubled realm, Anne de France found time for the most varied details of watchfulness and oversight; she is even said to have herself written the formal epistles which were sent at regular intervals from Charles, most ungallant of lovers, to his betrothed bride Marguerite. On her coming to the Regency, many of the great nobles had thought it a suitable occasion to rebel against royal authority; but the "Grande Dame" was more than a match for them. When they even went so far as to entertain the daring plan of seizing the King's person, she anticipated them, sent her troops to the south of France, overawed the Comte d'Angoulême and the

Sire d'Albret, and invaded Anjou and Maine. To Brittany, another centre of disaffection, the Regent sent her young General la Trémouille, who won the victory of Saint Aubin du Cormier, July 27, 1488, where the Duke of Orleans was taken prisoner. This was a serious blow to the rebels, for Louis was a most gallant leader, and his imprisonment at Bourges broke up his party. Francis II, Duke of Brittany, was compelled to make full submission and sign the Peace of Le Verger; he died a few days later, leaving his dominions to the elder of his two daughters, Anne a child of twelve.

Brittany, like Burgundy, was an independent fief, with her own laws and customs, and even her own coinage of gold and silver. History repeated itself; here was another young heiress surrounded by powerful foes and persecuted by rival suitors. Like Marie of Burgundy, Anne of Brittany was quite willing to seek safety and protection by a marriage with that famous and gallant prince, Maximilian of Austria. It seems strange that, even in the tangled politics of that day, he should have taken the side of the rebel nobles and openly fought against the guardian of his little daughter, the prospective Queen of France. Although defeated, Maximilian wellnigh grasped the fruits of victory, for towards the end of 1490 he married by proxy Anne, the heiress of Brittany; but when he should have strained every nerve to take possession of his bride and her dominions, his fickle desires were turned towards the disputed possession of Hungary, left unprotected by the death of the illustrious Matthias Corvinus in April, 1490. While he delayed, ever more a laggard in love than in war, young Charles VIII

seized his opportunity, invaded Brittany, besieged the Princess Anne at Rennes, and conquered both the city and the lady. As Olivier de la Marche tells the story:—

"Je croy bien que le roy des Rommains ne feit pas si grande diligence à secourir la duchesse de Brétagne comme il devoit; et durant ce temps le prince d'Orange, amy des François et des Bretons, se meit en practique, et tellement practiqua, que le roy de France fut content d'éspouser la duchesse de Bretaigne, comme la duchesse n'y meit pas grand contredit."* (I believe that the King of the Romans did not make such great diligence as he ought to help the Duchess of Brittany; and during this time the Prince of Orange, the friend of the French and the Bretons, set himself to work, and worked so well that the King of France was content to marry the Duchess of Brittany, as the Duchess did not oppose it much.)

It is all very well to say that the poor little Duchess Anne did not make much opposition, for she certainly had no choice in the matter. On the 19th of November, 1491, her marriage contract was signed privately in the chapel of Notre Dame at Rennes; the wedding took place on the 16th of December at the castle of Langeais, followed by a splendid entry into Paris in February and a coronation at St. Denis, when Anne de Beaujeu publicly resigned her regency of the kingdom. Anne appears to have been largely responsible for this breach of faith on the part of her brother, which she justified as an act of political wisdom. Charles was now twenty-one years old, and his wife not quite fifteen. The portrait of this Queen of France

* *Mémoires*, Liv. II, chap. x.

which has been handed down to us is not very attractive. We are told that she was plain in feature, and with one foot shorter than the other, which led to the fashion of a limp at Court amongst her maids of honour. But she was a good, honest woman, shrewd and clever in her way, if somewhat narrow-minded and *bourgeoise* in her tastes. She was liberal to artists and men of letters because she felt it was the right thing to do, rather than from any enthusiasm for either art or learning. Deeply pious, and even bigoted, she was munificent in her charities and good works.

"Sa cour estoit une fort belle escole pour les Dames; car elle les faisoit bien nourrir et sagement, et toutes à son modelle se faisaient et se façonnaient tres-sages et vertueuses." (Her Court was a very fine school for the ladies, for they were well and wisely nourished, and all, after her example, made and fashioned themselves to be very good and virtuous.)

Such was the lady who had supplanted our little Princess Marguerite, and stepped into the position of Queen of France, which had virtually belonged to the daughter of Maximilian for the last eight years. We wonder how deeply the little girl resented the loss of her bridegroom, and the double affront offered to her father and herself. One practical inconvenience of such a change appears to be that her careful French education would be somewhat thrown away if she had to seek her fortune in another land. To make matters worse, Marguerite was not sent home at once, but was kept in France as a kind of hostage for two years longer. Still we know that she was always treated with kindness and respect, and we can imagine a very cheerful form of captivity in those splendid Bourbon

castles, where Anne de Beaujeu retired on her brother's marriage, quietly disappearing from the scene of her arduous labours. In her *Enseignements* she advises her daughter to avoid the turmoil of politics: "Ne vous meslez que de vous." Her husband Pierre had succeeded to the princely dukedom of Bourbon on the death of his elder brother, and the Duchess held a stately court in the feudal palace of Moulins, with its priceless library and rare art treasures. The only part now remaining is a huge square tower called "Mal-coiffée." She had means and leisure to enjoy the passion of her race for building, and added a beautiful *sainte chapelle* to the castle of Bourbon l'Archambault with its twenty-four towers, not far from Moulins. But her special affection seems to have been given to the marvellous abbey church of Souvigny, near by, where, by her desire, she and her daughter Suzanne were one day to be laid to rest in their canopied monuments.

Anne always believed that she owed the birth of this daughter to the prayers of a holy man at Tours, who also had as his clients later Anne de Bretagne and Louise de Savoie. It was only during the later years of Marguerite's stay in France that the delicate little Suzanne, who in 1504 married the great Connétable de Bourbon, was her baby playfellow. Louis of Orleans may also have made her acquaintance about this time, after he had been set free from captivity by Charles VIII, for he always remembered her with affection, and when King of France, he recalled to her in his letters their companionship during her stay in Touraine. Perhaps he may have taken part in those joyous cavalcades, riding out through the castle gates of Moulins to follow the chase in the forests or go a-hawking in the river

meadows; knights in bright attire and ladies in gay hunting costume of green or scarlet, amongst whom the young Austrian Princess, on her white hackney, would be as eager as any of her companions. Time passes quickly in such sports and pastimes, and when Marguerite has reached the age of thirteen, with the Peace of Senlis in May, 1493, this chapter of her exile comes to an end.

CHAPTER III

THE RETURN OF MARGUERITE

PEACE OF SENLIS—RECEPTION IN THE NETHERLANDS—DUCHESS MARGARET OF YORK—EMPRESS BIANCA MARIA

MAXIMILIAN never forgave the Valois Prince, who at one stroke had robbed him of his bride and repudiated his daughter. This was the greater blow in that, as a rule, the House of Hapsburg was singularly fortunate in alliance, and had been ever wont to gain more territory by marriage than by conquest. As the well-known distich puts it:—

> Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nube
> Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.

Of which the following is a lively French translation:—

> De myrte et d'olivier que l'hymen te couronne:
> Triomphe, heureuse Autriche! au sein d'un doux loisir;
> Les sceptres à ta main vont d'eux-mêmes s'offrir—
> Mars les vend aux guerriers, et Vénus te les donne.

In his fiery indignation the Austrian Archduke would have set Europe in a blaze, but the German nobles refused to help him against France, while his lukewarm allies, England and Spain, forsook his cause for bribes of land or money. Hatred had to give way to policy, for both Charles and Maximilian soon had other aims

in view. The young King of France wished to distinguish himself in some knightly adventurous fashion, and had set his heart on conquests in Italy, where he claimed the throne of Naples. His wise sister, Anne de Beaujeu, had always opposed this wild scheme, but once free from her control, Charles carried out his own strong desire, and collected a great army with the willing support of the young aristocracy, who wanted an outlet for long-suppressed energy.

As for Maximilian, always wild and unpractical, his dream was to revive once more the spirit of the crusades, to sail down the Danube with an overwhelming force, to storm the gates of Constantinople, and to drive the hated Turk across the Bosphorus. But the romantic vision was not for this unstable Prince to realise, and he could not rouse the long-dead enthusiasm against the infidel. In the meantime, after invading the Burgundian provinces and obtaining some success, the Peace of Senlis was concluded on May 23, 1493, by which it was arranged that his daughter Marguerite should be sent home and that most of her dowry should be restored. This concession on the part of Charles VIII did not meet with the approval of all his councillors, for the Sire de Granville, "lors admiral de France, dit assez aigrement à aulcuns des gens du roy des Romains: Entre bons Burguignons vous ne cessés jamais de vous estaler et menasser une fois des Anglois, aultre fois des Suisses et aultres nations. Si le roy mon maistre voulait croire mon conseil, il ne vous rendrait jamais fille ne fillette, ville ne villette" (then Admiral of France, said pretty sharply to some of the people belonging to the King of the Romans: Amongst good men of Burgundy you

never cease to boast and threaten now the English, now the Swiss and other nations. If the King my master had listened to my counsel, he would never have restored to you "chick nor child," town nor village).

In the old chronicle of Jehan Molinet we have a full account of the whole transaction, and of the homeward journey of the young Austrian Princess with an imposing suite. We are not quite sure how far he was strictly accurate when he tells us that Charles VIII, conscious of his breach of faith, came himself to wish her good-bye at the town of Beaugy, in Poitou, and expressed his regret! Whereupon the little girl of thirteen remarked with quiet dignity "that marriage must be with goodwill on both sides." It was on the 12th of June that "la délivrance eut lieu à Vendhille sur les limites du Cambrésis, dans un moulin" (the surrender took place at Vendhille on the borders of Cambrésis, in a mill).

Marguerite descended from her litter near a windmill by a little river on the frontier, says another account, yet it certainly seems to have been rather a homely spot to choose for so important a deed. There were present on the part of Maximilian, William Bishop of Nassau, Christophe Marquis of Baden, Englebert Count of Nassau, Jean de Bergues Seigneur de Walhain, and Antoine Rolin Seigneur d'Aymeries; while the King of France was represented by the Comte d'Angoulême, Monsieur de Rohan Bishop of Lectoure, the Comte de Brienne, the great "Bâtard de Bourgogne," Louis de Brezé grand sénéchal de Normandie, and Christophe de Plailly baili de Sens. Some of the French lords were very doleful at the coming separa-

tion, but "la dame ne s'en émut." We can scarcely wonder at her showing no deep emotion, for the child was coming home to her own country and her own people. Indeed, when some burghers of Cambray, coming out to meet her, thought to please her by crying "Noel!" she was quite annoyed at receiving so French a welcome, and exclaimed aloud, "Do not cry 'Noel!' but rather 'Vive Bourgogne!'"

This little girl of thirteen had a ready wit of her own, and several of her remarks have been preserved. Thus when the summer after Charles VIII married Anne of Brittany proved wet and cold so that the wine was green and unripe, she said, "Il ne falloit point s'étonner si les vins estoient verds cette année, attendu que les serments n'avaient rien valu."

As she travelled through the land she was usually received everywhere with much honour, but there was a curious exception at Amiens, where the mayor and aldermen ("échevins"), being informed that the rejected Princess was to pass through their city, unanimously decided that they would not go forth to meet her! These time-servers had no respect for rank and beauty in adversity.

At Cambray, Marguerite was lodged in the bishop's palace, and her suite wherever they could find room. All the ladies of honour, the maidens, the great lords, knights, and serving folk charged by the King to accompany the Princess, did not leave her until after her safe arrival at Valenciennes, which they reached on Thursday, June 13, at nine o'clock in the evening. There she distributed to each one, according to his rank, magnificent presents. There were enough for all the company, from the ladies and "chevaliers d'hon-

neur jusqu'aux hasteurs, sauciers, lavandiers et *gardeurs d'ours*," says the chronicler. We should very much like to know whether these last-named actually brought their bears with them, to beguile the tedium of a long journey.

The burghers of Valenciennes had made great preparations for the reception of the Princess Marguerite. The most important of them went to meet her, clad in white robes and riding richly caparisoned horses. The streets from the city gate to the town hall were decorated with tapestry hangings and lighted with torches. The town guilds had received orders from the authorities to represent some historical pageants, amongst others, the Anointing of the King of the Romans, the Story of Sainte Marguerite, Pegasus flying in the air, Daniel and Habakkuk, the Five Foolish Virgins and the Five Wise Virgins, and at the end a young girl coming forth from a flower—a marguerite. We are told by Molinet that when the French ladies took leave of their young mistress, "il y eut plourées d'un quartier et d'autre."

After leaving Valenciennes her escort was put to some practical use, for she narrowly escaped a plot of the *Landsknechte* to take her captive, and hold her in pledge for the pay which was always due to them. Fortunately she avoided this last indignity, and arrived safely at Namur, where we learn that she took up her abode for the next four years.

Amongst the offerings of tender homage which the little Princess received, we must not omit the following quaint poem of Jean Molinet, a sincere friend and admirer, although we cannot defend him from the imputation of being "artificial and Euphuistic."

LE RETOUR MA DAME MARGUERITE

Fleur de noblesse, adorant Marguerite,
Germe sacrée de royale origine,
Manne de ciel, raincel plein de mérite,
Palme de paix jurée et bien escripte.

Pour paix avoir on vous auroit platée
Au flourissant souef Verger de France,
Comme des fleurs royne plus exaltée,
Se pour une autre en estes dejectée
Portez le doulz, sans amère souffrance,
Qui seuffre il vaict vivez en espérance.
A vous ne soyst pour estre supplantée,
Plourée comme femme desconfortée.
Molinet vous salue.*

A curious experience this home-coming for the high-spirited maiden of thirteen who for ten years had been an exile in a foreign land, and who appears to have almost forgotten her own language. The memory of her own kindred may have grown dim and visionary, yet we cannot doubt that her great and magnificent father and her only brother remained ever heroes to her childish fancy. We have no record of her meeting with Maximilian, who was absorbed in his wars, and

* Flower of nobleness, adorable Marguerite,
Sacred germ of royal origin,
Manna from heaven, graft of highest merit,
Palm of peace, sworn and well inscribed.

In order to obtain peace wert thou planted
In the flourishing orchard of France,
Like the most exalted Queen of flowers.
If for another, thou art cast out
Wear mourning indeed, but without bitter suffering.
It suited thee not to be supplanted
And lamented like a woman forlorn.
Molinet salutes thee.

she would be quite a stranger to Philip, now a lad of fifteen, and already looked upon as feudal lord of the broad domains of Burgundy. He had been for some years educated under the care of that masterful lady, the Duchess Margaret, third wife of his grandfather Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and sister of the English King, Edward IV. In the story of Marguerite's mother we have already had occasion to allude to Marie's stepmother, Margaret of England, whose interesting personality and tempestuous life deserve a special record. She was the daughter of the famous Duke of York, Lord Protector, who claimed the throne of England as descendant and heir of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, elder brother of John of Gaunt. He was killed at the battle of Wakefield in 1460, but his son the Earl of March became King later with the title of Edward IV. He could not strengthen his cause by any foreign alliance for himself, but a match was suggested between his sister Margaret and Charles, the eldest son of the Duke of Burgundy. Louis XI did all in his power to oppose it, even going so far as to offer a pension to the King of England and promise to let the Pope decide if he should surrender also Normandy and Aquitaine. However, Edward held firm to his purpose and thereby won the enmity of the Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, who from that time plotted against him. In 1467 Charles the Bold succeeded his father as Duke of Burgundy, and the following year the marriage took place, to the very great satisfaction of the London merchants who traded with the Duke's subjects in Flanders.

There were splendid feasts and ceremonies on the occasion, and the ambassador of Burgundy was made

much of. The old chronicler tells us that the Lady Margaret first went "to the chirche of Sainct Poules, in London, and after as she made her entry into Cheap, the Mair of London . . . made her rich presents. . . ." She set forth on her journey, rested at Stratforth, and took her pilgrimage to Saint Thomas of Canterbury, and King Edward travelled with her and a great company. She "shipped at Margate" and set sail on Friday, July 1, 1468, landing at "Sluce in Flanders," where she was everywhere met with great pageants and princely receptions. Margaret was married on July the 9th, and at the banquet following she sat on one side of the Duke Charles, and the "Damoysell of Bourgogne" (Marie, a girl of eleven) on the other side of her father, who wore "a short gowne of goldsmiths work and diamantis, perles and so great balas (rubies), marvellous to see." Afterwards a great tourney was held, and Sir John Woodville, brother to Elizabeth, Queen of Britain, had the prize.

In 1470 we read of the Duchess Margaret's *joyeuse entrée* into Mons, where a great company met her at the gate, which was hung with tapestry and a masque of four lions each holding a torch in his paws, below a balcony hung with green cloth. The Lady Margaret rode on a white hackney with hangings of cloth of gold, and they present to her a golden cup, while to the "Damoysell" Marie following, they give a "Keue de vin de Beane nouveau." There is a solemn mass and vespers at the "Frères Mineurs," and the ceremonies end with a banquet. The alliance with the powerful Duke of Burgundy was most valuable to Edward IV, as it was his assistance which partly enabled the King to retake his kingdom in 1471. The two allies fought

together later against the wily Louis XI, who, however, managed to buy off Edward with the promise of a large yearly pension, which the English called a tribute.

After the death of Duke Charles at Nancy in 1477 and the marriage of Marie to Maximilian, the Duchess retired to her dower palace at Malines, where she had large estates. Marie of Burgundy, her stepdaughter, was much attached to her and chose her as godmother of her baby girl Marguerite, and in the summer of 1485 Maximilian brought his son Philip, who was then seven years old, to be educated at Malines under the supervision of the Dowager Duchess. In this same year Henry VII came to the throne of England, and Margaret pursued like a vendetta the family quarrel between them, and "earned the title of Henry's Juno by harassing him as vindictively as the Queen of Heaven vexed the pious Æneas." She was always ready to receive and entertain at her Court any disaffected Yorkists who were compelled to flee from England, and she did her utmost to help their conspiracies against the new King. Nothing was too outrageous for her to do in her passionate desire for the ruin of Henry. Her nephew John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, crossed the ocean to consult her before he supported Simnel, and was killed at the battle of Stoke in 1487. Although this rebellion had failed, the refugees at her Court at Malines had plenty of encouragement to form new conspiracies.

The most important of these was the imposture of Perkin Warbeck, but it is doubtful if it originated with her, although she welcomed him with open arms as her nephew in 1492, and the following year, at the funeral of the Emperor Frederick at Vienna, he actually had a place assigned to him as an English prince. Indeed,

it was said of the Duchess Margaret that "she was aunt of all pretenders," but when Henry VII sent an embassy to Maximilian to complain, the Council of the young Archduke Philip replied that "the Duchess was free to do as she pleased within the lands of her jointure."

We must now give a brief sketch of the events which had taken place during the absence of Marguerite from the Netherlands. Her father Maximilian had a difficult time with his rebellious subjects, but he succeeded in asserting himself against the turbulent burghers of Termonde—where the Knights of the Golden Fleece had actually had the audacity to declare that his headship of the order was at an end—at Oudenarde, Bruges, and Ghent, where Philip was given up to him on July 6, 1485. The entry into this city was a solemn triumph; his son was brought to him with his companions in captivity, Adolphe de Ravenstein and Antoine de Bourbon. "Le fils ne cognut point le père, sinon que quand il aprocha, le père baisa le fils, et alors se prit le fils à larmoier" (The son did not know the father, but when he drew near the father kissed the son, and the son began to cry), says Olivier de la Marche.

Maximilian was acknowledged regent ("mambourg") on the child's behalf, and showed a wise clemency on this occasion, for although he revised the constitution of the governing power, yet he refused to follow the advice of some of his councillors, who would have taken summary vengeance and abolished all the privileges of the burghers. It was after this that he took Philip to Malines to be under the care of the Duchess Margaret.

On the 26th February, 1486, the Archduke was elected King of the Romans on his return from the war in Hungary. He was crowned at Aachen, with the diadem of Charlemagne, by three archbishops, of Trèves, of Mayence, and of Cologne, on April 9, 1486, and thus became heir apparent of the imperial throne; the "first of earthly potentates in dignity and rank."

But this new honour did not overawe his restless subjects in the Netherlands, who amongst other grievances complained that they were plundered by his unpaid mercenaries. The burghers of Ghent openly rebelled against him, and when the Archduke went on to Bruges with a small escort to hold a conference there, the most strange and humiliating accident occurred. Excited by false reports, the citizens rang the alarm bell, turned the market-place into a fortified camp, and actually kept Maximilian a prisoner within the gates of his own city for more than four months. In vain did Pope Innocent VIII and the Emperor Frederick threaten the rebels with penalties divine and temporal; they refused to yield until they had obtained all they demanded and an army was at their very walls.

Disgusted with the treatment which he had received, the King of the Romans made Duke Albert of Saxony his Governor-General and left the Netherlands in December, 1488, turning his steps to Germany and the Tyrol, which he had not seen for twelve years. Here his efforts were more peaceful than warlike, tending towards reconciliation with Matthias, King of Hungary, who died in April, 1490, and with Albert of Bavaria, who had married the beautiful Kunigonde, Maximilian's sister, against the will of the Emperor.

The year of Marguerite's return from France saw the

death of her grandfather, the Emperor Frederick III, in far-off Tyrol. He had long been out of health, suffering from decay in the bones of one leg, and when at length he reluctantly submitted to amputation at the knee, he is said to have lamented, "Alas, Kaiser Frederick, that you must bear to posterity the title of the 'Lame'!" But he did not long survive to endure this reproach, for he died on August 19, 1493, at the age of seventy-seven, and was laid to rest with splendid funeral ceremonies. Maximilian entered at once into full possession of his hereditary estates, and sought to console himself for his disappointment in losing the heiress of Brittany by forming some other matrimonial plan. He entered into negotiations with Lodovico Sforza, Duke of Bari and practically ruler of Milan, for the hand of his niece, Bianca Maria Sforza, with whom was promised the immense dowry of 440,000 golden crowns: a great temptation to the King of the Romans, who was always terribly in need of money.

Bianca Maria Sforza was born in April, 1472, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Milan, Galeazzo Maria Sforza, and Bona of Savoy, who had been brought up at the French Court with her sister, the wife of Louis XI. The Sforza were not of noble birth, for Bianca's grandfather, Jacopo Attendolo, was an Italian peasant, who, taking arms, became one of the famous Condottieri, and the proud German aristocracy could never forget nor forgive this plebeian descent.

Bianca had been twice betrothed already; first to Philibert-le-Chasseur, Duke of Savoy, and after his death to the eldest son of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, who, being disinherited, lost his bride also.

The niece of Lodovico had attained the mature age of twenty-one, and Maximilian was now thirty-five, when the wedding took place at Milan, by proxy, in November, 1493. The most magnificent preparations were made for the ceremony: the city was richly decorated with tapestry and armorial bearings, brocades and myrtle boughs, and the two Austrian ambassadors were received in great state at the Porta Orientale and conducted with honour to the Casrello. The bride rode through the crowded streets in her triumphal car, drawn by four white horses; she wore a robe of crimson satin embroidered with gold thread and covered with jewels, with a long train and sleeves which looked like two wings. The Duchess Beatrice, wife of Lodovico, sat on one side of Bianca, and the wife of her brother Gian Galeazzo on the other; they were followed by chariots with ambassadors, while the Princes of Milan rode on horseback. Ten more chariots bore the noblest maidens of Milan and the ladies-in-waiting of the bride, all dressed alike in tan-coloured "camoras" and mantles of bright green satin. It "looked rather like May than November," with the gay colours and green boughs on every side, as the stately procession passed on to the Duomo. Here the wedding ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Milan, assisted by the Bishop of Brixen, the chosen ambassador acting the part of the bridegroom, as "the sound of organ-music, flutes and trumpets, and the singing of exquisite choir voices" echoed through the great cathedral.

The Duchess Bona is said to have wept for joy at her daughter's great promotion, and three days later Bianca set forth on her journey to Innsbruck with a princely

retinue. Amongst the company was the envoy from Milan, Erasmo Brasca, in whose letters we have a most interesting account of the adventures which befell them on the way, from which we gain a vivid idea of the hardships of travel in those days. The whole Court appears to have accompanied the Princess as far as Como, where there was a service of thanksgiving in the cathedral, and the next day the bride took leave of her mother and all her family, crossing the lake as far as Bellagio. A sudden storm on the Lake of Como brought alarm and dismay to the bridal company, but far worse was the crossing of the Stelvio Pass, "those fearful, cruel mountains," by a rough mule-path in bad weather and snow in the month of December.

After this terrible journey, during which one lady-in-waiting had to be left behind and the others were full of bitter complaints, Bianca at length reached Innsbruck on Christmas Eve, only to find that her laggard bridegroom was still at Vienna, and not until March the 9th was he induced to meet his bride at Ala. The married life begun with so ominous a lack of interest was not destined to be a happy one. Maximilian never cared for the Italian Princess, who was frivolous and extravagant in her tastes, like her mother, Bona of Savoy, that "dame de petit sens." She accompanied her husband that summer to the Netherlands, where he had to transfer the government to Philip, who had now attained the age of fifteen. He found his son and daughter together at Maestricht, in the centre of a gay court where all the nobles of the province had flocked together to do honour to these high-spirited young people. Great festivities were held in honour of the imperial bride and bridegroom, and we can imagine

that with her perfect training, the Princess Marguerite was able to hold her own as a splendid hostess.

What did she think of her new stepmother, this Florentine lady whose education had been so different from her own, who had no literary tastes and cared only for dress and amusement? Poor Bianca! As far as we can gather, this was the one holiday of her wedded life, and she was soon to return to the solemn state and dullness of the grim old castle of Innsbruck, to spend her days unloved and neglected, pining for the sunny palaces and life of Milan and Pavia. She used to write to Lodovico and the young Duchess Beatrice for silks and powders and perfumes, for a white brocaded velvet dress, for a bunch of heron's plumes. When trouble came to her kindred, she only heard of it from afar in her imperial exile—the death of her brother, the young Duke Gian Galeazzo, of the magnificent Beatrice herself, of war and disaster. In the evil days to come, the Empress at least proved herself a true friend to her uncle Lodovico in his fallen estate, and she was good to his young sons.

It is curious to notice that in all the voluminous correspondence of Maximilian, he scarcely ever mentions his wife until in those last letters to his daughter Marguerite, announcing her illness and death, which are of sufficient interest to be quoted in their proper place.

With regard to that visit to the Netherlands after his marriage, it is worthy of note as an illustration of Maximilian's poverty, or bad management, that he left bills unpaid at various inns where he and his wife stayed, occasionally offering a ring in pledge. It is true that at this time his mind was full of other subjects. The Eastern question was all-absorbing to him,

and in October of the same year, 1493, he solemnly joined at Antwerp the Crusading Order of Saint George, and called upon all Christian potentates to do the same and become sworn soldiers of the Cross against the Crescent. To this wild appeal, the sovereigns of Europe gave little heed, as they were all too much engaged in guarding their own interests and watching the victorious course of the young King of France in Italy. Alarmed at his success, the Pope, Naples, Milan, and Ferdinand of Spain formed the Holy League, which Maximilian promptly joined. It was so called as being meant to oppose the Turk, but it was really against Charles VIII.

CHAPTER IV

MARGUERITE IN SPAIN

A Perilous Voyage—The Marriage of Marguerite and Prince Juan of Spain—Marriage of Philip of Austria with Juana—Death of Prince Juan—Marguerite returns to the Netherlands

The King of the Romans had for some time been contemplating a scheme for a double link with his Spanish ally: the marriage of his son Philip with Juana of Spain, and of his daughter Marguerite with the Infante Don Juan, heir to the Spanish throne. After much negotiation these double marriages were at length arranged, and this was the more easily accomplished, as the exchange of princesses would obviate any troublesome question about a dowry on either side. Doña Juana was the second daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabel of Castile, the united sovereigns of the Spanish kingdom. She was born in the Alcazar of Toledo on Sunday, November 7, 1479, and with her sisters had received a careful and learned education; indeed, we are told that she was able to make impromptu speeches in Latin. She was now seventeen years of age, a year younger than Philip of Austria, who, besides his splendid position, which made him a most desirable match, was spoken of as "the handsomest young man in Europe."

It was arranged that the Princess Juana should set sail from the port of Laredo, not very far from Santander, and a large fleet with 15,000 men bearing arms was in readiness to protect her on her way, under command of the Admiral of Castile, as there was war with France, for which King Ferdinand was making ready in Catalonia. Queen Isabel felt bitterly the parting with her young daughter, who was departing to a far land amongst strangers, with all the uncertain risks of marriage before her. She went on board the royal ship to remain with Juana until the last moment, and not until the fleet was on the point of sailing, on August 22, 1496, did she leave her, to return in sadness to Burgos. The Infanta had scarcely left the shores of Spain before the weather became rough and stormy, and her mother "sent for the best navigators to consult with them as to what might befall the armada."

It was only after weeks of suspense, that news reached Spain of the safe arrival of the Princess Juana on the coast of Flanders on Sunday, September 18. The voyage had been a terrible experience, and the fleet was driven for shelter into the harbour of Portland, when it was discovered that two caravels were missing. After some delay, when Juana met with much kindness from the English, the fleet continued its ill-fated journey, but before reaching their destination at Antwerp another vessel foundered on the coast of Flanders, and the Princess lost many attendants and most of her rich wedding presents. After all the hardships she had endured, it was very trying for her not to find her expectant bridegroom waiting for her; but he was away in the Tyrol, and had deputed his sister to take his place.

Marguerite had set out on her journey from Namur with her suite in attendance, amongst whom were Philippe de Ravenstein and his wife. She rode in a litter as far as Brussels, from whence she travelled on to Antwerp with Margaret of York, who was commonly called Madame la Grande, the stepmother and dear friend of her mother, Marie de Bourgogne, who seems to have always shown much affection to both Philip and Marguerite. They found Juana lodged at the monastery of St. Michel, and we have full particulars of the formal meeting, when "sixteen noble ladies and a matron clothed in cloth of gold" formed part of the suite of the Spanish Princess, who appears to have travelled in great state to Lille, there to await the coming of the laggard Philip. We hear that the Infanta rode her mule "in Spanish fashion," that she had a very ornamental sort of ladder to mount with, and that rich vessels of gold and silver were carried with her as part of her chamber furniture. The way was cheered with music, for amongst other instruments thirty clarions are mentioned.

But it was now late autumn, and the Spanish attendants of the Princess were much surprised at the cold, and when there chanced to come a sunny day in that misty land, they asked if the winter had passed away. There was great privation and suffering that winter amongst the men on the fleet at Antwerp, which was waiting to take back the Princess Marguerite, and many of them died.

The marriage was at length celebrated at Lille on October 18, 1496, and soon after the Archduke Philip and Juana took up their abode at Brussels. We feel some pity for the Spanish ladies-in-waiting, who,

having barely escaped shipwreck on their way to Flanders, had to brave once more the terrors of the ocean when they set sail in January, 1497, in the suite of the Princess Marguerite.

In these days of mighty ocean steamers, it is difficult for us to realise the infinite discomfort and misery of a rough sea voyage in mid-winter from a Flemish port, through the English Channel, and round by the Bay of Biscay to the coast of Spain, in a clumsy and unwieldy sailing vessel. As there was war with France, the land journey was barred, and there was no alternative. Indeed, this young daughter of Maximilian, who was not quite seventeen, had no choice whatever in the matter, and was simply a political asset to be used to the best advantage. She went forth bravely on this her second marriage venture, and soon had need of all her gay courage. The ships which formed her armada met with such tremendous gales that several of them were wrecked, and the Princess herself was in imminent danger. But hers was the "merry heart which goes all the way," for when all hope seemed lost she calmly set herself to write a "pleasant distich," which was to be rolled in wax and fastened to her wrist for identification, as was the way of mediæval sailors.

Ci-gist Margot, la gente demoiselle,
Qu'eut deux maris, et si mourut pucelle.

That at such a critical moment she should appreciate the humorous side of the situation gives us the measure of her gallant spirit, which never faltered or failed throughout her troubled life.

The French writer Fontenelle (1657–1757) was so charmed with this incident that he makes it the subject

of one of his *Dialogues des Morts,* No. 4, "L'Empereur Adrien et Marguerite d'Autriche."

"*Marguerite.* J'ai une mort que je prétends plus belle que la vôtre, et qui a fait encore moins de bruit. Ce n'est pourtant pas une mort toute entière. . . .

"*Adrien.* Comment? Que voulez-vous dire?

"*Marguerite.* J'étais fille d'un empereur. Je fus fiancée à un fils de roi, et ce prince, après la mort de son père, me renvoye chez le mien, malgré la promesse solennelle qu'il avait faite de m'épouser. Ensuite on me fiança encore au fils d'un autre roi; et comme j'allai par mer trouver cet époux, mon vaisseau fut battu d'une furieuse tempête, qui mit ma vie en un danger très evident. Ce fut alors que je composai moi-même cette épitaphe. . . . A la vérité je n'en mourus pas, mais il ne tint pas à moi. Concevez bien cet espèce de mort-là, vous en serez satisfait. . . . J'attends un naufrage à tout moment sans m'épouvanter, et je compose de sang froid mon épitaphe."

(*Marguerite.* I have a death to speak of which I claim is finer than yours, and which has been less famous. Still it is not entirely a death. . . .

Hadrian. In what way? How do you mean?

Marguerite. I was the daughter of an emperor. I was betrothed to the son of a king, and this prince, after the death of his father, sent me back to mine, notwithstanding the solemn promise which he had made to marry me. Afterwards I was betrothed to the son of another king; and as I was travelling by sea to meet this husband, my ship was beaten about by a furious tempest, which placed my life in most serious danger. It was then that I composed this epitaph. . . .

It is quite true that I did not die, but that was no concern of mine. Conceive well this kind of death and you will be satisfied. . . . I await a shipwreck which is upon me at any moment without being alarmed, and I compose my epitaph with the greatest coolness.)

This quotation from Fontenelle's *Dialogues of the Dead* scarcely does credit to the true heroism of Marguerite's character, for she would have been the last person in the world to have made her boast of it.

But in the words of Fontenelle, "ce n'était pas une mort toute entière." Fortunately the funereal legend was not required, and "Margot" was spared to play her part nobly in the service of her country. She did, however, have to take refuge from a storm in the harbour of Southampton, and may have had cause to thank the foresight of Queen Isabel of Castile, who on August 19, 1496, had written a courteous letter to Henry VII, to ask for his kind hospitality for her daughter Juana and her daughter-in-law Margaret, if by stress of weather they should be driven to an English port. Juana had been compelled to land at Portland while her vessel was repaired, and now the young Austrian Princess was thankful to seek shelter higher up the coast. The old chroniclers tell us of "impetuous tempests, terrible and admirable storms."

There is a letter extant, dated February 3, 1497, in which King Henry writes to her at Southampton, offering to pay her a visit, and pressing her to stay there, "for we believe that the movement and roaring of the sea is disagreeable to Your Highness and the ladies who accompany you," he courteously adds. Thankful indeed must the whole company have been when at length, after these various adventures, they saw

before them the rocky coast of the Asturias, and landed safely at the beginning of March in the busy trading port of Santander. Jacques de Croy was sent first with the news. A great company came forth to meet her—many noble cavaliers, powerful barons, counts and dukes, most richly clothed, who came near, reverently kissing the hand of the Princess in Spanish fashion—and they were followed by the King of Aragon and the Prince of Castile on horseback. Whereupon there sounded trumpets, clarions, lutes, and other instruments of music, bringing forth a melody so extreme and mighty, "fort haulte, que l'on n'eust peut oyr Dieu tonner" (that they could not have heard God thunder). Amidst all this "harmonious jubilation" the Princess Marguerite was placed upon the King's own hackney, and as he rode by her side, a great canopy of gorgeous silk and cloth of gold was held over them, and so they passed on to the palace. Isabel the Queen was awaiting the coming of her daughter-in-law at Burgos, and when she arrived there after a few days, met her at the entrance of the gallery, "and the daughters of the Queen kissed her hand, and then ninety ladies of the Court, all in cloth of gold, also kissed her hand."

As it was still Lent, the King and Queen, with Marguerite and Prince Juan, all went together to the Monastery of the Trinity for the "Pasques Fleuries, et firent une bonne semaine."

We cannot wonder that Isabel was drawn towards the young girl by the mutual attraction of two fine characters, for they were alike in fearless courage, true-hearted sincerity, and unselfish devotion. How priceless must have been the motherly affection of the

great Queen to the young girl, a lonely stranger from a far-off land—in spite of her rank and position and the promise of a splendid future!

The wedding was privately celebrated on Palm Sunday, April 3, but the great ceremony performed by the Bishop of Toledo was a week later, amidst the utmost magnificence, and was attended by all the great nobility of Castile, the foreign ambassadors, and alcaydes of the chief cities in their gorgeous robes of office. Never had the stately cathedral been the scene of a more splendid pageant; the gallant young bridegroom was an ideal Prince Charming, a lad of infinite promise and the hope of the united kingdoms, and all was pride and rejoicing at his happy marriage. A brilliant series of festivities was held in honour of the event, tournaments and tilts of reeds, and mimic warfare, in which the unmatched chivalry of Spain showed forth all their spirit and magnificence.

So great was the satisfaction of the Spanish sovereigns at having accomplished this most desirable marriage for their son and heir, that they could not do enough to welcome the Princess Marguerite, the daughter of the Emperor, and overwhelmed her with precious gifts. We are told by Gaillard that these were "of such value and perfect workmanship that the like was never seen before." In an inventory made by Marguerite herself many years afterwards at Malines, some of these splendid presents are set down. Thus we have amongst the tapestries :—

"Two pieces of tapestry of gold, silver, and very rich silk—the history and the deeds of Alexander the Great—which came from Spain.

"Four pieces of tapestry—the history of Esther—

very rich, and made with gold, silver, and silk, which came from the same place.

"Three pieces of tapestry of the Cid, very rich and beautiful, with gold and silver, brought from Spain.

"Four pieces of tapestry of Saint Helena . . . from the same.

"Two pieces of tapestry of the Seven Sacraments. . . .

"Seventeen rich carpets of Spanish velvet.

"Several sets of splendid bed-hangings and chamber tapestry to match, in the richest cloth of gold and fine needlework, with the arms of Aragon.

"Gold-embroidered pillow-covers, head-dresses, 'gorgerettes,' girdles, and other rich embroideries, from Spain.

"Also many splendid pieces of gold and silver plate and priceless gems."

It is most probable that many of the pictures and extremely beautiful manuscripts, illuminated and bound in velvet with gold and silver clasps, and choice works of art in her collection at Malines, were presented to Marguerite at the time of her wedding.

Never was there fairer promise of happiness and a more smiling future than that which seemed to await the heir of Spain and the daughter of Maximilian. The bride we have already made acquaintance with: a sweet-natured, high-spirited girl of seventeen, with cultivated intelligence, a very fine character, and gallant courage. The bridegroom appears to have been worthy of her, for this princely youth of nineteen had been educated by the most learned men of his time; he had good natural abilities, was an excellent musician, and is spoken of as the "delight of his parents and the idol of his people." The marriage was most popular

in Spain, and seemed to bring auspicious hopes of a general peace after so many years of war. Everywhere the cities of Northern Spain threw open their gates and held high festival to welcome the Prince and Princess of Asturias, and the summer passed away like one long holiday.

Another marriage had been arranged in the Spanish Royal Family, that of the widowed Isabel, Princess of Portugal, who was at length persuaded to give up her wish of entering a convent, and to accept the hand of the new King of Portugal, Emanuel the Fortunate, cousin of her late husband. Ferdinand and Isabel accompanied their daughter to the frontier town of Alcantara, where the wedding was quietly celebrated without the usual pomp and ceremony. They were still lodged in the picturesque fortified castle of Alcantara when evil tidings reached them: their son, Prince Juan, had been taken ill with fever at Salamanca, in the midst of a great entertainment given by the city to welcome him and his bride.

In those mediæval cities, deadly pestilence appears to have been ever lurking, and again and again we shall have occasion to note how often her victims were in the very prime of youthful manhood. The King of Aragon was aware of the danger, and lost no time in his hurried journey by Plasencia, across the wild district of Las Batuecas, through wild rocky gorges and solitary hillsides clothed with cork trees and dark cypresses, and over the parched-up plain beyond, only to find, when he at length reached Salamanca, that the fatal illness had made such rapid progress that there was no hope. "We have a pathetic account of that last meeting, when the father tried to

express hopes of recovery, but he could not dim the clear-eyed vision of one who had reached the threshold of the Unseen. With calm heroism the dying boy spoke of his readiness to depart from a world which to him had been so rich in blessing, and of his perfect resignation to the will of God. With words of loving farewell came the close of this beautiful young life, which had been so full of promise for Spain and for the world." * This was on October 4, 1497.

In *La Couronne Margaritique*, Jean Le Maire, the humble and faithful historian of the Princess Marguerite, gives the touching story of her love and despair. She watched over her dying husband with passionate devotion, and we are told "she thought to go on a pilgrimage for the health of Juan, but finding how near unto death he was, she would not leave him, and received his dying breath in a last kiss" . . . "et fut force de l'emporter dehors comme demy morte" (and they bore her from him half dead). The young girl makes a tender allusion to this, the first great sorrow of her life, in later years, when she wrote her poetical lament on the death of her father Maximilian.

"Fearing the effect of the shock upon Queen Isabel, who was not in strong health, Ferdinand sought to break the news by frequent letters of ever-increasing anxiety, yet when the sad truth had to be told, Isabel bore it with splendid fortitude, and only made reply in those immemorial words of submission: 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be His Name.' But the iron had entered into her soul, and all the mother's brightest hopes and happiness were buried in her son's stately tomb at Avila." †

* *Queen of Queens and Making of Spain*, Christopher Hare. † *Ibid.*

"Thus was laid low the hope of Spain," writes his tutor, Peter Martyr. "Never was there a death which caused such deep and general lamentation throughout the land." The whole country mourned for their young Prince; sable banners floated over every tower and gateway; all public offices were closed for forty days; and the Court mourning was of rough sackcloth instead of the usual white garments worn for royalty. Juan the beloved was borne in sad procession across the tawny plains of that vast and lonely land, to be laid to rest with solemn obsequies before the high altar of the Dominican convent Church of Santo Tomás, near Avila. Here a sculptured white marble tomb of exquisite workmanship was raised to his memory. This monument has been called "the most perfectly glorious tomb in all the world," and two stately carved stalls overlooking it were ever after reserved for the sorrowing parents.

The chronicle of Le Maire tells us how the widowed Marguerite was in delicate health at the time of her husband's death, and was watched over with anxious care until her child was born, the centre of so many eager hopes and of such far-reaching ambition. For many days and nights the girl-mother's life trembled in the balance, and when at length the fragile babe was born, she did but open her eyes for one brief moment upon a world where so splendid a position awaited her, the throne of united Spain and her vast dependencies, the richest heritage of the Old World and the New. "Elle eut bien courte joie de son enfantement et n'eu guère titre de mère" (She had but short joy of her bringing forth, and scarce bore the title of mother) is the lament of her chronicler. Here, as elsewhere in

Marguerite's troubled life, Le Maire bears witness to her patience and courage. "Elle a tout supporté par patience invincible, dont je soustiens qu'elle ha merité la Couronne glorieuse et triomphale d'immortelle renommée." (She suffered all with invincible patience, and I maintain therefore that she has deserved the glorious and triumphal crown of immortal fame.)

Not for our Marguerite was the supreme joy of happy motherhood, but in the days to come, with the full devotion of her sweet womanly nature, she took to her heart the more than orphaned children of her brother Philip and the hapless Juana, and bravely faced for them all the anxious cares and duties of a mother's love.

The succession to the throne of Spain had now passed to Isabel, the recently married Queen of Portugal, and it was thought necessary to secure her position and the recognition of her rights by the Cortes, who were hastily summoned at Toledo. It was with some difficulty that the proud Castilians were induced to swear allegiance to Isabel and her husband as heirs to the throne in April, 1498. A son was born to them in the following August, but it was at the cost of his mother's life, and little Prince Miguel was now the looked-for inheritor of the whole peninsula. He was acknowledged by the Cortes of Aragon and Castile, and by the realm of Portugal; but he did not live long to enjoy so vast an inheritance, and his early death, in 1500, placed the Princess Juana, the wife of Philip of Austria, on the step next to the throne of Castile.

Meantime the Princess Marguerite remained for a while in Spain, with a most liberal dowry and her

own Court and household, treated with the greatest kindness and affection by Queen Isabel and her daughters. Of these two Princesses, Maria, the elder, afterwards became the second wife of Emanuel, King of Portugal, and Katharine, the youngest, born in 1485, was already betrothed to Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII. The friendship between the Austrian girl and her Spanish sisters-in-law lasted during their lives. But it is curious to find that the dowager Princess of Asturias, who had been so near the thrones of France and of Spain, was invited to turn her perfect knowledge of French to account by teaching the future Queen Katharine of England. Elizabeth of York, wife of Henry VII, writes a friendly letter on the subject to Queen Isabel in 1497, and on July 17, 1498, De Peubla, the Spanish ambassador in London, is instructed to write to the Spanish Queen thus:—

"Queen Elizabeth and the mother of King Henry VII wish that the Princess of Wales (Katharine of Aragon) should always speak French with the Princess Marguerite, who is now in Spain, to learn the language and be able to talk it, as they (the English Queens) do not understand Latin and much Spanish." The ambassador then goes on to repeat other suggestions of these good ladies, who seem to have much practical common sense, even if they had no Latin. "The Princess Katharine should accustom herself to drink wine, as the water in England is not drinkable, and even if it were, the climate would not allow the drinking of it."*

We cannot wonder that after a while Marguerite should hunger for her native land, more especially as

* Bergenroth, *Calendar of State Papers.*

her Flemish attendants could never become reconciled to the stiffness and restraint of Spanish etiquette, and were constantly urging their mistress to return to the Netherlands. She was present at the marriage by proxy of Katharine to Prince Arthur of England, in May, 1499, but later in that year the Princess Marguerite once more faced the perils of the sea on her way home, for although Louis XII had succeeded to the throne of France, she could not travel by land, as Maximilian her father was not on better terms with the new King than he had been with Charles VIII. On the other hand, her brother Philip did not look upon the possession of Burgundy as such a burning question, and had agreed to do homage to France for Artois and Franche-Comté.

CHAPTER V

MARGUERITE, DUCHESS OF SAVOY

THE JOURNEY TO SAVOY—HAPPY MARRIED LIFE—THE DEATH OF DUKE PHILIBERT II—DUKE OF SAVOY—MEMORIAL CHURCH OF BROU

THE married life of the Infanta Juana was ill-omened from the first. Her long waiting for the coming of Philip and his neglect of his young bride was but a foretaste of her future life. Her somewhat heavy Spanish beauty was not attractive to him, and still less so was her moody and often sullen temper. Unfortunately for her own peace of mind, she seems to have poured out upon him her passionate affection, only equalled by her jealousy, for which the gay, handsome young Prince gave his wife plenty of cause. He only cared for pleasure and amusement in his lively Court at Brussels, and Juana was not likely to win him back by tears and complaints.

As is usual in all royal houses, but more especially with the Hapsburgs (Philip had been betrothed in 1480 at two years old to Anne of England, daughter of Edward IV !), his marriage had been entirely a matter of policy, and in truth he had no cause of regret on that score, for, by a succession of tragic deaths, he found that he had gained a far richer prize than he ever expected. At the time of his wedding, Prince

Juan was next in succession to the throne of Spain, and none could have foretold that in a few brief years he would have passed away, then his expected heir, his eldest sister Isabel and her infant son Miguel, until in the year 1500 the Archduchess Juana, the second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel, was the immediate heir to the throne of Spain. This was an unlooked-for inheritance, of which Philip was keen enough to see the full importance. Urgent messages were sent pressing him to come to Spain at once with his wife, that they might receive the oath of allegiance, but neither of them looked forward to this visit, or the stricter manner of Spanish life, with any pleasure, and they put it off as long as possible.

A daughter was born to them at Louvain on November 16, 1498, and she received the name of Eléonore, from her Portuguese great-grandmother, the mother of Maximilian. There were great festivities on this occasion, but they were quite eclipsed by those which took place when, on February 24, the Feast of St. Matthias, 1500, the hoped-for son and heir was born at the palace of Ghent. He was baptised by Monseigneur the Bishop of Tournay, and received the name of Charles, in memory of his famous ancestor, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Never were seen such magnificent ceremonies and rejoicings, and we are told wine ran in the streets, and money, in "half-philippe" pieces, was thrown recklessly as largesse to the populace. Madame La Grande, Margaret of York, the sister of Edward IV and widow of Charles the Bold, was godmother to the young Prince, and presented him with a splendid cup inlaid with precious stones. This masterful old lady would seem to have

By permission of Capt. E. G. Pretyman

KATHARINE OF ARAGON

By unknown Flemish artist of sixteenth century

To face p. 80

stepped out of a far bygone age, but the generations really succeeded each other so quickly that she was not yet sixty years of age.

It was soon after the birth of the nephew who was destined to be of such supreme interest to her, that Margaret arrived at Ghent on her return from Spain, and took up her abode at her brother Philip's Court. The Princess seems to have been always on the most friendly terms with Juana, and her presence had certainly a soothing and restraining influence on her sister-in-law. But it was not likely that so valuable an asset in the matrimonial market as this young widow of twenty, with her rich dowry, would long be suffered to remain in peace. Her father Maximilian was an inveterate match-maker, and he was already considering another husband for her.

The conquest of Italy was the great desire of his heart, and it was a matter of the utmost importance to make sure of the friendship of Savoy. Now the reigning Duke, Philibert II le Beau, was a young prince after the Emperor's own heart, and had served with him already in the war against Florence in 1497, and had then, at the early age of seventeen, distinguished himself as a gallant and successful captain. His mother, Marguerite de Bourbon, connected with the blood royal of France, had died in his early childhood, and Philibert and his elder sister Louise de Savoie had been brought up at the French Court of Anne de Beaujeu. It is quite possible that as a child he may have met Marguerite, who was the same age as himself, and may have retained pleasant remembrances of "cette douce et naive enfant." In any case, he was fortunate enough to be selected as her future husband,

and Marguerite, with gallant courage, consented once more to face the great unknown and to serve the interests of her house by another marriage. The contract for this alliance was signed at Brussels on September 26, 1501, and amongst those who added their signatures to the document were Francis Archbishop of Besançon, Henri de Berghes Bishop of Cambray, the Spanish ambassador, and many other nobles.

A fortnight later, by the Treaty of Trent, her baby nephew Charles was promised in marriage to Claude, the daughter of Louis XII, but, like so many of the matrimonial arrangements made for this young Prince, it never came to anything. Another little sister had been born to him on July 27 of this year, who received the name of Isabelle, and "Madame Marguerite," who was destined in after years to take a mother's place with the child, received her at the font as her godmother.

We have a very interesting account of the wedding journey from the Netherlands to Savoy. Duke Philibert sent a deputation of two hundred and fifty knights to fetch his bride, and a great company of Flemish nobles were to accompany her, at the expense of her brother the Archduke, as far as Geneva. Towards the end of October, 1501, the Princess set forth on her stately progress through the land, which was rather a slow proceeding, as the days were now growing so short. Madame la Grande (Margaret of York) accompanied her for half a league from Brussels, and then took leave of her young kinswoman with much affection; indeed, it was a final farewell, for they never met again before the death of the English Princess. That night Marguerite lodged at Hals, where her

brother Philip joined the company and escorted her for half a league more on the way, and then he too wished her good-bye, and the sister who loved him so well, had need of all her courage to go forward in lonely splendour amidst her gallant company.

When she was come to Guise, within the realm of France, the Seigneur of Fontaines was waiting to give her hearty greeting and welcome on the part of the King of France. Indeed, the whole journey was a kind of triumphal procession, where the Princess was expected to hold formal receptions, for the next day at Cressy (Crécy) the Court ladies arrived to join her party. She then passed on to Liesse, where she kept All Saints' Day, and the gentlemen of Laon sent her a puncheon (poinchon) of wine, as a humble offering. We shall find this present often repeated, as probably with so large a company to entertain in country quarters it would be most acceptable. At Bac-à-Berry we are told that all the heavy baggage of Madame was sent on, possibly by water in barges, wherever the rivers conveniently served. When Marguerite arrived at Reims all the town came out to meet her; there were processions, and she received very substantial tokens of their goodwill in the shape of four "kammes" of hypocras, a stag, a boar, kids, peacocks, pheasants, partridges, hares, and rabbits.

From thence the journey was continued through the fertile plains of France to Châlons-sur-Marne, where there was another grand reception and more presents were offered, then to Arcis-sur-Aube, and on to Troyes, in Champagne, where the people greeted their illustrious visitor with more processions, with venison and fowls, and the Bishop outdid all previous records

by his princely hospitality, for when the Princess lodged in his palace, he presented her with the keys of his episcopal cellar that her suite might be suitably entertained during their stay. From Troyes she continued her journey to Bar-sur-Seine, where she remained to keep the Feast of St. Martin, and was presented with two more "poinchons" of wine. The next resting-place was "Mouchy-l'Evesque," then Chatillon-sur-Seine, where two puncheons of the wine of the country again arrived in greeting.

But the loyal city of Dijon, in Burgundy, surpassed all others in the splendour of its welcome. Here "colleges and crosses" met their Princess at the gates, with all the lords of the city and two hundred and sixty horsemen. Great mystery plays were got up in her honour, also pagan masques, such as the assault of Venus by Cupid, and others, while an ambassador came forward and addressed the royal lady by "great and high titles taken from her maternal and paternal genealogy." The men of Dijon also showed gorgeous hospitality by presenting a hundred puncheons of Vin de Beaune, brought at their expense from Savoy for the service of the company. "Never was lady more loved and more regretted, nor seen with more delight, than she by the people of Dijon."

We wonder what became of all that wine, for as the procession passed on to Romire and St. Jean de Losme, still more puncheons were forthcoming. On November 22 Marguerite reached the ancient fortified city of Dôle, standing on the crest of a hill, which twenty years before had been taken by treachery and burnt by the French. Here Réné, known as the Bastard of Savoy, the half-brother of Duke Philibert,

met her. The men of Dôle came forth to receive their Princess with the "colleges," who made flattering harangues to her, and there were presented to her the very substantial gifts of six puncheons of wine, six sheep, six calves, six dozen capons, six wild geese, and twelve horses laden with oats, etc.

On the day of St. Catherine, Madame came to the castle of Vauldrey, and from thence continued her journey until she reached Salins, where men-at-arms came forth with halberds and welcomed her with the familiar cry, "Vive Bourgogne!" At the entrance of the town she was met by four beautiful girls bearing the arms of the Emperor, of Savoy, and of Salins, followed by other pleasing masques. A great semblance of a tree was erected in the market-place, while two Moors and two fools, richly clad ("accousty"), each bearing a cup in his hand, pierced the tree, from whence there flowed forth four different kinds of wine, sufficient for all the world to drink and make merry with. A mystery play was acted before the lodging of the Princess, with seven virtues, seven arts, and seven deadly sins, after which there were games and much rejoicing. A learned doctor of Salins preached before her and took for his theme: "Sic est regnum celorum homini negociatori querenti bonas *margaretas*." (The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man seeking goodly *pearls*.) We can imagine the strain of adulation with which the courtly preacher dwelt upon the Princess Marguerite as "the pearl (*margareta*) of great price," for we are told that "each time that he said 'ma très redoubtée dame,' he bent the knee." There was also presented to her a rich cup containing one hundred gold crowns.

On Sunday, November 28, Madame was married by proxy, "in the way usual to all great Princes," Réné of Savoy representing his brother, her real husband, and the Bishop of Lausanne performed the ceremony. Madame wore a robe of cloth of gold, lined with crimson satin, and made flat after the Spanish fashion, with splendid jewels. Réné had given her a heart of diamonds surmounted by a beautiful pearl, and the Duke of Savoy had sent her a magnificent girdle with twenty-three great diamonds, ten good rubies, and a number of pearls. When the evening came, the customary ceremonial was gone through (as in the case of her mother before her, when the Duke Louis de Bavière lay by the side of Marie of Bourgogne, with a drawn sword between them, to signify that her husband would defend her against all). In the presence of the assembled company—only married ladies and lords governors were present—Réné of Savoy, clad in complete armour, placed himself on the bed of Madame Marguerite. After a few seconds he sprang to the ground, begging pardon for having interrupted the sleep of Madame, and asking for a kiss as his payment. The kiss is graciously accorded to him, and the knight falls on his knees before the royal lady and swears to be for ever her faithful servant. Madame bids him rise, wishes him good night, and offers him a valuable diamond ring.

This curious performance seems rather unnecessary when the Princess was to meet her husband, the Duke of Savoy, in less than a week, and when she was so close to the frontier of his realm. But "it was the way of Princes," and we find the ceremony repeated in the case of her nieces.

In the marriage contract, previously signed, we find that the Duke of Savoy assured to his wife, in case she should survive him, the rich dowry of twelve thousand crowns of gold, besides splendid plate, tapestry, jewels, and works of art. We may notice that in the days to come, Marguerite had some difficulty in obtaining payment of this amount from Duke Charles, her husband's brother and successor, but this is scarcely to be wondered at when we find that there were three other widows of Savoy, all dowagers, to be provided for. These were Blanche de Montfort, widow of Charles I; Louise, daughter of Jean, Count of Geneva; and Claudine de Brétagne, second wife of Duke Philippe.

From Dôle the journey was continued to "Pont d'Arly aux montaignes" (Pontarlier), where the accustomed offering this time took the form of four fat oxen. The most serious part of the route was now at hand, for the Princess and her great company, in that bitter wintry weather, had to ascend the rough rocky valleys and pine-clad slopes, and cross the snowy ridge of the Jura, before, utterly weary and half frozen, they at length reached the hospitable shelter of the great abbey of black monks, at Romain-Moustiers, about two leagues from Geneva. It was here that Marguerite at length met her bridegroom, "Monseigneur Philibert Duc de Savoie, fort et puissant et beau, grant personnage et jeune," who arrived an hour later, and having saluted Madame and her company, returned after supper to the Abbaye, where there was held high festival. On the morrow at dawn the Bishop of Maurienne (near Chambéry) celebrated mass, and the wedding ceremony was completed. The rejoicings were continued until December 4, when Charles and

Philip of Savoy, brothers of the Duke, arrived, and also his sister Louise, Countess of Angoulême, and mother of the future King of France, Francis I, who at the time was a boy of seven years old. In the bygone days at the Court of Anne de Beaujeu, Louise and Marguerite had been friends, and the two cousins would rejoice in this closer connection. Three hundred more knights from Savoy had now joined the party, and added to the magnificence of the procession, which now moved on to the castle of Rouelle and from thence to the castle of Couppet, where the generous host, the Seigneur de Viri, "paid all expenses," no light matter when such a numerous company were entertained.

Meantime the men of Geneva were making great preparations to receive the Princess Marguerite with due state, and it is amusing to learn that the ducal party had to wait at the priory of St. Victor, in a faubourg of the town, until all was ready for their reception. This took place on the Feast of the Conception, and the Duchess Marguerite, clothed in cloth of gold, rode on a white hackney, followed by five other ladies in the same rich attire, and a gorgeous procession of nobles, gentlemen archers, etc., amongst whom Monseigneur de Cheveron is specially mentioned as wearing a costume "Turkish made, of blue damask, with a border of cloth of gold." The old chronicler revels in the full account of all the great shows—the snowy fields, the lions, the fountains of Justice guarded by thirteen young girls to represent towns.

There were four kinds of "Marguerites" and a young girl representing Sainte Marguerite, but we cannot quite understand why the story of the Prodigal

Son should have been considered appropriate! Next there came masques of savage men and women, Roman histories, and a great erection of the Tower of Babylon, higher than the belfries of the city. There was the usual "morality" of the Temple of Virtues, but it was a curious omen, to be remembered in days to come, that the last story was of "Death," with the warning legends "Omnia mori debent," "Omnia morte cadunt," and "Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas!"

It would be too long to enumerate all the splendid presents which the Princess received, and to describe the banquets, the jousts, the tournaments, and other high festivals held in her honour. During this winter, which the young Duke and Duchess spent in Geneva, they were the centre of a gay and magnificent Court, an unusual experience for Marguerite, whose life had hitherto passed so much amongst the shadows. It seemed as if at last the happiness so long denied was hers. On May 3, 1502, Duke Philibert le Beau and his bride took up their abode in the ancestral castle of Pont d'Ain, a lovely spot in the most beautiful part of Savoy, and in the midst of good country for hunting, of which both the young people were passionately fond.

The devoted chronicler of Marguerite, Jehan Le Maire, describes their happiness as something Arcadian, and cannot say too much in regard to their beauty and virtues. "A Prince flourishing in his youth, distinguished for his strength and beauty, abounding in possessions, reposing in peaceful tranquillity of his realm, feared by his enemies, honoured by his friends, loved and served by all his good and loyal subjects, and to whom for the height of his great

felicity, so richly favoured by the gods, who for three years sent him as his wife and companion a precious celestial flower named Marguerite ; the most illustrious lady in the world, be it ever so great in its circumference ; most worthy daughter of the Majesty Cæsar Augustine of the most invincible King Maximilian, Moderator of the Imperial Sceptre of the Romans."*

Duke Philibert appears indeed to have deserved well of his people. He loved war, for he was a gallant and successful soldier, but he wisely resisted the temptation to join with either side between Austria and France. He proclaimed the neutrality of Savoy, and thus saved his land from the horrors of war ; but he suffered a certain number of his soldiers to join the armies of either side for pay, as they thus obtained most excellent training, and in this way he earned the gratitude of both sides. Louis XII gave him lands in the Milanese in return for the splendid hospitality with which he was received at Turin, while Maximilian confirmed the Duke of Savoy in the possessions which Charles IV had formerly granted to his house. He was also appointed Imperial Vicar for Italy. When the French army passed through Savoy it became a source of wealth to the people, who received good payment for provisions and forage. Louis XII gladly paid Philibert thirty thousand livres a month to buy his neutrality, and this money was spent by the Prince for the good of his country. Wise beyond his time, the young Duke encouraged the Jews to settle in his states and treated them with equal justice, holding that they formed a school of commerce for his subjects.

He was full of ardent schemes for reforms in govern-

* *La Couronne Margaritique.*

ment, and with the help of his wife was eager to found schools and hospitals. Marguerite had many tastes in common with her young husband, who was connected with her by the House of Bourbon, of the blood royal of France, through her grandmother, Isabelle de Bourbon, second wife of Duke Charles, for Philibert's mother was Marguerite de Bourbon. This Princess died in 1483, when Louise and Philibert were still children; but before her death she had made a vow to build a stately sepulchral church at Brou, near Bourg-en-Bresse, and being unable to fulfil it herself, had bequeathed the duty to her son. But in the end it was the Duchess Marguerite who was destined to fulfil the vow, after the sad and terrible tragedy which closed for her the portals of earthly happiness.

Jehan Le Maire tells the story thus, in his quaint allegorical way: On a certain day of September, in the year 1504, the gallant Philibert, the most beautiful Prince in Christendom, who was another Meleager, a Cephalos, went forth to hunt the wild boar, and on his way he met "le triste vieillard Infortune et sa femme pale et terrible La Mort," and his fate was sealed. All unknowing, the doomed hunter crossed the open country; he wandered through the thick woods, the shady valleys, and climbed the difficult mountains. The boar which he was pursuing crossed the Albarine, and Philibert, in his eagerness, sprang from his horse and pursued the fierce animal on foot.

That year was hot and dry, we are told, and the trees were eaten up by caterpillars. Weary and thirsty, when the Prince came to a fountain of water he drank freely (by the will of Atropos), and then threw himself on the grass to rest awhile. Overheated and exhausted

with fatigue, Duke Philibert appears to have taken a chill, and on returning home he is found on his camp bed by the "très clère Duchesse, sa trèschère espouse et compaigne. Laquelle voyant son seigneur et amy gisant malade . . . se mit à le conforter très doucement . . . et feit venir à toute diligence les gens et ministres du Dieu Esculapius. . . . Sollicitant par prières très instantes, et même fit broyer et mettre en pouldre le trésor de ses précieuses perles . . . et faisant extrême diligence de quérir ayde au ciel par voeux et par dévotes prières, et par envoyer offrandes en lointain pelérinages" (the very noble Duchess, his very dear wife and companion, who, seeing her lord and friend lying ill, set herself to comfort him very gently . . . and sent in all diligence for the people and ministers of the God Esculapius . . . soliciting with most imploring prayers, and she even caused the treasure of her precious pearls to be pounded and put into powder (a favourite medicine) . . . and made extreme diligence to seek help from Heaven by vows and by devout prayers and by sending offerings to distant pilgrimages).

But alas! "neither loving devotion nor prayers nor tears of this noble wife prevailed, and the great and inevitable loss followed, to her utter desolation. . . ." In the castle of Pont d'Ain, in the very chamber in which he was born on April 10, 1480, Philibert II le Beau, Duke of Savoy, passed away on September 10, 1504, after a reign of seven years and a happy married life of barely three. After the first crushing desolation of the blow which had fallen upon her, when she shut herself up from the world and cut off her beautiful golden hair, the widowed Duchess devoted herself to

perpetuate the memory of her beloved husband, by building a shrine more beautiful than the world had ever seen, that her love and sorrow, frozen in sculptured marble, might so endure for all time.

When Marguerite had obtained the sanction and blessing of the Pope, she summoned to her help all the greatest architects and sculptors in Europe—Michel Colombe of Burgundy with his nephews, Louis Van Boglem, André Colomban, and Philippe of Chartres, and others from Switzerland and Italy; the painter Jean de Paris; famous workers in stained glass, in the carving of wood, and all the kindred arts needful for so magnificent a sanctuary. All this galaxy of talent was guided by a well-chosen committee, and the mighty work was continued for five-and-twenty years, and cost the Archduchess a sum of more than two millions of francs, equivalent to a much larger amount at the present day. An oratory was built for Marguerite, where she might spend her days in prayer and meditation, and watch over the slow growth of that which she looked upon as her life's work.

But not for her was that peaceful conventual seclusion which her soul craved; ever ready to listen to the voice of duty, the widowed Duchess obeyed the summons of her father, Maximilian, and went back to her native land to take upon herself the burden of empire as Regent of the Netherlands.

CHAPTER VI

CONCERNING PHILIP OF CASTILE

He goes to Spain—Strife with Ferdinand of Aragon —War with Charles of Guelders—Death of Philip —Succession of Charles V—How Marguerite became Regent of the Netherlands

In order to understand how Marguerite of Austria became Regent of the Netherlands, it will be needful to follow for a time the fortunes of her brother Philip, who since the death of his mother, Marie de Bourgogne, in 1482, had been the rightful lord of all her great possessions.

We have seen how his marriage with the Infanta Juana of Spain had been a diplomatic success even beyond the hopes of Maximilian, since, by a series of deaths, Juana had become the next heir to the throne of Spain. It was not until late autumn in 1501, when his sister Marguerite had set forth on her wedding journey to Savoy, that Philip was at length induced to go to Spain with his wife Juana, that they might receive the usual oaths of allegiance from the Cortes. As there happened to be peace with France, they were able to take the journey by land, passing through Brabant and Hainault, taking Mons and Cambray as halting-places, and entering French territory at

St. Quentin, where they had a hearty reception. They rested at Compiègne in the castle of Charles the Bold, and next day continued their journey through a great forest. After pausing at St. Denis, they entered Paris in state on November 25, and were suitably welcomed by the city, but they did not meet the King and Queen of France until on December 12 they arrived at Blois, where the Court was held. Splendid entertainments were given in their honour, and we hear of Philip playing the *jeu de paume* with Louis XII, hunting and hawking with him, and at length making with him a treaty by which the baby Archduke Charles was betrothed to the little Princess Claude of France. Through all the political changes which followed, this was ever the marriage desired by Anne de Brétagne for her daughter, but it never came to pass.

When the royal guests left Blois, the King of France rode with them as far as Amboise, and they did not reach Navarre until January, in bitter wintry weather, and travelled on to Bayonne through heavy snow-storms. The hardships of such a journey must have been very great, as the mountain district had to be crossed where the snow lay deep on the passes. At length, however, they reached Vitoria and travelled on into Castile, where, at Burgos, the Constable of Castile welcomed them with princely hospitality, and they rested for eleven days before continuing their journey to Valladolid, Medina del Campo, and Segovia. Philip and Juana did not reach Madrid until March 25, having been received everywhere with enthusiasm by the people, as though it were a royal progress. After still further delay, caused by the Archduke having taken measles, he at last arrived with his wife at

Toledo, and met King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel on May 7, 1502.

Arrangements had been made for great festivities, but all these had to be deferred, as next day news arrived of the death of Arthur, Prince of Wales, the boy husband of Juana's youngest sister, Katharine, and the Court went into mourning for nine days. After this, the oaths of allegiance were taken at Toledo by the Cortes of Castile, and later in the year by the Cortes of Aragon at Zaragoza. By this time the pleasure-loving Philip was heartily tired of Spain, and announced his intention of returning home through France, although now there was open war between Louis XII and Ferdinand. Juana was in despair at not being able to travel with her husband, but she was expecting a child, who was born at Alcalá de Henares in the following March, 1503 (Ferdinand, her second son). However, in spite of all opposition and the serious remonstrances of his father-in-law, Philip set off in December on his journey through France, met Louis XII at Lyons, renewed his treaty for the marriage of his son Charles with the Princess Claude, and other matters, and hastened back to the Netherlands. This Treaty of Lyons had no influence whatever on the war between Ferdinand and Louis in Italy, where, before the end of the year 1503, the whole kingdom of Naples had become a Spanish province, and the French were utterly defeated.

We cannot wonder at Philip's eagerness to return to the north, where so much of interest was taking place, as from his earliest childhood he had been brought up to consider all that concerned his hereditary possessions as of supreme importance. We see from his letters

that he always cared for them far more than for his dominion in Spain.

After the treaty of marriage between the Hapsburg and Valois in 1501, Maximilian had again renewed his attempt to recover the duchy of Guelders from the young Duke Charles, now that he was deprived of the help of Louis XII. But the gallant Prince was strongly supported by his own people, and fought with desperate valour and skill, until the attention of Maximilian was diverted by a war in the very heart of Germany, which concerned him more nearly still. George the Rich, Duke of Bavaria-Lanshut, died in December, 1503, leaving a will which was against the traditions of his family, and was strongly contested by his cousin Albert, who had married Kunigunde, the sister of Maximilian. A fierce struggle followed, in which the unhappy land was laid waste; but in the final battle, when the imperial leader displayed the most splendid courage and narrowly escaped death, the great army of Bohemian mercenaries was defeated, and the splendid inheritance of Duke George was divided as Maximilian had decided, while he received for his share two cities, four castles, three countships, and a hundred thousand gulden of taxes and crops.

These internecine wars had served to delay for a while the passionate desire of the Hapsburg Prince to march onwards to Constantinople, at the head of all the Princes of Europe, which entered into all his plans and treaties. Even Louis XII had promised to join him *in three years*, doubtless trusting that meantime much might happen! But Maximilian had no money, and his Diets would vote him nothing to fight the Turk. Berthold of Mainz, the great Elector and Archbishop,

"little of a Churchman and nothing of a saint," but a man of great courage and enthusiasm, had withstood his overlord for many years in striving to "realise the ideal of a free united German state." When he died in December, 1504, Maximilian became much more powerful amongst his Princes and people, especially as the new Archbishops both of Mainz and Trèves were men of milder temper and inferior capacity.

With his son Philip at home again, he felt that now was the time to make one more desperate attack on the turbulent Duke Charles of Guelders, who amongst other acts of defiance had taken Edmund de la Pole, the rebel Duke of Suffolk, who aimed at the throne of England, and had shut him up in the castle of Hattem. This time, in the summer of 1505, Philip, now King of Castile, with the help of his father's skill in the use of field artillery, won a great victory against Guelders, took possession of Hattem and the captive Suffolk, and concluded a most satisfactory truce of two years with Duke Charles at the castle of Rosendaal, in Guelderland. The victorious Princes entered Cologne in triumph; Maximilian a splendid figure in the parti-coloured dress of a landsknecht, with his eighteen-foot spear over his shoulder. A great banquet was given in their honour, to which more than a thousand princes and nobles sat down.

Meantime the wife of Philip, Juana of Castile, had remained in Spain most unwillingly for more than a year after the birth of her son Ferdinand. She had been subject to sudden attacks "which made her seem like one distraught" if she were opposed in any way, and her condition caused great anxiety and sorrow to her mother, Isabel, who was in failing health. When

at length the Princess Juana was suffered to return by sea to her husband in the summer of 1504, she had a fit of jealous frenzy in which she attacked a lady of the Court to whom Philip was too attentive. This was such an open scandal as to be unpardonable, and the news of it seriously affected her mother, the great Queen of Spain, who was already past all hope of recovery, and who died on November 26, 1504, leaving Philip and Juana "Sovereigns of Castile, Leon, Granada; Princes of Aragon," etc. The whole tragic story of the hapless Juana has been so fully told elsewhere* that it will only be needful briefly to allude to it.

There was every reason for Philip to proceed at once to Spain and assert his rights, which were in great danger from the assumption of the regency by his father-in-law, Ferdinand. But it was not until November, 1505, two months after the birth of a daughter, Maria (afterwards Queen of Hungary), that Philip and his wife at last left Brussels to prepare for the long voyage by sea to Spain. As Ferdinand was about to take a second wife, the young French Princess Germaine de Foix, Louis XII was now his ally and unfriendly to Juana's husband. The Flemish fleet set sail on January 8, 1506, and met with such terrible gales that the ship in which were the King and Queen of Castile was driven on to the English coast and brought into the port of Weymouth on January 17, 1506. Henry VII was delighted at the news, and warmly welcomed his royal guests in London and at Richmond, but showed no inclination to let them depart until he had obtained all he wanted. The young heir

* *Queen of Queens*, Christopher Hare.

of Austria, Charles, was to marry the Princess Mary, the rebel Duke of Suffolk was to be given up, although Philip insisted that his life should be spared. (He was beheaded some years later by Henry VIII.) And notwithstanding all the Austrian Prince's reluctance, he had to consent to the *Malus Intercursus*, which gave great advantage to English trade by freeing it from tolls in Flanders. Juana was allowed to meet her widowed sister Katharine, but not alone, and then the King and Queen of Castile were suffered to continue their journey to Spain.

They arrived at Coruña on April 26, 1506, to find that Ferdinand had married the young Germaine de Foix, and that he was openly hostile, although the great nobles of Castile hastened to welcome their Queen and were indignant at the mystery which surrounded her. After much diplomacy, her father and husband found themselves at length obliged to meet, and they secretly agreed together to treat Juana as being so overcome "with passions and infirmities as to be incapable of governing." From various documents of the time, it is very doubtful whether, with all her fits of morbid waywardness, the poor Princess was really out of her mind.

Having settled matters to his own satisfaction, Ferdinand set off in great state for Naples with his young wife, sailing from Barcelona with a splendid retinue on September 4, 1506.

Amidst all the political intrigues with which he was mixed up in Spain during this year, it is striking to find what a keen interest Philip took in all that concerned the fresh troubles in Guelderland, where the Duke Charles appears to have broken the truce and to have

obtained help once more from the King of France. During those last eventful five months, from April to September, 1506, we have a constant correspondence with Jean de Courteville, councillor and chamberlain of the King of Castile and his ambassador at the Court of Louis XII. In the earliest letter, written from Tours on May 13, de Courteville tells his master that he has had an audience with the French King and asked him if it was true, as Charles of Guelders boasted, that he had promised him a thousand horsemen and a thousand men-at-arms. This was utterly disclaimed by Louis, who "vowed on his faith and the damnation of his soul" that he had no thought of helping Guelders to break the truce made the previous year.

Still there can be no doubt that Duke Charles had taken up arms and seized by assault the town of Groenlo. Incidentally we have a vivid proof of the uncertainty of the posts, as the ambassador reports that a packet of his letters was brought back to him, "having been found in a wood by the side of a murdered man ('homme murdri'), the servant of a banker employed as a messenger."

Another letter, a week later, repeats assurances from the King of France, and also gives an account of the marriage (or betrothal?) of the Princess Claude (so solemnly promised to the little Archduke Charles) with "Monsieur de Valois, et la reine de France estoit moulte desplaisante de che se faisoit" (the Queen of France was much displeased at what took place). Anne of Brittany had set her heart upon her daughter's marriage with Charles, and the marriage with Francis I was not actually carried out until after her death.

The letters from de Courteville become more and more urgent, and on July 10 he describes very fully a long interview with Louis XII, who owns that he cannot have his friends and allies destroyed, and who does not deny that a hundred men-at-arms under M. de Teligny may be taking service in Guelderland, "portant sa croys et crier son cry" (bearing his cross and crying his cry). The cry of arms of the King of France was "Nôtre Dame" for the House of Bourbon, "Mont-Joie" and "St. Denis" for France. Louis remarks that he does not know what to make of the alliances of the King of Castile, which is scarcely to be wondered at when his father-in-law, Ferdinand, had just driven the French out of Naples. News of Maximilian's war in Hungary also reaches Philip in this roundabout way.

At length, on July 20, the ambassador writes to Philip that the King of France openly avows that he is helping his cousin of Guelders, that he has sent five hundred men-at-arms, and will do more still. De Courteville is greatly distressed and complains that he gets no letters, but there is so much danger with the post! After this we have a very rare and interesting letter from Philip himself, which is worthy of being given in part, as it does much to reveal his complex character.

To Cardinal George of Amboise, Legate in France

"VALLADOLID, 24 *Juillet*, 1506.

"Monsieur le légat mon cousin et bon amy, oultre ce que par mes autres lettres vous escrips et que ay chargié à mon ambassadeur Courteville vous dire, ne

me suis voulu vous escripre ouvertement, comme à celuy à qui ay tousjours dit et signifié entièrement mon vouloir et intencion ; et en effect je ne me puis assez esmerveiller, s'il est vray, que le roy de France que jusques cy ay tenu pour mon bon frère, vueille aider messire Charles de Gheldres en son tort contre moy et l'assister à me faire la guerre et à mes pays, et quoy que l'on m'en die, se me seroit chose forte à croire, et encores plus d'autant que scay qu'il vous croit plus que nul autre et sy ay tousjours cognnu que avez travaillé à nous tenir en amitié . . . touttesfois si l'on . . . a rompu le traictié avec moy . . . sans doubte je n'ay le coeur si lâche ny les parens ny biens de ce monde si petits que n'employasse et la vie avec, avant de me laisser outrager en chose ou j'ay si bon droit que ceste . . . et proteste icy et devant Dieu que ce sera malgré moy et contre mon vouloir s'il faut que j'aye guerre contre le roy de France . . . remetz tous les maux que en la Chrestienneté en adviendroient, sur sa conscience et la vostre . . . mon bon cousin et vray amy, à tant prie Dieu vous donner vos désirs."

(Monsieur le légat, my cousin and good friend, besides that which I have written to you in my other letters, and which I have charged my ambassador Courteville to tell you, I wish to write to you openly as to one to whom I have always told and signified entirely my wish and intention ; and indeed I cannot be enough amazed, if it is true, that the King of France, who until now I have held as my good brother, wishes to help messire Charles of Guelders in his wrong against me, and to help him to make war on me and my dominions. Whatever I may be told, this is

difficult for me to believe, and still more so as I know that he trusts you more than any other, and that I have always known that you laboured to keep us in friendship. . . . All the same, if . . . the treaty with me has been broken . . . doubtless I have not so coward a heart, nor are my parents and goods in this world so small that I will not employ them and my life also, before allowing myself to be outraged in a matter where I have such good right as in this one . . . and I protest here and before God that it will be in spite of myself and against my will if I have to make war against the King of France, and if it come to pass, all the evils which ensue to Christendom, I lay on his conscience and yours . . . my good cousin and true friend, to whom I pray that God may grant your desires. . . .

Written in my city of Valladolid, July 24, 1506.)*

There is such a manly tone in this protest, and such evident determination to "give his life if need be," that we gain an insight into the spirit with which his sister Marguerite would carry on that hereditary feud with Charles of Guelders in the days to come.

We find an answer from this Cardinal George of Amboise, whom M. Godefroy describes as "a prelate without ambition, without private interests, or other passion than the good of the state." The legate writes a kind of proud apology for the policy of France towards the King of Castile; he makes strong protestation of his own friendship, and advises Philip to avoid war with France if possible. Then we have more letters from de Courteville sending news of the

* *Lettres de Louis XII*, Vol. I, p. 66.

Würthle & Sohn, photo

PHILIP OF CASTILE

Statue at Innsbruck

Würthle & Sohn, photo

MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA

Statue at Innsbruck

To face p. 104

war with Guelders, for Duke Charles refuses to conclude a truce. The French army is advancing to his help, and to raise the siege of Wageningen, which the Burgundians had taken. Then we have an interesting allusion to Robert de la Marck, the Wild Boar of the Ardennes, who has sent to defy the men of Cranendonck on account of certain rights he has to that place. "On ne lui a jamais refuzé justisse; il samble à ses manieres que il ne quert que le butin" (He has never been refused justice; it would seem by his behaviour that he only seeks for plunder); in which opinion the ambassador was probably right!

Louis XII has a curious way of justifying his conduct by remarks on the high-handed behaviour of Charles of Burgundy, Philip's grandfather. Then Henry VII meddles in the matter and remonstrates with his "bon frère et cousin le roy Loys," but he is by no means anxious to send English troops to help Philip against Charles of Guelders. It is pathetic to remember that the King of Castile never received the last letters of de Courteville, written late in September, for on the 25th of that month the career of the young Prince, so full of promise and vast expectations, was suddenly cut short by death.

Philip had been recently engaged in checking the persecution which was going on in the name of the Inquisition at Granada and Cordova, and to which, with his liberal views, he was strongly opposed. He had deposed the Grand Inquisitor Deza and the cruel Lucero; and when the Austrian Prince was taken ill at Burgos, poison was at once suspected, either from the Inquisition or the hatred of Ferdinand. But of this there was no proof, and the story usually believed

is that Philip drank cold water after becoming overheated at his favourite game *le jeu de paume*. He suffered from fever, but his Flemish physician was not alarmed until, after a few days, serious symptoms set in, and on Friday, September 25, 1506, with Juana in devoted attendance by his side, Philip, Archduke of Austria and King of Castile, passed away at the age of twenty-eight years and three months.

To his poor wife the shock was overwhelming, for, in spite of his neglect, she was passionately attached to him; and after his death there could be little doubt of her sad mental condition. She sat for hours in dead silence by his side, and had to be removed by force. She obstinately refused to sign any papers, and when later on she set forth in sad and slow procession to the burial, she only travelled by night, and would not be parted from the coffin.

Four months later, on January 14, 1507, a daughter was born to her, the Infanta Catalina. Cardinal Ximenes ruled the land until her father, Ferdinand, returned and assumed the position of Regent for his grandson Charles. And the rest of her life—most unfortunate lady—was one long tragedy, to which we shall have occasion later to refer.

Louis XII wrote to the Council of Lords on the death of Philip:—

"'Très chers et bien amez,' we have heard from Courteville of the death of our good brother, the late King of Castile, which has been to us very hard news; yet as the event has thus happened we must conform to the will of God, and all you good 'serviteurs' must show yourselves wise and serve well my cousins his children, and on our side you will find us much inclined

to help you in all things . . . for we would have you know that *as we have loved the father, we will love the children no less;* we have sent notice to the Seigneur de Chièvre, who has remained his lieutenant 'pardeça' (in the Netherlands), that if there is anything in which he requires our help, he will let us know and willingly employ us; and we have also written to our cousins, the Duke of Guelders and Seigneur of Sédan (Robert de la Marck), to cause the war to cease, seeing clearly that the affairs of our cousins do not require war. . . ."

This letter is worth quoting, for we shall see in the long history of the war with Guelders, which Marguerite had to carry on for so many years, how far the performance of the King of France fell short of this promise.

To Maximilian the death of his only son, on whom all his hopes were fixed, was a terrible blow; but perhaps no one felt his loss more than his sister Marguerite, who was soon afterwards called upon to be Regent of the Netherlands for his heir, and who devoted herself with all a mother's love to the care of his children. She wrote the following touching epitaph in Latin to his memory:—

ECCE ITERUM NOVUS DOLOR ACCIDIT
NEC SATIS ERAT INFORTUNATISSIMÆ CÆSARIS FILIÆ
CONJUGEM AMISISSE DILECTISSIMUM
NISI ETIAM FRATREM UNICUM
MORS ACERBA SURRIPERET
DOLEO SUPER TE FRATER MI PHILIPPE
REX OPTIME
NEC EST QUI ME CONSOLETUR
O VOS OMNES QUI TRANSITIS PER VIAM
ATTENDITE ET VIDETE SI EST DOLOR SICUT DOLOR MEUS.

(Behold again a new sorrow hath befallen me, nor was it enough for the most unfortunate daughter of Cæsar to have lost her most dear husband, but even her only brother bitter Death must carry off.

I sorrow for thee, my brother Philip, Greatest King. Nor is there any to console me.

O all ye who pass this way, attend and see if there is sorrow like unto my sorrow.)

Jehan Le Maire, the faithful chronicler of the House of Burgundy, wrote a striking account of the solemn obsequies in memory of the King of Castile held at Malines in the church of Saint Rombault. This most interesting record of an eye-witness is addressed to the "très illustre et très claire princesse, Madame Marguerite d'Autriche." *

Jehan tells his story with such full detail that the whole picturesque scene rises vividly before our eyes, as we are carried back through the centuries to that Sunday, the 18th day of July, 1507.

All the people of Malines have come forth to do honour to their dead lord and master, and the great procession slowly threads its way through the quaint, narrow streets of the ancient city. Certain officers and varlets of the late King lead the way, then follow at set intervals the various processions of all the churches and all the guilds of Malines in state costume, bearing a myriad of crosses and banners which wave above the motley throng of priests and chaplains, of begging friars, men of law, deputies of the states in their robes of office, officers of the late King Philip and of Monseigneur the Archduke Charles; closely followed by a great number of honest poor, each of whom bears a

* It is very rare. Only six copies of the chronicle were printed.

torch with two flares, and who on reaching the nave of the church will "kneel on both knees" all the time the solemn service lasts.

The way is thus prepared for the most magnificent and stately procession of all the ambassadors, the bishops, the great lords of the land with their arms set forth in full; each contingent led by gorgeous heralds in coats of arms, on massive war-horses richly accoutred, with their emblazoned silken banners flaunting in the breeze. We see the arms and banners of Hapsburg and Burgundy, of all the broad provinces where their rule extends, and of all the mighty ancestors of dead Philip; that of the Emperor Frederick with the Golden Fleece, of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and many another, amongst which we take note of the banner of Marie de Bourgogne's mother, Isabelle of Bourbon: "Champ d'azur à troys lys dor chargé d'un baston en bende de guele, avec un chapperon ducal en son le fust." This will give an idea of the minute heraldic way in which they are all described.

Le Maire pauses for a moment in his description, to address Marguerite. "You, gracious lady and Princess, were also present, secretly praying in your oratory for the soul of 'vostre unicque frere, que Dieu absolve,' very simply clad in your mourning, and covered by a veil, in company with your noble ladies."

In the church of Saint Rombault the central figure was a boy of seven, Charles, Archduke and King, heir of all his father's vast possessions, who sat facing the carved pulpit where the reverend father in God, "Monseigneur maistre Jehan . . . évesque de Salubri . . ." confessor of the late King, preached the state sermon, or rather the courtly oration, which treated of all the

great virtues and various fortunes of the departed Philip. Le Maire tells how the vast congregation was touched by his eloquence until "there were many heavy sighs all around and tears without number." Then he turns again to Marguerite: "And I believe, 'Madame très gracieuse' . . . you also were secretly weeping in your oratory."

But the most dramatic story is yet to come. At the end of the High Mass, when the Bishop of Arras said the words, "Et verbum caro factum est," all the heralds cast down their great banners and laid them flat on the marble floor before the high altar. Then King-at-arms of the Golden Fleece threw his staff of office to the ground and cried aloud three times: "Le Roy est mort!"

There was a breathless pause of silence, until a little while after he picked it up and raising it on high, cried aloud: "Vive don Charles par la grâce Dieu archiduc d'Austrice, prince des Espagnes. . . ."

Then the first herald raised his prostrate banner from the ground, and waving it aloft, he cried: "de Bourgogne, de Lostrick et de Brabant."

The second herald did likewise, and as he raised his banner he cried: "Comte de Flandres, d'Arthorys, de Bourgogne, Palatin d'Haynault, de Hollande, de Zélande, de Namur et de Zutphen. . . ." Next the third herald raised his banner and continued the stately roll-call; and the fourth herald, as he too waved on high his proud pennon, ended thus with the proclamation: "Marquis du Sainct-Empire, Seigneur de Frise, de Salins et de Malines!"

The cap of mourning was now removed from the head of the young Prince, and King-at-arms "Thoyson

d'or" took the great sword, which had been blessed by the Bishop, from the altar and held it before the Archduke Charles, thus addressing him: "'Prince imperial et royal,' this sword of justice is given to you from God . . . and from your noble ancestors . . . that you may protect the Most Holy Faith and all your kingdoms. . . ." Having spoken thus at some length, he kissed the sword and gave it into the childish hands of the Prince, who took it by the hilt, holding up the point, and advanced to kneel before the high altar.

Can we picture to ourselves, for the child, a more stately entering in upon his vast inheritance?

CHAPTER VII

MARGUERITE IN THE NETHERLANDS

Regent of the Land and Guardian of Philip's Children—Letters of Maximilian and Marguerite —Charles Egmond, Duke of Guelders

Never was there greater need of a firm and vigilant government in the Netherlands than after the death of their young monarch Philip I. The House of Austria was hemmed in on every side by foes at home and abroad. In England King Henry VII, in France Louis XII, in Spain Ferdinand of Aragon, and in Rome Pope Julius II, all watched with unfriendly eyes the growing power of the Hapsburgs, while their realm itself was torn asunder by internal feuds, of which the most important was that with Charles of Egmond, Duke of Guelders.

The Emperor Maximilian had no reason for loving the turbulent burghers of the Netherlands and had no desire to live amongst them, so we cannot wonder that he proposed to his daughter Marguerite to undertake the government of these dominions as Regent for her nephew Charles, the six-year-old heir of Philip I. He could not have made a wiser choice, for besides her rare intelligence and discretion, her absolute sincerity and noble self-effacement, she was ever passionately

loyal to her country and her house, whose greatness was her one desire. The Princess might well have pleaded that her brief life of six-and-twenty years had already been so full of anxious turmoil, of trouble and misfortune, that she had earned the right to spend her days in peaceful seclusion; but she was never one to think of her own happiness, or shrink from any claim which duty might make upon her. She serenely accepted the difficult position which was offered her, and set herself with whole-hearted devotion to the life-long task.

This brings us to a time of supreme interest in the story of Marguerite of Austria, when we no longer depend solely on historical documents and chronicles of the period, but are fortunate in having access to that marvellous collection—the many hundreds of private letters which passed between Maximilian and his daughter, her trusted councillors and others—to which I have already alluded in the introduction, and which reveal to us, as nothing else could do, all the hidden springs of imperial action.

In a ponderous document, Maximilian proclaims in stately language, somewhat awkward in his imperfect rendering of French, that he gives his daughter full powers to be guardian to his grandchildren and Regent in his place. "La tutelle, mainbournye et gouvernement de noz très chiers et tres aymés enfans, Charles, archiduc d'Austriche, prince d'Espagne, etc., et de ses frère et soeurs . . . et ordonnons nostre lieutenante générale et gouverneresse et administraresse des persones, corps et biens, terres, seigneuries et pays de nousdis enfans . . . avecq plein et entier povoyr et auctorité de faire, pourveoir et accomplir en toutes

choses occurantes esdits pays . . . tant en faictz de justice, de grâce et de finances, offices, bénéfices, confirmacions et franchises . . . etc. etc. (The guardianship, regency, and government of our very dear and much-beloved children, Charles, Archduke of Austria, Prince of Spain, etc., and of his brother and sisters . . . and we appoint her governor and administrator of the persons, bodies and goods, lands, lordships, and countries of our said children . . . with full and entire power and authority to do, oversee, and accomplish in all things occurring in the said lands . . . as much in point of justice, of favour, and of finances, offices, benefices, confirmations, and freedoms . . . etc.)

She was welcomed with enthusiasm by the people, and her return to Brabant was a triumphal progress. She was proclaimed Governor-General of the Netherlands by the States-General at Louvain in April, 1507, and on the 7th of July following she made a stately and solemn entry into Malines, where a magnificent palace was assigned for her abode. Here Marguerite devoted herself with enthusiasm to the care of her brother's children—Eléonore, born on November 16, 1498; Charles, born on February 24, 1500; Isabel, born on August 15, 1501; and little Marie, who was barely two years old, for she was born on September 13, 1505. The second boy, Ferdinand, who was now four years old, was left in Spain to be brought up at the Court of his maternal grandfather, Ferdinand of Aragon, and the baby Catalina, born five months after her father's death, could not in common humanity be taken away from the arms of her unfortunate mother, Juana (*la loca*), but was suffered to grow up in the gloom of the prison palace of Tordesillas.

Her story and that of her brothers and sisters will be told in due time.

Maximilian had chosen Guillaume de Croy, Seigneur de Chiévres, to superintend the education of the Archduke Charles, while his tutor was Adrian of Utrecht, afterwards Pope under the name of Adrian VI, who had under his orders two assistant teachers, Louis Vacca and some years later the famous Louis Vivès, of European reputation. It was of him that Erasmus said that "there was scarcely any one of the age whom he could venture to compare with him in philosophy, eloquence, and liberal learning." As an interesting episode in the life of Vivès, we may mention that in 1522, at the age of thirty, he dedicated a treatise on St. Augustine's *City of God* to Henry VIII, who was so pleased with it that he invited the author to come over to England and teach his little daughter Mary, who was then six years old.

As for "maistre Loys Vaca, maistre d'escole de monseigneur mon nepveur," as Marguerite calls him, she appears to have been so well pleased with the care and trouble which he took in teaching the boy and his sisters, that she writes two letters, the last in June, 1512, to the Emperor, begging that Vacca may be duly recompensed and advanced in salary and ecclesiastical dignities. Throughout the whole course of her correspondence with her father, it is curious to note the extreme interest which Maximilian takes in everything which concerns his grandchildren, and his constant desire to have a voice in all arrangements made for them. No change can ever be made in their household without consulting him; he requires frequent news of their health and progress; and when it comes to the question

of entering into marriage negotiations for them, the subject must not only have filled his waking hours, but have cost him many a sleepless night!

To the head of that House of Hapsburg whose extension was so greatly due to fortunate alliances, the subject of a suitable betrothal for each of his young grandchildren was one of absorbing and fascinating interest. Thus with the boy Charles there are no less than seven or eight treaties signed on the basis of his marriage: the first in 1501 at the age of eighteen months, with Claude of France, baby daughter of Louis XII; then with Mary of England, sister of Henry VIII; then with Renée of France. . . . But none of these projects came to anything, and in due time Charles the Emperor married to please himself. As for the little girls, we find many suitors considered and dallied with for a time: as early as 1509 a Prince of Portugal enters the lists, then Charles Egmond Duke of Guelders, the Duke of Lorraine, Henri d'Albret the eldest son of the King of Navarre, Sigismond I King of Poland . . . and lastly the Kings of Hungary, Denmark, and Portugal, who succeeded in obtaining their brides.

So eager a matchmaker was the Emperor that he even did his best to persuade Marguerite herself to listen to the suit of Henry VII of England. In an autograph letter, dated September 16, 1507, he writes:—

"Ma bonne fille . . . nous vous requirons que de vostre part vous voulez tousjours tant faere vers ledit roy d'Angleterre (Henry VII), par tous les meilleurs moyens que vous pourrez que de l'entertenir en bonne amour et empescher qu'il ne face point ladite alliance entre lesdits deux roes; maes principalement cest

matière se tient tout et depent de vostre mariage avecq luy ; sans sela il n'y a point d'espoer que il nous fera aucung service ou plaisir. . . ." (Ma bonne fille . . . we require that on your part you will always do as much as you can towards the said King of England (Henry VII), by all the best means by which you can keep him in good friendship and prevent his making the said alliance between the said two kings ; but principally this matter stands entirely and depends upon your marriage with him ; without that there is no hope that he will do us any service or pleasure.) He adds all the persuasion which he can think of, assuring her that she can do no better service to the House of Burgundy than by this marriage, and that it shall be expressly stated in the marriage treaty that she shall return to the Netherlands for a quarter or for four months in the year, to carry on her government, and thus she will not feel herself a prisoner in England as she feared with "ung homme de son propre teste . . . car aussi paer cest fachon, vous gouvenerés Engleterre et la maison de Bourgoingne, et vous ne pourrés estre mis errier de la monde, comme ung person perdu et oublié, cume vous aussy nous avez aultrefois déclaré.

"Escript de la main (le XVI[e] jour de setembre 1507) de vostre bon père. MAXI."

(a headstrong man . . . for also in this fashion, you will govern England and the House of Burgundy, and you could not be left to wander about the world, like a person lost and forgotten, as you formerly declared to us.

Written by the hand of your good father, 16 September, 1507. MAXI.)

But all these allurements were in vain, even the appeal to sacrifice herself once more for the House of Burgundy. Marguerite refused to listen to the voice of the charmer; she had already suffered so much that she steadily refused to be given in marriage again. We find a memorandum inserted amongst the letters of Louis XII, I, 64: "Le roi des Romains (Maximilian) et le roi de Castille (Philip) suivent fort cette matière pour la mettre à fin; mais ladite madame Marguerite dissimule fort pour obtempérer aux roys susdits, disant que par trois fois ils ont contracté d'elle, dont *elle s'est mal trouvée.*" (The King of the Romans and the King of Castile followed strongly this matter to bring it to an end; but the said Madame Marguerite dissimulates much to oppose the aforesaid kings, saying that already three times they have contracted for her, and she found herself the worse for it.)

The above letter of Maximilian is extremely interesting as a very good specimen of his rough, homely style when he writes privately to his daughter, "with his own hand," and without the help of a secretary. The Princess had been entirely educated in France and does not appear to have known much German, so the correspondence is carried on in French. Now although, as we learn in the *Weiss Kunig,* the Emperor was very proud of his facility with languages, he uses a spelling of his own which is naively original, although quite intelligible.* When his secretary writes for him, as is most frequently the case, the letters are addressed in much more stately and formal style, thus:—

* The same word or name may be spelt several different ways in one letter.

"Maximilian, par la grace de Dieu, roi des Romains (or *later*, 'divina favente clemencia electus Romanorum imperator), toujours Auguste, de Hongherie, de Dalmatie, de Croatie," etc.

"Haulte et puissante princesse, très chière et très amée fille . . ."; and he ends with: "A tant, très chière et très amée fille, nostre Seigneur soit garde de vous. Donné en nostre ville de . . ." followed by the date.

It is important to notice that the correspondence is usually dated "according to the style of Cambray," which begins the year at Easter, whereas the "style of Rome" commences with the 1st of January.

The letters of Marguerite to her father usually begin thus:—

"Mon très redoubté seigneur et père, très humblement à vostre bonne grâce me recommande. Monseigneur . . ."; and they end: "Mon très redoubté seigneur et père, je prie à tant nostre Seigneur vous donner bonne vie et longue. Escrit à . . . Vostre très humble et très obeissante fille MARGUERITE."

An accompanying facsimile of her signature will give some idea of the difficulty found in deciphering her handwriting. She usually writes from Malines, where she took up her permanent abode, or occasionally from Brussels, Ghent, or Antwerp. But we obtain some idea of the extraordinary energy and restlessness of the Emperor Maximilian when we find that his letters are addressed from over a hundred different places scattered throughout his vast dominions: from an ancient city, a busy seaport, a country village, a tent encamped before a hostile town, or the isolated castle of some feudal stronghold. As we study his letters, we become more and more impressed by his marvellous

vitality and the perennial youthfulness of his outlook on life.

He was supreme in all bodily exercises, and was never so happy as when he could fling himself into the mêlée of a battle with his eighteen-foot spear on his shoulder, utterly regardless of all personal danger. His love for hunting amounted to a passion, and he never can allude to it without a burst of enthusiasm in his letters to his daughter, from whose kindred spirit a responsive flash leaps up to meet him. Even his extravagance has something of a boyish nature, for he never could understand the value of money, from the days when he would leave a priceless ring in pledge for an inn bill, to these long years when the life of Marguerite was made a burden to her by his constant vain appeals that she should squeeze taxes from reluctant burghers, to pay his vast army of grasping mercenaries.

He was always full of splendid dreams—the destruction of the Turk, the conquest of Italy, the absolute supremacy of the House of Austria; but almost before any plan became definite, he had passed on to another no less wild and unattainable. All this and much more we shall learn from the letters themselves, which cover a vast range of subjects and give us a wonderful insight into the very soul of the writers. In the great collection of the archivist Le Glay, five hundred and thirteen are from Maximilian to his daughter, and one hundred and forty-eight are from Marguerite to him. At the same time we have a large correspondence of the Lady Regent of the Netherlands with her various councillors and generals, with prelates and tutors, with foreign kings and queens, with her nieces, and last,

not least, with her nephew, Charles V, to whom on his early majority she resigned the supreme power.

One of the first points which strike us in these letters is the extraordinary importance attached to the constant, unremitting, petty warfare with one of the great feudal lords, Charles of Egmond, Duke of Guelders, which embitters the whole period of Marguerite's government. It was no great war, in which the combatants might distinguish themselves by brilliant feats of arms; no very striking events, no decisive battle. It was simply a long, disastrous struggle, almost of the nature of a civil war between near neighbours, when we hear now of a little town being surprised, probably by treachery; now of a castle besieged and taken with cruel massacre; a convent burnt to the ground; or merely a company of merchants robbed by brigand "piétons," and murdered if they made resistance. As we have already seen, the war with Guelders was the subject connected with the Netherlands in which the late ruler, Philip the Fair, had taken the greatest interest, and his father, Maximilian, was always expressing the strongest hope of seeing the end to it.

But he would make no concession in spite of Marguerite's appeals to him, for she at least was quite sincere in her earnest desire for peace. It is more than doubtful whether her general, Florent d'Egmond, a kinsman of Duke Charles, did his best to further her views, for with him this contest was something of a vendetta. To understand this quarrel with Guelderland, an inheritance from Charles of Burgundy, it will be necessary to go back a few years.

In 1471, Arnold, Duke of Guelders, pledged his duchy to Charles of Burgundy for 300,000 Rhenish florins,

against the will of the towns and the law of the land, and while his son Adolf and his subjects were in a state of rebellion against him. Arnold died two years later, and then the Duke of Burgundy took possession of Guelders by force and ruled it with stern severity, keeping the grandchildren of Arnold, Charles and Philippa, in a kind of honourable captivity at his Court. As we have seen, they carried the torches at the wedding of Maximilian and Marie of Burgundy. Young Charles of Egmond received his first lessons in arms with the army of the Archduke, and in an evil hour was taken prisoner by the wily Louis XII, King of France, who set him free in 1492 to take possession of the throne of his ancestors and to be ever after a thorn in the side of the rulers of Burgundy. He was received with open arms by his people, who had only waited their opportunity to rebel against the successors of Charles, Duke of Burgundy.

But Maximilian was not a prince to be defied with impunity, and he invaded Guelderland with a large army of mercenaries, while the people fought as one man to save their independence under their gallant young Duke. As we look at the map, and see what a small state had thus dared to rise up in rebellion against all the might of Austria and Burgundy, we marvel at their long successful struggle. Yet we must remember that Maximilian had other wars to carry on in Italy and Germany; that France was always ready to help the Duke of Guelders either openly or in secret; and most important of all, the people of Guelderland were hardy and warlike, fighting for their country under a beloved leader, while the soldiers of Maximilian were for the most part paid mercenaries, and the

men of Holland were enervated by a peaceful life. So at least says a famous epigram of the time.

"Les Hollandais.	(*Men of Holland.*
Groote platelen,	Big plates,
Lecker morselen,	Dainty morsels,
Vroech aen de banck,	Early to the table,
Dat sijn die drinckebuucken van Hollant."	Those are the drunkards of Holland.)
"Les Gueldrois.	(*Men of Guelders.*
Hooghe peerden,	High horses,
Blancke sweerden,	Bare swords,
Rasch van der hant,	Swift from the hand,
Dat sijn de snaphane van Gelderlant."	Those are the soldiers of Guelderland.)

As for Charles of Egmond himself, he was a striking character, who has scarcely received enough attention from historians of the period. A gallant young Prince in the flower of his age, brave and ambitious, with great military talent, he found himself in a position of singular danger and difficulty, the ruler of a small state threatened by all the might of the empire. But his spirit and enthusiasm never failed him, even when harassed by rebels in his midst and foes all around. He had this advantage in his persistent struggle with the Regent of the Netherlands, for while Marguerite could rarely carry out any bold measures, having to consult the Emperor and her generals at every step, the Duke Charles relied only on himself, and was free to act with prompt decision when hesitation or delay might prove fatal.

It has been said by his enemies that he fought as a brigand rather than a Prince; but when we remember how absolutely unsafe all travel was in those days, and the relentless manner in which unpaid mercenaries lived everywhere by pillage and highway robbery—"manger le bonhomme" was their usual pastime—we cannot see that the young Duke of Guelders differed from other rulers. His correspondence with Marguerite is most courteous and respectful, and we may not forget that she and her father must have had a good opinion of Charles in spite of everything, as they actually entered into serious negotiations for delivering over to this "brigand" as a bride, one of the tenderly nurtured and dearly beloved young Princesses, a daughter of the late King Philip I of Castile.

This brief account of Guelders and its lord will enable us to understand more easily the events which follow.

CHAPTER VIII

MARGUERITE, REGENT OF THE NETHERLANDS

1507

HENRY VII MAKES SUIT TO HER—WAR WITH GUELDERLAND—APPEALS FOR MONEY

WE have now reached a turning point in the story of our Princess, when we are able to attempt the somewhat novel and very interesting method, of seeing with her eyes the events which took place around her, and in which she was often so important an actor. As we thus watch history in the making, seen from the point of view of the rulers, it is rather like the unrolling of some ancient record, such as the Bayeux tapestry, which besides its antiquarian interest has a unique charm of vividness and reality. With such an immense amount of material as the letters contain, it has been no easy task to condense and select, so as to form a consecutive narrative.

In the summer of 1507 we find Marguerite of Austria and Burgundy, Dowager Duchess of Savoy and Regent of the Netherlands, established with her young nephew, Charles V, and three of her nieces, in the splendid palace of Malines as the seat of her government. She was fortunate in beginning her rule with a diplomatic success, which greatly increased her

popularity in the whole of Flanders. As we have already seen, her brother, Philip the Fair, when driven on the English coast by stress of weather in a wintry storm of January, 1506, had been compelled by Henry VII to purchase his liberty wth a commercial treaty unfavourable to his own land. This *Malus Intercursus*, as it was called abroad, was drawn up to release the English trade from certain tolls in going to Antwerp, Bruges, Middleburg, and Mons, and to make the sale and use of English cloth quite free of tax in most places. Philip had agreed to this with much reluctance, and as it happened, had not actually signed the compact before his untimely death in September in the same year.

Marguerite lost no time in declaring the treaty invalid, and put strong pressure on Henry VII, who had no wish to stop the commerce between England and Flanders, which was so important to both countries. As he was also at that time anxious to marry the widowed Princess of Austria, he readily agreed to the former treaty of 1496, and the objectionable clauses were left out. This arrangement continued in force until the end of his reign.

From the very beginning we are struck by the anxious care and almost paternal affection with which Maximilian watches over his grandchildren from a distance, and enters into the minutest details of all that concerns them. He is especially particular about the suitable maintenance and protection of the heir, "nostre très chier et très améz fils Charles, archiduc d'Austrice, prince d'Espagne, etc.," and in almost his first letter he impresses on his daughter the necessity of at once engaging fifty archers, who had been in the

service of King Philip, for the constant guard and protection of herself and her nephew. They are each to have a horse supplied them, they are to be well paid (a very important stipulation), and they are to accompany her everywhere.

The welfare and greatness of Charles, now seven years old, is very near his heart, for when he next writes about news from Spain, he expresses the pious hope that Germaine de Foix, the new wife of Ferdinand of Aragon, will have no son to interfere with the rights of Juana's children. It is when Louis XII threatens to give trouble by writing to the men of Arras not to acknowledge Maximilian as "maimbour" (regent) for the young Prince, that Marguerite is entreated to show friendliness to Henry VII as the enemy of France. We have already seen how firmly Marguerite declined to consider the question of marriage with the widowed King of England, but she was quite willing to make any other alliance between her kingdom and his.

The letter in which Maximilian presses this marriage upon her is so curious and characteristic that it will be well to give it more fully.

"16 *September*, 1507.

"My dear daughter, we have received your letters by which you require us to be willing to go yonder to make a good alliance with England; whereupon we give you notice that it is not possible on account of the great affairs which we have here. We will endeavour with all diligence to go as far as Ferrette and Haguenau, there to receive the ambassadors of the King of England, as soon as possible; for we are starting at once from hence to go to Constance, and to assemble an army in Zwene and Ferrette, for our journey to Rome

(to be crowned Emperor); we are collecting and putting in order our army of the Tyrol and one part of the empire, and peradventure may be able to pass ahead and take the passage of Italy, to be a hindrance to the French, in order that they may not be so eager to give help to Guelders. Nevertheless we require that you on your part do as much as you can with the said King of England (Henry VII), by all the best means that you know, to keep him in good friendship and prevent his making the said alliance between the said two Kings; but principally this matter depends and hangs upon your marriage with him; for without that there is no hope that he will do us any service or pleasure.

"We have also thought on this subject that if you will agree to this marriage which we wish to put forward, as he by no means wishes to marry his son to you (the marriage of Prince Henry with Katharine of Aragon was not carried out until 1509), in order that you may not be his prisoner; which is most to be feared, seeing that he is a headstrong man, and that you will not afterwards be able to do service to our House of Burgundy unless your marriage is expressly declared, and unless he is content that you may have the government, with us, of the lands of Brabant and others 'de par delà,' and in order that he be content in making the marriage between you two, that in the treaty of marriage it be expressly declared and promised, that you shall be able to serve us in our government for one quarter, or four months in the year, or a little more in case of our absence, according to the necessity, so that you may be able to do this in content.

"We require that you send us news by this posting

as soon as possible, and we beg that you will agree to this marriage in such fashion; for it seems to me that by this sort of marriage you will be quit of the prison which you fear to enter, if you were married to the aforesaid King of England, seeing his hard head "et plain" (?) to leave me in peace; for also by this fashion you will govern England and the House of Burgundy, and you will not be wandering about the world, like a person lost and forgotten, as you once said to us.

"Written by the hand of your good father MAXI. 16th day of September."

This marriage with Henry VII, who was now fifty-two years of age, had been already seriously proposed more than a year earlier, before the death of Philip of Castile. But Marguerite had steadily refused both her father and brother, saying that "already three times they had contracted for her 'dont elle s'est mal trouvée!'"

Dear lady! Whether we translate it as "she found herself the worse," or "it turned out badly," whence came the heroic fortitude which inspired her with words so gentle to describe the three great tragedies of her life? First, were those ten years of her childhood spent in foreign exile, to be followed by that great refusal, the irredeemable insult, when the daughter of Maximilian was repudiated and sent home, that her betrothed husband, the King of France, might wed with the heiress of Brittany.

Second, there came the Spanish alliance which should have made Marguerite the mother of a proud dynasty of kings, but which within a few months came to a tragic end in death and widowhood.

Thirdly, the most grievous tragedy of all, when once more the cup of happiness was dashed from her lips, and her brave young spirit was darkened for ever by the loss of her beloved husband, the Duke Philibert.

Can we wonder that, obedient and devoted daughter as she was, willing to give her very life for the greatness of her house, she yet positively refused to marry again? It was just like Maximilian to suggest such a wild scheme as that his daughter should be Queen of England and at the same time Regent of the Netherlands, where she might take up her abode for three or four months every year, or longer if her father had need of her!

Henry VII appears to have been seriously in earnest about his wooing of Marguerite, and had some vague idea that he might govern the Netherlands also.

Her father writes to her again in September from Innsbruck to announce that the King of France has proclaimed war against him, and he wishes Marguerite to find out if the Netherlands are included in this proclamation. At the same time he says that as the plague is reported to be spreading at Malines, he desires her at once to remove to Antwerp with the children and avoid all danger. In the next letter he gives curious directions for obtaining the signature of the boy Charles to some documents, but they are to be kept secret until his majority. As he is anxious about the dangers of the road, he sends her a kind of cypher which she can use for doubtful or important matters.

Maximilian has made up his mind to go to Rome for his coronation by the Pope unless the war with France

prevents it, he will not delay his journey on account of the affair with the Duke of Guelders. "Nous trouverons toujours le chemin de Rom," he remarks with his usual optimism, little dreaming that he would never be crowned at Rome!

He takes some trouble to justify himself on the subject of marrying his grandson Charles to Mary, the daughter of Henry VII, which is his last idea; thereby breaking off the alliance arranged by four various treaties with Claude, the daughter of Louis XII, who appears to have complained about it to "nostre saint Père le pape, au roy d'Arragon et à tous les roys chrétiens." The King of France had good cause for complaint, as the matter was so far advanced that Maximilian demands the giving over of the little Princess Claude into his hands, "for it would be an assurance of marriage and of the agreement." But Louis XII demurs to this, and replies "qu'on ne peult bailler la fille ès mains; pour ce qu'elle est trop josne et est la vie du Roy." A pretty phrase, "the very life of the King." But he is willing to give other good security. However, the King of the Romans concludes the new treaty with England, and remarks that France and Venice, who have combined against him, have an army of forty thousand men-at-arms to prevent his entering Italy.

The year ends with a refusal on the part of Marguerite to appoint a certain Maitre Jaques de Longchampt to a prebendal stall at Namur, "pour ce qu'il n'est néz en léal mariage; et les statuz feriez par les fondateurs d'icelle esglise sont toutellement contraires à tous illégitimes." We have also a passing mention of incursions into Luxembourg and Namur by Robert

de la Marck, the Boar of Ardennes, so familiar to readers of *Quentin Durward*. Marguerite is requested to cause "cries and publication to be made through the land that all men may be on their guard." It was of this turbulent lord that the ambassador Courteville remarked to King Philip: "On ne lui a jamais refuzé justisse; il semble à ses manières qu'il ne quert que le butin." From all we know of his character, this was a very probable explanation of his blustering behaviour.

All this time there has been incessant worry and anxiety in connection with the duchy of Guelders—a low rumbling accompaniment of muffled thunder. One of the most important of Duke Charles's military centres was the stronghold of Pouderoyen, not far from the Meuse, situated on the frontier of Brabant and Holland, well fortified, and most conveniently placed for frequent invasions into both countries. The men of Holland and those of Bois-le-Duc gathered in force with an addition of four hundred paid mercenaries, under the command of Count Jean of Egmond, and laid siege to the castle. They built a blockhouse before the place and cut off all communications; but the garrison of the men of Guelders had for commander a wily old captain, Henri Ens, known as Suydewint, who was more than a match for the besiegers and defied their efforts. At length the Duke of Guelders came to the help of his people, and the siege was raised. Some historians say that the men of Holland ran away like cowards. Marguerite was very much annoyed when she heard of this repulse, and she wrote to her general, Jean of Egmond: "Bien est vray qu'il fault avoir des infortunes, maiz il me semble, que en avons maintes

plus par nostre faulte que par voulenté divine"; which is another way of expressing: "Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry."

The castle of Pouderoyen was besieged again after the coming of the Prince of Anhalt, who had collected a large force and completely invested the place until the garrison was compelled to surrender, having lost their commander, the gallant Henri Ens, who was crushed by a falling beam.

It is interesting to learn that Rodolph, Prince of Anhalt, whom Maximilian had appointed Captain-General of the Netherlands, received as his pay one hundred golden florins of twenty-eight sous per week, besides which he had twenty-four fighting men on horseback and fourteen "hallebardiers" for his guard, with four chariots, each drawn by four horses, for the transport of his tents, baggage, provisions, etc. He received orders to ravage all Guelderland with two thousand "piétons," raised within the mayoralty of Bois-le-Duc, but these all went home without fighting!

Was this because the poor men received neither pay nor food, we wonder? This brings us to a subject which will continually confront us during the whole of this reign—the unceasing complaint of want of money which echoes through the letters like one long lamentation. Maximilian was absorbed by vast schemes of conquest, such as driving the French out of Italy, recovering Milan, controlling the Papacy, and leading all Christian potentates against Constantinople. He ignored the fact that these were costly undertakings and that his treasury was almost always empty. He never could understand why Marguerite should not

induce the burghers of the Netherlands to vote immense sums of money to be spent on foreign mercenaries, who, when their pay was in arrear, would turn upon their employers or ravage the land for food—"manger le bonhomme," as it was called. The Regent meantime found the greatest difficulty in raising funds for necessary expenses, for the defence of the country and the guerilla warfare with Guelderland.

As she pathetically explains to her nephew Charles in later years, she had asked nothing for her own expenses, but had spent her dowry from Spain, and her income as widowed Duchess of Savoy, almost entirely for imperial needs, but even then she could not meet the constant demands upon her purse. Thus the President of Bourgogne writes: "Mais vous scavez que nul ne veult marchier s'il n'a argent contant, ce qu'est impossible maintenant." (But you know that no one will march unless he has ready money, which is now impossible.) Again we read: "S'il n'y a d'argent, la ville de Harnem sera perdue. . . ." "Le duc de Cleves m'a escript que par faulte de payement il ne scet lever ses gens pour aller quelque part." (The Duke of Cleves has written to me that for want of payment he cannot raise men to go anywhere.)

In December, 1507, the garrison of Tiel implore the Princess Marguerite to pay them what is owing, as the greater part have no coat or doublet or shirt on their backs, and have nothing to eat. If they have cloth sent them from Bois-le-Duc to clothe those who are naked, and payment for a fortnight, they will have patience a little longer, otherwise they will be forced to give up the town from poverty.

Henry of Nassau writes the same story about the men-at-arms of Breda.

The Captain-General writes to Marguerite from the camp before Pouderoyen, gravely pointing out the great danger of not paying the garrisons of her towns, Tiel and Bommel, as the men cannot pay the citizens their debts, which causes ill-feeling, and those who had been taken prisoners might *ransom themselves* if they were paid. They may all go over to the enemy any time. Still more serious is another letter from her general, Florent of Egmond, when the garrison of Arnheim threaten to abandon the city if they are not paid.

"Madame tant etc. . . . les cappiteynes ont esté vers moy et m'ont finablement et fermement dit, qu'ilz ne se pouvoient tenir et qu'ilz avoient si grant necessité et tant enduré, que se en dedens XIIIJ jours on ne leur envoyast argent, ils lesseroient la ville . . . mais je ne saroye trouver par crédit ne autrement cent florins . . . et suis asseuré que au bout dudit mois, dont il ne reste encores que environ VIIJ ou X jours, par faulte de payement ils habandonneront la ville. . . ." (Madame etc. . . . the captains have been to me and have told me finally and firmly that they cannot hold out, and that they are in such great necessity and have suffered so much that if within fourteen days money is not sent to them they will leave the town . . . but I do not know where to find, by credit or otherwise, even a hundred florins . . . and I am assured that at the end of the month, of which there only remain eight or ten days, for want of pay they will abandon the city. . . .")

This long despairing letter is only one of many which poor Marguerite receives, for, as we shall see, it is always the same heart-rending story of want and

destitution. Her chief opponent, Charles, Duke of Guelders, appears to have been somewhat better off, for his men were amongst their own people, fighting for their country, and on one occasion it is remarked that they would rather fight for their lord without payment than receive money from Burgundy.

CHAPTER IX

1508, 1509, 1510

WAR WITH VENICE

TREATY OF CAMBRAY, IN WHICH MARGUERITE TAKES PART—WAR WITH VENICE—BATTLE OF AGNADELLO—MAXIMILIAN BECOMES "EMPEROR ELECT"—HIS LOVE OF HUNTING—LOUIS XII

THERE is sunshine as well as shadow in the life of our great Princess, and we are glad to know that Marguerite occasionally had more cheerful correspondence, as when, on a certain day in February, her father writes her a delightful letter in Latin, inviting her to come and join a hunting party at Urach, a little town in Swabia with a fortified castle.

"Maximilianus, divina favente clementia, Romanorum rex semper Augustus, etc. Illustris principissa, filia charissima. . . ."

He is apparently in excellent spirits, which may possibly have some connection with a letter written to his daughter a month later, when he appears to have had some extraordinary and unique windfall, for he actually makes her a present, for the expenses of her household, of the sum of "dix mil escus." (But as she explains later to her nephew Charles, she never made use of this money for herself.) This was on February 25, and if he had any money in hand it was

probably soon spent, for in June we find him making an urgent appeal to Marguerite and "les gens de ses finances," to grant him ten thousand florins of gold for his war expenses and his coming to the Netherlands. He has to make several appeals, as when he writes again in July:—

". . . Ma bonne fille, vous vous émerveilliés de se que je vous a faet si humblement requerré la possibilité de dix mille florins, touchant la guerre de Gueldre et ma venue illec. Vous devez sur sela entendre que il y a nécessité je fasse honnour et réputation à mon gouverneur, affin mesmement depuis que ledit mon gouvernor comme vous estes a tousjours tant de paine pour trover argent. . . .

"Escript de la main de vostre bon père, ce IIII[e] jour de joulet 1508. MAXIMILIAN."

(. . . Ma bonne fille, you are amazed that I should have so humbly requested you to obtain for me, if possible, ten thousand florins, towards the war of Guelders and my coming hither. You ought to understand from that the necessity that I should add to the honour and reputation of my Governor, even although my said Governor, whom you are, has always so much trouble in obtaining money. . . .

Written by the hand of your good father this 4th day of July, 1508. MAXIMILIAN.)

The King of the Romans receives his money on this occasion, and writes to acknowledge it soon afterwards, the "maistre d'ostel Hesdin" having brought the gold himself to Dusseldorf.

An incident which took place about this time gives a curious insight into the life of the period. A certain

Jean de Bourgogne, son of a herald of the Court, had been concerned with others in robbing a merchant from Artois, and was condemned to death by the justices of Brussels. But on application being made to Maximilian, Jean is pardoned in consideration of the good services which his father and ancestors had rendered, and also because it was his first crime; he had paid back a large portion to the merchant, and if his life were spared and he were only banished, he proposed "de se aller faire religieux!" (to enter a monastery).

There is constant allusion to Charles and his sisters. The legate, Cardinal de Sainte-Croix, is to be treated with great honour and distinction when he pays a visit to the young Prince. A little later there are special directions sent to Marguerite that, by the desire of the Cardinal, the boy Charles is to write a letter to the Pope himself; he is also to be allowed to stay a few days longer in Antwerp with his aunt. Maximilian writes a long letter in Latin and also partly in cypher for greater security, in which he informs Marguerite of the pecuniary conditions necessary for concluding the treaty of marriage between Charles and Mary of England.

He does not neglect the spiritual welfare of the children, for he wishes to take advantage of the presence of the legate to "luy faire donner à nos très chers et très amez enfans le saint sacrement de Confirmation." As the little girls are at Malines, Charles is to join them there that they may all be confirmed together and receive the benediction of the Cardinal.

It was in this eventful year 1508 that Maximilian, having been refused by Venice permission to cross her territories with an army on the way to Rome,

decided to assume the imperial title without coronation. With the ready permission of Pope Julius II, who was by no means anxious for his coming to the Sacred City, the Archduke of Austria, King of the Romans, attended a solemn religious ceremony in the cathedral of Trent, and issued a proclamation on February 4, declaring that henceforth he would use the title of Roman Emperor Elect ("Imperator Electus"). Thirteen years before he had told his Diet that "the empire is a heavy burden with little gain therefrom," and so in truth he found it. His friends the humanists assured him that "the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation was in direct succession of the Empire of Trajan," and this may have helped to turn him to the conquest of Italy.

Blinded by his insulted pride, Maximilian strained all his resources to make war upon Venice—a most unwise step from every point of view, as her commerce increased the wealth of the German cities, and above all of the Tyrol. He led his soldiers in proud exultation down the Alpine valleys to the sunny lands of Venice, but met with a stern resistance, for the towns were everywhere faithful to the Republic, which governed them better and taxed them less than any other rulers. It was a disastrous war for the Emperor, and in his letters he cannot mention the Venetians without terms of abuse: "traytres, villains . . . lesdis Venissiens ont encoires gaingné sur nous par trahyson une vilette en icelui pays" (the said Venetians have once more gained by treachery a little town from us in that country) . . . "appellée Saint-Voyt."

In fact he lost one town after another on the northern shores of the Adriatic. Trieste fell in May; his

generals met with defeat ; and in June he was compelled to submit to a humiliating truce for three years, which left Venice all that she had conquered.

But a time of reckoning was at hand for the proud, self-confident Republic. The rancour of Maximilian was probably in a great measure responsible for the famous League of Cambray, the most important event of the year 1508, which was ostensibly to settle matters with France and Guelderland, but of which the secret object was the ruin of Venice. It is a striking proof of the Emperor's confidence in his daughter, that she was entrusted almost entirely with the negotiations on his side. We have a very full account in the letters of all the instructions which Maximilian gives her, even to the boats called "royebargen," in which she and the young Archduke Charles are to come from Malines to Antwerp to talk over matters with him. She is to take with her to the Council Matthew Lang, Bishop of Gurce; Jean Pieters, president of the chief council of Malines; and Mercurin de Gattinare, president of Bourgogne.

A truce of forty days, afterwards prolonged, is made with Louis XII, who sends on his side George, Cardinal of Amboise, legate, and one of the most brilliant diplomatists of the day, with Etienne Poncher, Bishop of Paris, and the Comte de Carpi to assist him. Marguerite arrived at Cambray in the month of November with an escort of a hundred horsemen and a company of archers. There appears to have been much violent discussion, and all was nearly broken off once when the legate insisted that Navarre was not to be included in the truce. But in the end, Marguerite was able to write to her ambassador in England :—

"Nous avons espoir d'estre la bienvenue devers l'Empereur mon seigneur et père . . . vous advisant qu'il n'a été sans avoir bien souvant mal à la teste, et nous sommes monsieur le légat et moi cuidié prendre au poil. Touttes fois à la parfin nous nous sommes reconciliés et fait amis ensemble le mieux que a esté possible." (We hope to be welcome to the Emperor my lord and father . . . warning you that it often cost us a bad headache, and that monsieur the legate and I were nearly tearing out each other's hair! However, at the end we were reconciled and became the best possible friends.) Poor Princess! she must indeed have often suffered from a bad headache in her troublous government.

Probably there was never before a compact in which so many sovereigns of Europe combined, and war with Venice was to continue until each power recovered the places it had lost. We are only concerned with the Empire, which was to receive Padua, Verona, Treviso, Friuli, Vicenza, and all other places to which it laid claim. As for the duchy of Guelders, it was decided that with the county of Zutphen it should remain for the present in the hands of Charles of Egmond, who was to return all the places he had taken from Holland, and receive in exchange all the strongholds which he had lost in Guelderland.

The Peace or rather Treaty of Cambray was signed and sealed on December 10, 1508, and solemnly proclaimed in the cathedral the same day, at least in so far as Guelders was concerned, as the other clauses were kept secret for a time. But if any believed that Charles of Egmond was thus to be tamed and overcome, they were not long in discovering their mistake. He was at

that very time in open warfare with his neighbour, the fighting Bishop of Utrecht. His men had gone in boats and taken the bishop's house of "'Kuinder,' en ung havere de mer" (in a harbour of the sea), the very frontier and key of the bishopric, near Holland and Friesland, "where all the boats pass," and they had fortified it with bulwarks, after pillaging everything and taking the defenders prisoners.

1509

The year had scarcely begun before the irrepressible Duke Charles was giving trouble again, and the Emperor recommends his daughter to send her "maistre d'ostel Jheromme Vent" to remonstrate with him and induce him to keep the peace. This seems to have had very little effect, for Maximilian writes in March to say that Charles has taken the church of Barneveld and is causing it to be fortified; but this is nothing to what follows, for the next month things are so much worse that the Emperor loses his temper altogether and makes use of very strong language.

He has had bad news from the states, for certain people, "diables secrètes damnés," believe that he is breaking the peace, while their "amoros idol, le susdit Charles d'Egmond" (beloved idol, the aforesaid Charles of Egmond), is only too anxious to keep it! Ah! he will revenge himself on this Egmond "de ce que yl nous a sy villainement rompu la paes et se moke de nous. . . . Mès je vous promés ma foy que je leor montrera, à l'aide de Dieu, bientost ausdits nos mutins, traiteurs, mentours tel myroy et remède à l'encontra que il ne sarunt en ung an après sauver leor langes ne oraylles" (because he has so villainously broken the

peace and makes fun of us. But I promise you on my faith that I will show them soon, by the help of God, to our aforesaid rebels, traitors, liars, such a lesson and remedy when I meet them that for a year after they will not save their tongues or their ears. . . .) It is to be hoped that he did not carry out his threats, or the traitors would have had a bad time with their angry lord.

But these petty matters are forgotten in the supreme interest of the war with Venice. The first difficulty was to obtain funds, as the Reichstag which met at Worms dissolved without doing much, and Maximilian was obliged to raise money by mortgaging his jewels and treasures to the Fuggers of Augsburg, those great bankers, the Rothschilds of the day. There was delay in his starting, and he was not present at the great victory of Agnadello, when the pride of the Republic was humbled in the dust by Louis XII. He writes to his daughter from Angelberg on May 18, 1509:—

"Très chière et très amée fille, ce jourd'huy nous avons reçu lettres de nostre frère et cousin, le roy de France, par lesquelles il nous escript que le XIIII[e] de ce present mois, il a eu bataille avec noz communs ennemis, les Vénitiens, et qu'il a esté victorieux et gangnié icelle, et demeure maistre des champs; et il a prisonnier, avec plusieurs autres, ung des principal chief et capitaine de l'armée (Barthélemi Alviano). Nostre ambassadeur, messire Andrieu de Burgo, qui a esté présent à ceste bataille, nous escript qu'il y a veu bien IIII[m] mors. Par autres lettres que le maistre des postes de France a escriptes, nous entendons qu'il y a de X à XII[m] que mors que prins (dead or taken), et que nostredit frère et cousin a gangnié quarante pieces d'artillerie.

Nous entendons aussi la puissance desdits Veniciens en ceste bataille avoir esté de XX^m^ hommes, et des François d'ung peu plus. A tant, très chière et très amée fille, nostre Seigneur vous ait en sa garde.

"Escript à Angelberg, le XVIII^e^ jour de maij, XV^c^IX. Vostre bon père, MAXIMILIAN."

(Very dear and much beloved daughter, to-day we have received letters from our brother and cousin, the King of France, by which he writes to us that on the 14th of this present month he had a battle with our common enemies, the Venetians, and that he has been victorious and won the same, and remains master of the field, and he has taken prisoner, with several others, the principal chief and captain of the army (Alviano). Our ambassador, Messire André de Burgo, who was present at that battle, writes to us that he has seen quite four thousand dead. By other letters that the Master of the French Posts has written, we learn that there are from ten to twelve thousand dead or taken, and that our aforesaid brother and cousin has gained forty pieces of artillery. We hear also that the strength of the said Venetians in this battle was twenty thousand men and the French a little more. Farewell, my very dear and most beloved daughter; may our Lord have you in His care.

Written at Angelberg, the 18th day of May, 1509. Your good father, MAXIMILIAN.)

To read the story of a famous battle, told by a prince so deeply interested in it, gives us a new and striking point of view. We see some of the reasons for that fatal delay by which the fruits of success were lost. The Emperor was in desperate need of money, and

even by yielding all the demands of the Reichstag he could only obtain half the sum he asked for. He had a rich store of precious things hidden away, the "treasure of the Hapsburgs," of which he was very careful, notwithstanding his constant poverty. He had pawned two splendid gold "collars" inlaid with precious stones, one of which was in the hands of the Fuggers, and in a letter to his daughter he mentions precious rings with carbuncles, rubies, and pearls, which with his "grant trésor" are put away in the safe place which he has told her of by word of mouth, in case anything should happen to him. Great preparations are made for his journey to the seat of war, and he is essentially anxious to have good war-horses for his own use.

"Nous avons chargé et ordonné audit Bouton qu'il nous achate un grant et puissant coursier" (We have charged and ordered the said Bouton to buy us a great and powerful courser), which is to be sent with four other horses ordered at various places. He is in want of "navires de guerre" (ships of war), and a special messenger is to be sent to inquire about some galleys which bring spices to Antwerp, and which he hears are like those used by the Venetians.

On June 8 he sends more good news of success: his men have taken many towns from Venice, and he is in possession of the Lake of Garda and all the flat country round, which is said to be the most beautiful and fertile in Italy. "Nous avons aussy le château de Tibin qui estoit imprenable et a esté prins (taken) par grant subtilité de nos gens d'armes d'Esclavonie" (We have also the castle of Tibin, which was impregnable and has been taken with great subtlety by our

Slavonian men-at-arms); the city of Verona, most beautiful, with a hundred and ten thousand ducats of annual revenue, and its neighbourhood; also Vicenza with the flat country round; also "la très grande ville de Vayda, et sont nos capitaines dedans. Ceux de Padua ont envoié faire obéisance . . ." (the very great town of Vayda, and our captains are within. Those of Padua send to do homage . . .).

Final victory seemed in view, but still Maximilian was not at hand, and there were no strong garrisons to make sure of all these conquests. Before the end of July the Venetian general surprises Padua, "par trahyson et le maulvais vouloir du commun peuple illec" (by treachery and the ill-will of the common people there), and several other places. It is not until the 18th of August that we have a letter from the Emperor written in the camp before Padua, when he is actually in the field himself with a combined force of twenty thousand men. He appears to have leisure for writing, as he sends Marguerite a very full and interesting account of events around him. A thousand peasants are taken prisoners and then, on the advice of the captains, are set free to procure provisions for the army. While he is waiting for his siege artillery, he is successful in taking several places in the neighbourhood. He tells how his ally Francesco, Marquis of Mantua (the husband of Isabella d'Este), was taken prisoner as he was on his way to visit his brother-in-law, the Duke of Ferrara. He was betrayed by a peasant in a village where he thought he could safely rest for the night. The poor Marquis never recovered from the effects of that year's captivity in the damp prison of Venice.

But the siege of Padua failed, both by assault and by

investment. The garrison consisted of twelve thousand men-at-arms, two thousand horsemen, and two hundred volunteers from the noblest families of Venice; and their enthusiasm, roused by the gallant spirit of the old Doge Loredano, triumphed over the united efforts of the League. Maximilian committed the great mistake of his life when in the beginning of October he turned away from the walls of Padua and returned to the Tyrol. His letter to Marguerite explaining his reasons for this fatal step is very unconvincing, notwithstanding his boastfulness as to his ultimate success: "A l'ayde de Dieu, part ce et autres voyes contraindrons de eulx rendre à nostre obéissance." (By the help of God, by that and other means, we will constrain them to render us obedience.) In point of fact, before the end of the year, the Venetians had won their way, step by step, until they recovered almost everything they had lost to Austria.

No other events, however absorbing, could dim Maximilian's interest in all that concerned his grandchildren. Immediately after the battle of Agnadello, he writes to say how thankful he is that they are convalescent from some illness, and that he is very glad they have been taken for a change ("menez esbatre") to la Vuere and to Brussels. He warns Marguerite that she must not suffer a certain Venetian servant of the doctor to approach the children; and a little later he writes to say that Maistre Liberal, the physician himself, is not to remain near Charles, because he is a Venetian, and there is therefore a suspicion of poison.

He has received news of the birth of a son to Ferdinand of Aragon and his new wife Germaine of

Foix, but the infant is dead (so his charges have no rival). Marguerite forwards to her father an application which she has received from the Dowager Queen of Portugal, his "cousine germaine" (his mother was Eléonore of Portugal), wishing to enter into alliance by marriage with the House of Austria. It is suggested that Joam, eldest son of King Emanuel, who is about nine or ten, should marry the eldest Princess, Madame Eléonore, who is about the same age, or it might be Madame Isabelle, "laquelle il vous plairoit des deux, et avec ce pourroit l'on encoires traicter autre mariage de madame Marie . . . avec ung des autres petitz filz dudit seigneur roy, lequel, selon que j'entends, en a trois ou quatre. . . . Monseigneur, il me semble, soubz vostre bonne correction, considéré le petit nombre des princes aujourduy vyvans et la prospérité dudit roy de Portingal, lequel est encoires nostre parent et allié . . . bon seroit traicter ung des mariages dessusdits ou les deux, se vostre plésir estoit tel, et encoires aurés deux de mesdames mes nièpces pour en faire allieurs autre allience" (whichever it pleases you of the two, and besides that we might treat of another marriage for Madame Marie . . . with one of the other grandsons of the said lord King, who, as I hear, has three or four. . . . Monseigneur, it seems to me, under your good correction, considering the small number of princes living at this day and the prosperity of the said King of Portugal, who is also our kinsman and ally . . . that it would be a good thing to treat about one of the aforesaid marriages, or both, if such is your pleasure, and we shall still have two of mesdames my nieces to make other alliance elsewhere).

It is touching to see the motherly anxiety of Mar-

guerite about the marriage of her nieces, and her regretful allusion to the small number of princes living at the present time! She has four princesses on her mind, as besides the three alluded to above, there was the baby girl Catalina, born after her father's death, and still left in the care of her unfortunate mother, Queen Juana, in the gloomy prison of Tordesillas. A Flemish monk had been entrusted by the Queen-mother of Portugal with this delicate negotiation, which was seriously considered by the Emperor, and in the years to come it was little Catalina who married Joam III when he was King of Portugal.

The young Archduke Charles is always the centre of interest; his destined bride in 1509 is Mary of England, the sister of Henry VIII, who sends him a ring, and it is a solemn question whether the boy prince should not return the compliment. Maximilian writes in July, not long after the death of King Henry VII: "Quant à ce que vous escripvez de l'anneau envoyé par madame Marie d'Angleterre à nostre filz, et qu'il seroit bien que, de sa part, l'on envoyast quelque autre bague à ladite dame pour entretenir tousjours l'amytié, nous remectons cela à vostre discrécion et serons contens de ce que par vous en sera fait." (As for what you write of the ring sent by Madame Marie d'Angleterre to our son, and that it will be well that he, on his part, should send another ring to the said lady to continue always the friendship, we leave that to your discretion, and shall be quite satisfied with what is done by you.)

Jehan Le Maire speaks of this lady as "the very beautiful, white and rosy-red anglican Dame Marie d'Engleterre."

Even in the camp before Padua the devoted grandfather has time to think of the household of Charles, and sends minute directions for the reception of the young Marquis of Brandenburg, who is to enter his service, who is to be honourably entertained and to receive a "pension de mil livres par an."

There was great consternation when Marguerite wrote in October to say that as she was on the point of going to Malines with her nephew, she received news that his sisters were sickening with small-pox.

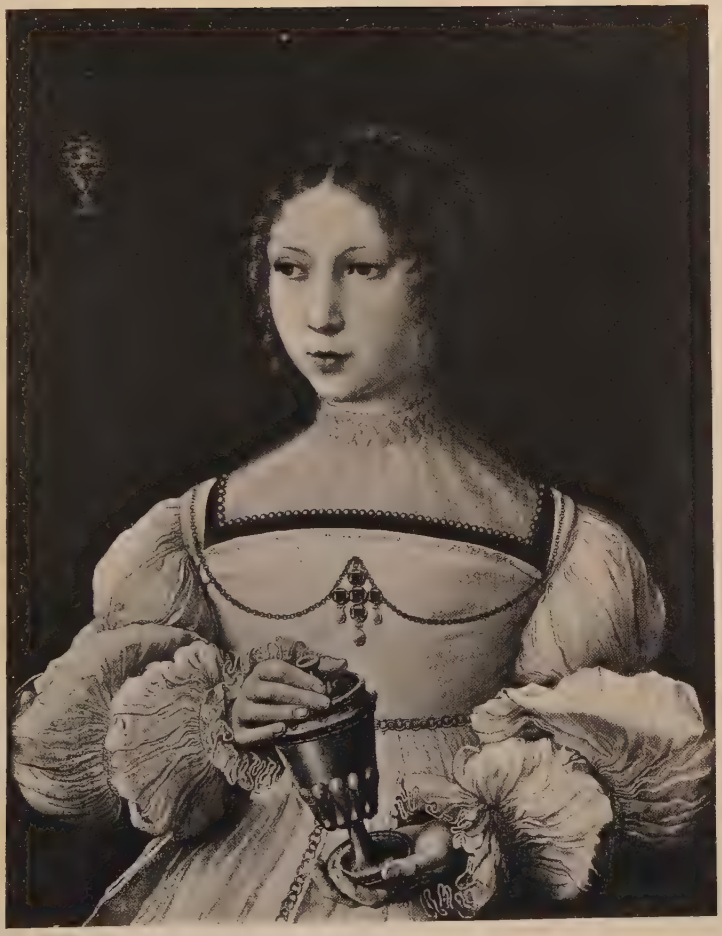
". . . Monseigneur, à l'eure que monseigneur mon nepveur et moy avyons délibéré d'aller à Malines pour y faire la feste de Toussains, et le surplus de l'yver, est survenu que madame Isabeau, ma nièpce, a prins la petite véreulle, et depuis madame Marye. Et encoires, Monseigneur, cejourd'huy me sont venues nouvelles que madame Leonor se plaindoit de la teste; et font doubte les médecins qu'elle ne vienne à prendre lesdites véreulles. Parquoy, Monseigneur, et que lesdits médecins dient que ceste maladye est contagieuse, et que monseigneur mon nepveur la pourroit prendre, sont d'advis que l'on ne doit bouger ny mener mondit seigneur et nepveur à Malines, pour éviter le dangier desdites véreulles, lesquelles sont fort dangéreuses mesmement en temps d'yver, à cause du froit. . . ."

(. . . Monseigneur, at the hour that Monseigneur my nephew and myself had intended to go to Malines to keep the festival of All Saints' Day, and the remainder of the winter, it befell that Madame Isabeau my niece took the small-pox and then Madame Marie. And besides, Monseigneur, to-day news came to me that Madame Leonore is complaining of her head, and the doctors have very little doubt that she will take this

small-pox. Wherefore, Monseigneur, and because the said doctors say that this malady is contagious, and that Monseigneur my nephew might take it, they are of opinion that we ought not to move or take our said nephew to Malines, to avoid the danger of the said small-pox, which is very dangerous even in time of winter, because of the cold. . . .)

She therefore decides to remain at Brussels until her nieces are well again, that she may not endanger the boy's precious life.

Marguerite had just received a letter from her father desiring her to give the young Duke of Milan a sum of three thousand "livres," in addition to the annual sum of "mil livres de XI gros," which he allows him and which is found insufficient. There is to be no delay about this. . . . "Sy n'y veuilliez faire faulte; car nostre plésir est tel" (Do not fail, for such is our pleasure), is the imperial command! This Duke of Milan was Maximilian Sforza, the eldest son of Lodovico Sforza and Beatrice d'Este, born in 1492 with such splendid prospects, who after the final defeat of his father at Novara, was sent in 1507 with his brother to the care of Maximilian of Austria and his wife Bianca, who was a cousin to the young Princes. They appear to have been treated with great kindness, and lived either at the Court of the Emperor or under the care of Marguerite with her nephew. There was an alarm at one time that the Pope and the Venetians might carry them off from Malines by "toutes subtilitez et praticques," and the Regent was warned to take special precautions for their safety. On one occasion we hear of a quarrel between the young Duke of Milan and another lad, the young Duke of Saxe, concerning



By permission of M. Charles Leon Cardon

ISABELLE DE BOURGOGNE, QUEEN OF DENMARK

By Jan Gossaert (Mabuse)

To face p. 152

precedence, which Maximilian indulgently settles by writing that one is to "enter first to-day, and the other to-morrow."

As to that kind gift of a "thousand gold florins," thus spoken of, Marguerite writes six months later to say that the young Duke cannot get the money from the hands of the Fuggers (bankers), although he had great need of it "pour se habiller et acoustrer pour ceste esté . . . tellement que icellui jeune duc demeure depourveu dudit argent" (for dress and accoutrements this summer . . . so that the young Duke remains deprived of this money). She would have been very glad to advance the money herself, but in the state of her finances it was impossible.

One of the last events mentioned this year is the death of the Bishop of Arras, which is worthy of notice on the matter of plurality of benefices, the Emperor having now the following list to dispose of. "L'évesché d'Arras, la cure de Haarlem, la prévoste de Saint-Pierre en nostre ville de Louvain, la chanoinie de Courtray, la chappelle de Flobecq, la chanoinie de Terremonde, le personnat (cathedral dignity) à Brabant . . . que ledit feu évesque avoit en son vivant," besides being Archdeacon of Brussels in the church of Cambray. His name was Nicholas de Ruistre, and he had been counsellor to Charles the Bold, to Marie of Bourgogne, and to the Archduke Philip.

1510

This was a disastrous year for the Emperor in so far as his hopes of conquest in Italy were concerned, for it saw the breaking up of the League of Cambray. But in the early spring he writes triumphantly of various

successes over the Venetians. Hippolytus Cardinal d'Este has "slain and drowned four thousand men of the Republic who had attacked Ferrara, and has taken eleven galleys of Venice and destroyed with his artillery five other galleys, besides other successes. He has news that his men in "Esclavonie ont rué juz IIII^{c} Stradioz véniciens et les chassé jusques aux portes de leur garnison . . ." (have thrown themselves upon the four hundred Stradioz Venetians and chased them to the gates of their garrison . . .). The Duke of Ferrara, Alfonso d'Este (the husband of Lucrezia Borgia), writes to announce the advantages he has gained over the Venetians, such as taking a "blockhuys" or a mill full of provisions. At the same time we hear that there has been a terrible earthquake at Constantinople, in which a third part of the city walls fell, and more than a thousand persons were killed. The Grand Turk had retired to Andrilope, to remain there until the walls of the said Constantinople were rebuilt. Then follows the story of the taking of the city of Bougie, in Africa, by Peter of Navarre, admiral of the King of Aragon. . . .

But in the next letter we learn that the blow has fallen. The Holy Father, the Pope, has made peace with the Venetians, and also the Swiss, and probably the King of England will soon join them. Julius II is anxious to have the Emperor on their side, but nothing will induce him to forgo his hatred of the Republic. He declares that he will stand by the League of Cambray and remain in alliance with France, making the fierce remark about his enemies: "Il ne suffit pas de les mettre à mort part cent, il y fault besogner par mille." (It is not sufficient to put them to death by the hundred, we must set to work by the thousand.) He

has collected thirty-six thousand men to march against Venice, and he adds: "Et si aucune chose nous survient . . . vous réquerant avoir tousjours bonne et soigneuse garde de nos très chiers et très amez enfans" (And if anything should happen to us . . . requesting that you will always have good care of our very dear and much beloved children), "et vous employer aux affaires aux mieulx que pourrez" (and employ yourself in these affairs as best you can).

In vain Marguerite tried to persuade her father that Louis XII was making use of him to his own detriment in this war with Venice; and he would not listen when she tried to induce him to follow the advice of the Kings of Aragon and England. In a private letter to Jaques Villinger, a trusted counsellor and treasurer, she laments that Maximilian should have yielded Verona and Lignano on the Adige to the King of France for money lent him, and she fears that it may happen with other places. He was, as usual, very short of money, and desires Marguerite to make the startling demand to the states that they should grant him "ung pension viagère de 15,000 livres" (an income of fifteen thousand livres). To this the Regent demurs, for the states are always very unwilling to grant money which will be used in Italian wars; "dont Monseigneur, en toute humilité vous adverty et me desplait qu'il n'y a de quoy fournir à vostre désir" (of which, Monseigneur, in all humility I tell you, and I am sorry there is no means of fulfilling your desire). Poor Marguerite! She has much worry on the subject of money and has to be very firm. She ventures to complain of the "rudesse" of his letters, and her father is penitent at once and finds ready excuses.

In order to make peace, he sends her a carbuncle which her grandfather, the Emperor Frederick III, was very fond of, and which he found by chance "dans une vielle capse ou couvre . . . car il me semble que vous émés bien les charbunkles" (for it seems to me that you are very fond of carbuncles). All the house of Hapsburg had a passion for jewels.

Still Marguerite is not bribed to act against her better judgment. She writes: ". . . Monseigneur, des L mil florins d'or que desirez avoir tous les ans des pays de par deçà, vostre vie durant, selon que vous m'avez plusieurs fois escript, Monseigneur, je n'ay encoires trouvé, par conseil de nul de voz servituers, qu'il ait esté temps de parler de ladite matière . . . saichant assez qu'il en viendroit petit fruict, je l'ay jusques à icy différé. . . ." (. . . Monseigneur, of the fifty thousand gold florins which you wish to have every year from the lands over here, during your life, as you have written to me several times, Monseigneur, I have not yet found, by the advice of any of your servants, that it has been time to speak of the said matter . . . knowing also that there would be little result, I have until now put it off. . . .)

Maximilian has to yield, but his letters are still full of the war in Italy. The Pope with twelve thousand Italians is attacking the Duke of Ferrara, has taken Modena, and is approaching Milan. . . . The Emperor has a plan to work upon the Swiss levies; "veu qu'ilz ont desjà assez maingé des ducatz du pape, et qu'ils ont grant fain de mainger des escus de France" (seeing that they have already eaten enough of the Pope's ducats, and that they hunger after the crowns of France). "Et sommes leur cusenier (cook) qui leur

apreste lesdits escus en si bonne ordre qu'ilz les maingeront voulentiers . . ." (And we are their cook, who prepares the said ducats in such good fashion that they will willingly eat them); for he has every reason to believe that these Swiss are without faith or loyalty. A little later we learn that this "cooking" of his has been successful, for ten thousand Swiss were on their way to serve the Pope, when the Emperor's letters induced them to return home. Yet a month later these Swiss, "mavés villains!" (bad villains!) as he calls them, go back to take the Pope's ducats! In spite of Marguerite's warning, her father counts on the loyalty of Louis XII, while he doubts the good faith of Henry VIII, "who has twice deceived him"; and as for the intrigues of the Cardinals: "le velà, les beaux pratikes de la sainte mère de l'Eglise!" (look at them, these fine practices of the holy mother of the Church!) he cries in scorn.

During all this time the war with Guelderland has been smouldering on, breaking out first in one place and then in another, with utter disregard of all treaties. It is at the beginning of this year, 1510, that we first hear of the amazing suggestion that peace should be made with this irrepressible Charles of Egmond by the sacrifice of one of the little Princesses, the sisters of Charles, as a bride for him. Curiously enough, it is the second daughter of Philip who is suggested, Isabelle, then barely nine years old. Possibly Eléonore, the eldest, was of a less meek disposition; in any case, there is talk of marrying her to a bridegroom more suitable in age, the young Duke of Lorraine, the son of Charles of Egmond's sister Philippa, who had married Réné, King of Sicily and Duke of Lorraine.

On the subject of this alliance we have an immense amount of correspondence, for everybody seems to have a voice in the matter except the poor little girl herself! Neither of the contracting parties has any confidence in each other, so that the negotiations are most complicated and endless.

These are some of the conditions. The Princess being a minor, the betrothal would be by word of mouth. If it were broken off the forfeit would be the loss of all rights and a fine of two hundred thousand gold florins of the Rhine. The Princess Isabelle was to be taken to Bois-le-Duc, where the deputies of the States of Guelders were to receive her as "dame héritière du pays." Madame Isabelle would then be taken back to the Emperor and the Duchess, her aunt, and left in their care until she was sixteen years of age. Then follows a long list of the places and strongholds which are to be given up on either side. The Archduke will pay the Duke of Guelders an annual pension of sixteen thousand florins "philippus." If Isabelle has no heirs male, the duchy of Guelders and the county of Zutphen are to revert to the Archduke, as it is quaintly put, "se madame Ysabeau alast de vie à trespas sans délaisser hoir masle" (went from life to death without leaving a male heir). The minutest details are given as to what would happen if she had one daughter, or two, or more!

There is no end to the objections and difficulties raised. Frederic of Egmond, the head of the house, and father of her general, Florent of Egmond, writes to Marguerite that he cannot have treaties made with this kinsman of his without his knowledge and consent. If she persists in her intentions, will she release

him from his oath of allegiance and suffer him to save his own honour and estates? We see from this and other letters how extremely jealous of their rights the great lords were, and we may perhaps gather that they dared to act thus because they had to do with a woman. Next we hear that Ferdinand of Aragon strongly objects to the marriage of a granddaughter of his with Charles of Egmond, as in all that concerned the children of his daughter Juana, both the grandfathers should agree; and even Henry VIII appears to be very much annoyed on hearing of the proposal. Later on, when the whole affair is broken off, Marguerite writes a long diplomatic, courteous letter to the King of England, expressing her desire to please him in every way. She explains that she was never very anxious for the match, as she did not think it sufficiently honourable for her house. Her great desire is to induce Henry to keep to the proposed alliance between her nephew Charles and his sister Mary, and also to obtain help from him against Guelders.

We are tempted to wonder how far the idea of the marriage between the Duke of Guelders and little Isabelle was ever seriously entertained, when we read that a proposal for her hand from the eldest son of the King of Navarre was also on the cards, and that hostilities were going on more or less throughout the whole year. The Bishop of Utrecht, who from his unfortunate neighbourhood to Guelderland, is always in hot water, has had to be helped, while on his part he was to supply fifteen hundred "piétons" and five hundred horsemen, to repair fortifications, and to see that the Rhine was kept open. Charles of Egmond

would never consent to "humiliate himself" and pay homage to the Emperor, who on his part required most unreasonable conditions. At length, in December, 1510, Marguerite writes that all negotiations are broken off with Charles of Guelders. His deputies have been with her for a long time, and have contested and persisted about certain clauses of the treaty, and were so unreasonable that no agreement was possible, and now they are gone! It will be necessary immediately to look to the defence of the frontier both of Holland and Brabant, "affin que ledit messire Charles n'y surprende quelque ville ou endommage lesdits pays et subjectz" (in order that the said Messire Charles may not surprise some town, or injure the said country and subjects). Then she makes this pathetic appeal :—

"Et au regard de moy, Monseigneur, vous scavez que je suis femme, et que ce n'est pas bien mon cas de moy mesler de la guerre, veu qu'il y a petite assistence des subjectz de par deça, aimsi que en semblables cas, j'ay bien expérimenté.

"Sy vous supplye, Monseigneur, avoir sur le tout bon advis, et y tellement pourveoir que les pays de ce jeusne prince ne soyent piglez et adommaigez durant sa minorité ; car ce vous seroit honte et à moy regret merveilleux."

(And with regard to me, Monseigneur, you know that I am a woman, and that it is not rightly my business to meddle with war, seeing that there is little assistance to be expected from the subjects of "over here," as in similar cases I have indeed experienced.

I beg you therefore, Monseigneur, to have good advice about the whole matter, and to so provide that

the lands of this young Prince may not be pillaged and destroyed during his minority, for it would be a shame to you, and to me marvellous regret.)

The Regent strongly recommends that a league and confederation should be formed against Guelders of the neighbouring provinces.

She is so deeply interested in all that concerns the welfare of her nephew Charles that, unwilling as she is to interfere with the affairs of Spain, she writes earnestly to insist that the grand masterships of Calatrava and Alcantara should not be given to the younger brother, Ferdinand, the special favourite of the King of Aragon, but to Prince Charles himself. Maximilian agrees with her on this subject. He also wishes her to settle the treaty with the King of England and induce him to oppose the King of Aragon, who is suspected of wishing to drive the Emperor out of Italy and placing his natural son on the throne of Naples. To further this matter she is to give a handsome present to the English ambassador. Marguerite is also to ask Henry VIII for two thousand archers, to solicit the pardon of the young Duke of Suffolk, and lastly "à nostre faveur, donner à nostre beau nepveur, le duc de Wertenberch, deux beaux dogues femelles et ung masle" (by our favour, to give to our fair nephew, the Duke of Wertemberg, two handsome female dogs and one male).

This last request for dogs recalls us to the refreshing subject of hunting, for which Maximilian always had so great a passion, and in which he finds a respite from the anxious cares of the empire. He takes as much interest in the appointment of a new "louvetier" (master of the wolf hounds) as in that of a bishop.

When he retires with his army from Italy, he looks forward to taking a stag on the way, and having an imperial day. In the midst of all the anxieties of his war with Venice, he writes with keen delight to his daughter:—

"Nous avons hier prins, au plus beau deduit, IIII grand cerfs du matin, et après diner, V hérons. Anètes (wild ducks) et mylans nous prenduns journelement sans nombre; mesmement aujourduy nous avons ancor prins (taken) quatre hérons et XIII anètes ou useau de revières en duse volés en ung demy liu, nous avons mys nous secret pour mylam à la mue; nous prenduns journelement III mylan, car illya par deçà tant que merveylles et tout volerie au plus belle pays de . . .

"Plaet à Diu que vous veet une foys nostre garen des chasses et volerie de par deçà et les beau pays plain de toutes jeujosité.

"Escript de nostre main, le XII[e] jour de jouin XV[c]X. Vostre bon père, MAXI."

(We took yesterday, at the very least, four great stags in the morning and after dinner five herons. Wild ducks and kites we take every day in any number; and even to-day we have again taken four herons and thirteen wild ducks . . . we take every day three kites, for there are so many marvels "par deçà," and a whole aviary in the most beautiful country of . . ."

Please God that you may some time see our hunting warren and aviary of "par deçà," and the beautiful country full of delights.

Written by our hand, the 12th day of June, 1510. Your good father, MAXI.)

On another occasion he begs Marguerite to send him the famous falconer Aert Van Meeghien, "nostre amé et féal escuier et faulconnier." He is to have sufficient appointments and provision, that there may be no excuse. But the Emperor has to write twice again before he obtains his wish, and the last time he is so urgent that Aert Van Meeghien and two other falconers should be sent at once with all their birds, that he appears willing to pay anything to satisfy them. We can imagine the great head of "the Holy Roman Empire and the German Nation" riding forth with his hounds or falcons, enjoying his day's sport with keen boyish enthusiasm, and only regretting the absence of his daughter, who in those days of her Court life at Malines, with all the cares of government, can have joined him but on very rare occasions.

Maximilian is extremely pleased to hear that Charles loves hunting, and declares that otherwise the boy could not have been his grandson! A page is well rewarded who presents to the young Archduke a beautiful dog and "un bel espieu de chasse pour le sanglier" (a handsome hunting spear for the wild boar) for the New Year. With his usual subtlety, the Emperor tries to point out the moral influence of his favourite sport, for he says that the chase gives an opportunity for a prince to be approached by the common man, who can thus bring his complaints in person.

It is interesting to remember that Louis XII was also a devoted huntsman. There is a curious epitaph on a famous falcon of his, Muguet the terror of herons, who died at the feet of Anne de Brétagne :—

Petit de corps mais de coeur tout rempli!
Trois passetemps parfaits a eu Louis douzième:
Triboulet et Chailly, et je fus le troisième.*

The venerable hound Chailly was the "doyen" (senior) of the pack. Triboulet was a favourite buffoon.

* Little in body, but full of heart!
Three perfect pastimes had Louis XII:
Triboulet and Chailly, and I was the third.

CHAPTER X

1511

MARGUERITE & CHARLES OF GUELDERS

Death of the Empress Bianca—Marguerite and Charles of Guelders — War with Guelderland continues—Maximilian and the Papacy

The year 1511 opens with a note of sadness, for the Emperor Maximilian writes to inform Marguerite of the serious illness of the Empress Bianca Maria. Poor lady! she had spent most of her time in lonely splendour within the gloomy walls of the palace at Innsbruck, while her irrepressible husband was restlessly travelling from one city to another through his vast kingdom, engaged in restless schemes of war or politics.

"Très chière et très amée fille, nous vous avertissons que nostre compaigne, la royne, vostre belle mère, a desja esté par aucun temps toute maladieuse et traveillié d'ung excez de fièvre, lequel tire sur l'éticque; elle ne désire que tousjours boire et rien mengier. . . ." (Very dear and much beloved daughter, we make known to you that our companion, the Queen, your stepmother, has already for some time been ill and distressed with fever, which draws near to consumption; she only desires to be always drinking, and eating nothing. . . .) He suggests that there should be a consultation at

once of the most learned doctors from Louvain and elsewhere, who are to send their written directions as to what is to be done, with extreme haste. We note with some surprise that he writes nine other letters during the month of January on a variety of subjects, in which he does not again allude to his wife's illness. He asks for the genealogical tree of the kings of Spain and of the kings of England. He also requires a history of Spain called *La Valeriana*. (He has a passion for heraldry and genealogy, and is constantly asking for charters and chronicles, chiefly to glorify the descent of the Houses of Austria and Burgundy.) We have endless details on matters of business and politics before he receives Marguerite's answer.

She expresses her deep regret on hearing of "la graefve maladie de la royne ma belle-mère, dont je suis fort déplaisante pour l'amour de vous et d'elle" (the serious illness of my stepmother, at which I am much grieved for love of you and of her). The illness seems to the doctors in consultation "fort estrange et dangereux" (very strange and dangerous), but without more information they cannot safely advise. "Par quoy seroit de besoing que par ung médecin entendant ledit affaire fust reddigé par escript l'estat de sa maladie, dont je prie Dieu par sa grâce que, si c'est pour le mieulx de son âme, elle puisse eschapper et neantmeng, Monseigneur, s'il plaisoit à Dieu en disposer d'aultre sorte, il s'en conviendroit conformer à sa voulonté." (Wherefore it would be needful that a doctor understanding this matter should be informed by writing of the state of her illness, from which I pray God by His grace that, if it is for the good of her soul, she may escape; and nevertheless, Monseigneur, if it should please God to

dispose otherwise, it would be well to conform to His will.)

To our modern ideas it would have seemed desirable to send the physician at once to Innsbruck, that he might attend in person upon the sick lady, who lingered on in suffering for another year, and whose pious death on the last day of the year 1511 is thus announced by her husband:—

Letter of Maximilian to Marguerite to announce the death of the Empress Bianca Sforza

"Fribourg en Brisgaw, *le 3 Janvier*, 1512.

"Très chière et très amée fille, aujourd'hui à nostre grand regret, dueil, perturbation et grief doulour de cueur, avons eu la doloreuse nouvelle du trépas de notre très chière et trés amée compaigne, Blance-Marie, vostre belle-mère, laquelle le dernier jour de décembre derrain passé, après avoir reçeu tous ses sacremens catholicquement et ainsi qu'il apartenoit à une tant vertueuse et honneste princesse, a rendu l'esperit à Dieu nostre créateur, auquel pryons lui faire mercy. Et puis qu'il a pleu à sa divinité le vouloir et souffrir ainsi, sachant qu'il est tout puissant, le prendrons en patience, et nous déportons, en tant que nostre fragilité se peut refréner, de toutes voluntez répugnantes à la disposition divine.

"Toutes voies avons une consolation que créons fermement que, selon sa vertueuse et sainte vye, elle soit avec les bien eureux ou royaume de paradis. Laquelle chose, comme à nostre bonne fille, avons voulu, à nostre grand desplaisir, signiffier; car nous savons que, tout ainsi que estes joyeuse de nostre bonne

prospérité, serez desplaisante de la perte de nostre si bonne et vertueuse compaigne, l'âme de la quelle, comme de vostre bonne belle mère, vous recommandons, et de vouloir faire pryer pour icelle par toutes les églises et monastères de par delà.

"Nous voulons que en faites porter le dueil par noz très chers et très amez enffans et chevaliers de nostre ordre, et aucuns des principaulx de nostre privé conseil seulement qui les accompaigneront à l'offrande, selon vostre advis, et aussi en faire et tenir obsèques solennelles, selon qu'il est requis et de coustume pour telle princesse.

"Donné en nostre ville de Fribourg en Brisco, le III[e] jour de janvier XV[c]XII.

"Vostre bon père, MAXI."

Below is the name of *Hannart.*

(Very dear and much loved daughter, to-day, to our great regret, mourning, perturbation and grief, and sorrow of heart, we have had the sad news of the death of our very dear and much loved companion, Bianca-Maria, your stepmother, who on the last day of this past December, after having received all her sacraments catholically, and as it becomes so virtuous and honest a Princess, has rendered her spirit to God our Creator, to whom we pray that He have mercy upon her. And since it has pleased His divinity to will and suffer this to be, knowing that He is almighty, we will accept this with patience, and we will avoid, in so far as our fragility can refrain, from all wishes repugnant to the divine dispensation.

In any case, we have the consolation that we firmly believe, according to her virtuous, holy life, that she is

with the blessed in the kingdom of Paradise. Which thing, to our great distress, we have wished to signify to our good daughter; for we know that, as you rejoice in our good prosperity, you will be distressed at the loss of our good and virtuous companion, whose soul, as of your good stepmother, we recommend to you, that you may cause prayers for the same to be made in all churches and monasteries of "par delà."

We wish that you cause mourning to be worn for her by our very dear and much beloved children and the knights of our order (of the Golden Fleece), and such of the principals of our Privy Council only who accompany them to the offering, according to your advice, and also to hold solemn obsequies, as are meet and customary for such a Princess.

Given in our town of Freiburg in Brisco, January 3, 1512.

Your good father, MAXI.)

This appropriate letter, expressing all pious and proper sentiments on the sad occasion, calmly defines the attitude of Maximilian towards the poor unloved Italian lady, whom he had married simply from policy. Far different had been the Emperor's feelings when he lost the dear wife of his youth, the beloved Marie of Burgundy, whose name he could never speak without emotion to the latest day of his life.

Marguerite sends her father a letter of condolence in which there is more real feeling, and which is strongly touched with religious sentiment. It is so characteristic of her that it will be interesting to reproduce the whole of it.

No. 361. Marguerite to Maximilian

"*Janvier*, 1512.

"Mon très redoubté seigneur et père, très humblement à vostre bonne grace me recommande.

"Monseigneur, j'ay par vos lettres du III^e^ de ce mois, qu'il vous a pleu m'éscripre, entendu voz piteuses et lamentables nouvelles du trespas de feue madame ma belle-mère, qui m'ont esté fort déplaisantes pour la tristesse que sçay en avez souffert, et pour la grande affection que avoye à elle, avec ce que c'estoit une princesse tant vertueuse et extimée que je ne cognois cueur de pierre si inhumein qui n'en doise avoir regret et desplaisir. Toutes voyes, Monseigneur, veu et considéré que ce desplaisir n'y peult aucunement aydier, ains plustost procurer maulx et maladies incurables, et que c'est si naturelle de payer le tribut de nature que nul, seit grant ou petit, n'en peult eschapper, se convient avoir de la vertu de patience et, en postposant ce dueil corporel, venir à la consolacion celeste et remémorer la belle et saincte vie qu'elle a mené jusques à l'heure de son trespas, et la belle grâce que nostre Seigneur luy a fait d'avoir receu tous ses sacremens, et en si belle cognoissance et repentance de ses peschez, à l'heure de sondit trespas, que croyons clèrement son âme estre colloquée au royaulme de paradis, et pour plutôt y parvenir, se d'aventure, elle fust ès peines de purgatoire, ne reste que faire prières et oraisons pour le remède d'icelle. A quoy, Monseigneur, je me acquiteray de ma part en bonne et obéissante fille, et accompliray certainement ce que m'avey mandé, vous suppliant oster tout regrectz de vostre

MAXIMILIAN, EMPEROR

From an engraving by LUCAS VAN LEYDEN

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cueur et vous conformer à la voulonté divine et remercier nostre Seigneur de ce qui luy a pleu en faire, considérant qu'il fait toutes choses pour le mieulx."

(Monseigneur, by your letters of the 3rd of this month which it has pleased you to write to me, I have heard your pitiful and lamentable news of the death of Madame my late stepmother, which has been most distressing to me for the sadness which I know you have endured and for the great affection which you had for her, who was a princess so virtuous and esteemed that I know no heart of stone so inhuman as would not feel regret and distress. In any case, Monseigneur, seeing and considering that this distress can in no way help, but may rather produce incurable evils and sickness, and that it is so natural a thing to pay the tribute of nature that none, be he great or small, can escape therefrom, it becomes us to have the virtue of patience, and in putting on this bodily mourning, to attain to celestial consolation, remembering the beautiful and holy life which she led even to the hour of her death, and the adorable grace bestowed upon her by our Lord to have received all his sacraments, in such beautiful knowledge and repentance of her sins, at the hour of her death, that we firmly believe her soul will be raised to the kingdom of Paradise; and to arrive there sooner, if by chance she be in the pains of purgatory, there only remains to have prayers and orisons to remedy the same. In which, Monseigneur, I will acquit myself of my part as a good and obedient daughter, and will accomplish certainly that which you have bidden me, begging you to take away all regrets from your heart and to conform yourself to the Divine Will and thank

our Lord for that which it has pleased Him to do, considering that He does all things for the best.

MARGUERITE.

January, 1512.)

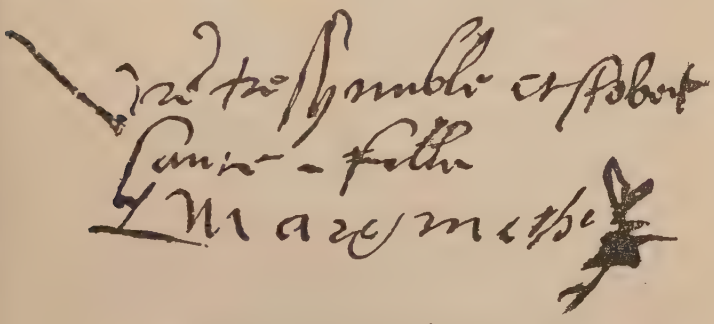
Thus we take our leave of this hapless lady, who lived unloved and died unwept, save in this sedate and devout fashion. Prayers and masses were said for the repose of her soul; she had a stately funeral and was laid to rest in the ancient church of the Franciscans at Innsbruck. Here in the splendid tomb raised to the Emperor Maximilian we may still see, amid that solemn company of kings and queens, the image in delicate bronze work of the Empress Bianca Maria, robed in the stiff brocades of her lifetime, and exiled for ever from her sunny Lombard home.

We are glad to know that the young Princesses made a good recovery from the small-pox, and that Marguerite is able to write early this year, 1511, that "monsieur mon nepveur et mesdames mes nièces sont en bonne disposition et sancté, la Dieu grâce, et croit mondit seigneur journellement et s'addresse bien fort à toutes choses honnestes, espère y prendre telle garde que y aurez honneur" (my said lord grows every day and devotes himself well to all good things, and I hope to take such care that he will do you credit). She also mentions that the young Duke of Milan is very anxious to recommend an Italian doctor well esteemed and of good reputation in case of the death of their present physician, "maistre Nycolas, lequel est fort vieulx, caducque et opressé de maladie" (who is very old, feeble, and oppressed with illness).

Maximilian has to be consulted about everything; indeed, he is annoyed to hear that she has appointed to

certain posts in the household gentlemen recommended by the states as having served in the war of Guelders. He appoints a new chamberlain and controller of finances of his own choosing. He also fills up various ecclesiastical benefices, and he writes to thank his daughter for the "belles chemises et huves" made by her own hands, which she has sent him, "of good soft linen, such as angels in Paradise might use for their clothing."

Marguerite, from the great love she bears her father, takes courage to write to him in her own hand a letter of gentle remonstrance and advice.



FACSIMILE OF MARGUERITE'S SIGNATURE

"MALINES, *le* 14 *mars.*

"Monseigneur, je me recommande très humblement à vostre bonne grâce. Monseigneur, ayant pansé aux affères que avés de présant qui ne sont pas petiz et que je connois que sur iceulx fault prandre une bonne conclusion laquelle, je prie Dieu, estre selon vostre dessir pour vostre bien et repos sy après et de vostre mayson, qu'est la chose que plus dessire voir, me suis ingérée de

vous anvoier aucun escript sur lequel je croy, Monseigneur, sy vous plet prandre la paine de le lire ou fère lire an vostre présance par Marnix et non à autre, et après, Monseigneur, l'avoir veu, vous plèse le rendre. Je croy, Monseigneur, que y trouverés des vérités tropt plus que ne voldroie et plusieurs autres chosses, de quoy déjà peult estre en avés bien connoissance. Mès, Monseigneur, comme celle qui nuit et jour ne pance que de vous faire service, ne me saroie tenir de vous avertir de tout se que puis panser vous peult servir, vous supplie, Monseigneur, de prandre de bonne part et me pardonner, sy je me suis hanardie de vous envoie mondit escript; je prie Dieu, Monseigneur, vous donner bonne vie et longue.

"De Mallines, le XIIII jour de mars. Vostre très humble et très obéisante fille MARGUERITE."

(Enclosed with this is a note for the secretary Marnix, giving special directions and precautions.)

(MALINES, *March* 14.

Monseigneur, I recommend myself very humbly to your good grace. Monseigneur, having thought of the affairs which you have at present and which are not small, and as I know that upon these it is needful to form a good conclusion, which, I pray God, may be according to your desire for your good and repose here and after for your house, which is the thing I most desire to see, I have ventured to send you a certain writing which I believe, Monseigneur, you will take the trouble to read or have read in your presence by Marnix* and no other, and after having seen it, Mon-

* The secretary.

seigneur, that it may please you to return it. I think, Monseigneur, that you will find there more truths than you wish for and several other things of which perhaps you already have knowledge. But, Monseigneur, as one who night and day only thinks how she may do you service, I cannot restrain myself from telling you all that I can think of for your service, begging you, Monseigneur, to take it in good part and forgive me if I have ventured to send you my said writing. I pray God, Monseigneur, to give you a good and long life.

From Malines, March 14. Your very humble and obedient daughter, MARGUERITE.)

Marguerite wishes that she were wiser and more experienced to advise her father in the troublesome matter of alliances with Aragon, England, and France. She also strongly advises him not to meddle with the Council which it was proposed to hold at Pisa, convened by the Cardinals opposed to Julius II. Ferdinand of Aragon was also of the same opinion, and it is very curious to find Henry VIII writing to implore the Emperor to have nothing to do with this Council of Pisa, as it was against the will of the Holy Father. A few years later his language was very different!

The States of Utrecht write to Marguerite at the beginning of the year, to make a grievous complaint that her general, Florent d'Egmond, had attacked their city and done much damage. The canals were covered with ice at the time, and he would have taken Utrecht had not a troop of cavalry from Guelders arrived and given the alarm, seizing the chariots which carried the ladders and other instruments of war, and so prevent-

ing the assault. This letter of appeal is written in Flemish, and the Regent answers in the same language, expressing her great regret and saying that she has ordered the Lord of Egmond to set free his prisoners and repair the damage. She is very angry, for this Florent d'Egmond will never give her the chance of a quiet life, and she believes that the constant warfare is partly his fault. This is certainly the view held by Charles, Duke of Guelders, who writes her a very courteous letter in answer to the request for a safe-conduct for her maître d'hotel, Hesdin, whom she is sending to Utrecht. He ends his letter thus :—

"Madame, mes sugés sont tousjours pilliés et mengés, c'est reditte de vous an escrire tant de fois, mes je le fais pour le pitié que j'ay de mes sugés, et ousy pour aquitier ma conscience. Madame, commandés moy vos bons plaisirs pour yceuls obeir à mon possible par la grâce de Dieu, auquel je prie, Madame, qu'il vous doinst bonne vie et longue. . . .

"Vostre très humble et très obeissant serviteur et cousin CHARLES."

(Madame, my subjects are always pillaged and devoured : it is repetition to write to you about it so many times, but I do it from the pity which I have for my subjects and also to acquit my conscience. Madame, command me your good pleasure, which I will obey as far as possible by the grace of God, to whom I pray that He will give you a good life and a long one. . . .

Your very humble and very obedient servant and cousin, CHARLES.)

Marguerite writes him a friendly letter in answer, saying that she will do her best for a happy issue out of

LOUIS XII, KING OF FRANCE

From an old print

To face p. 176

their troubles, and she trusts that he will do the same, signing herself: "Vostre bonne cousine,

"MARGUERITE."

After this peaceful language on both sides, we are not prepared to hear three days later from Messire Hesdin, the maître d'hotel, of the surprise of Harderwick by the men of Guelders, in spite of all treaties. It is a long, vivid, and most picturesque account, telling what every one said and did, how the city guard was induced to open the gate by treachery, and how some men-at-arms escaped with the news to Arnheim. Hesdin also tells the story of his visit the next day to the Duke Charles, who professes great astonishment; really he did not know there was any war going on except against the Infidels . . . and although his men had taken the place without his knowledge . . . he declined to give any satisfaction.

Marguerite is very indignant, more especially as she hears that this turbulent Prince is also tampering with the allegiance of the men of Amsterdam, and is moreover making himself extremely unpleasant to the poor Bishop of Utrecht. But the cup of his iniquity is not yet full!

On April 15 Marguerite writes to her father from Ghent that Flemish merchants to the number of twenty-four, with a safe-conduct from "monsieur de Juiliers," were on their way to Frankfort when they were set upon by a hundred horsemen of Guelders, "qui ont rué jus lesdits povres marchands" and killed two or three and wounded others, taking all the rest to a strong and close prison in the town of Guelders; holding them to a great ransom exceeding one hun-

dred thousand florins, which is a great scandal and loss to the aforesaid poor merchants. . . . She has pitiful complaints from Antwerp and Malines, who will not be satisfied until the road is made safe for their merchants.

Charles of Guelders was ill-advised when he interfered in this high-handed way with trade. These were evidently men of wealth and importance who had joined together in one band for safety, and their robbery became an international affair. The Regent of the Netherlands writes to the King of France insisting that he should interfere and command Egmond to set the merchants free and make restitution to them, and also restore to her the town of Harderwick. There is a great deal of correspondence on the subject, and we have many letters from the Emperor, Louis XII, Marguerite, and the ambassadors. In answer to the demand of the King of France, Charles of Egmond replies politely that he has already given up various places at His Majesty's request; there was the town of Weesp and the château of Muiden; but that as for Harderwick, it was taken without his permission, but it is quite impossible for him to give it up, and he must beg the King to excuse him. With regard to the Treaty of Cambray, he was not the one who broke it, as he has always explained. He hopes that the help he has received will not be withdrawn, and remains: "vostre très humble et très obéissant serviteur, CHARLES."

No compromise was possible, and Marguerite found herself obliged to carry on the war with energy and determination. But again she is terribly hampered for want of money. Her general, Florent d'Egmond, writes: "Madame, je vous ay escript plusieurs fois pour avoir peyement pour mes piétons, et veu, la grande

povreté qui est entre eux, j'ey emprenté à tout coutés, et n'en peut gerres ayder; ils crient et mutinent le plus du monde et je ne m'en puys ayder d'eux sans argent; il me dient tout le jours que je le paye ou que je le donne congiet, et suis en une merveilleuse perplexité, car si les piétons estoient envoyé, vous perdryés tout le plat pays de Hollande . . . madame vous prie le plus humblement que faire puys, que vous plaise de m'envoyer du mains ung moys de gages . . . car vous devez merdy unze sepmaines . . . il dient que je mens tout se que dis . . ." (Madame, I have written to you several times to obtain payment for my men-at-arms, and seeing their great poverty, I have borrowed on all sides, and can help no more; they complain and rebel as much as possible, and I cannot help them without money; they tell me every day that I must either pay or dismiss them, and I am in marvellous perplexity, for if the men-at-arms should be sent away, you would lose all the flat country of Holland. . . . Madame, I beg you as humbly as I can that you will please to send me at least one month of wages . . . for you will owe next Tuesday eleven weeks . . . they say that I lie, whatever I tell them . . .); in short, the soldiers will go over to Charles of Guelders if they are not paid, and he pleads: "as you love your land of Holland, send the money!" Later he writes again for money to pay the garrisons, "car je ne puys tenir nulluy dedans le villes, car ils morent de faim. . . . Quant Soudenbalch descendit de la maison de ville il trouva le piétons que le voloient tuer pour leur payement." (When Soudenbalch came down from the town hall he found the men-at-arms, who wished to kill him for their pay.)

Henri de Nassau tells the same story, and points out the money which he has himself advanced since the death of his uncle, when "chacun serroit la boutache" (each one kept his purse closed); and still the army is not paid. Finally he asks to be replaced . . . for he is losing "all credit both with men-at-arms and merchants."

All these entreaties for payment must have been extremely trying to the poor Regent, who could not send sufficient money even by giving freely her own dowry. She writes to her father about this time: "Monseigneur, nos piètons sont aussi maintenant es champs ley Turnhout et *mangent le bonhomme* à faulte de paiement; dont les villes d'Anvers et de Bois-le-Duc ont très grant regret et ne s'en peuvent aucunement contenter." This "manger le bonhomme" was literally eating the peasant out of house and home, and pillaging him of all he possessed. It was a terrible result of having these mercenaries and being unable to pay them! We wonder whether Marguerite learnt the expression from the old French folk-song of the days of King John the Good:—

> Cessez, cessez, gens d'armes et piétons
> De piller et manger le Bonhomme,
> Qui de longtemps Jacques Bonhomme
> Se nomme.

With regard to the war preparations, the Regent writes to Maximilian that the artillery is in far better condition than in the time of the late King. She has fifteen hundred good horsemen and six thousand efficient foot soldiers, and sixteen "serpentines" (cannon) with their train. It is true that she has not a great quantity of powder, but she will do her best to obtain

it from all quarters. . . . The Dukes of Cleves and of Juliers have sent a very "dry answer" to her appeal and wish to sell their service too dear. Perhaps the Emperor may be able to do more with them. . . .

The whole story of this war with Guelders would almost appear as a broad farce, from the long racy letters of those concerned, which relate all the events with the most quaint details, if it were not that every one is in such deadly earnest. The fighting seems to us often at cross purposes, especially with regard to the State of Utrecht, where the side taken is more than doubtful. The surprise of Harderwick is a very sore point, and we have endless explanations. Some women in a cart were on the road when, in all ignorance that the men they met were enemies, they let out the fact of the small number of the defenders, and some one shouts over the wall: "Traistres Bourguignons, vous n'avez icy que faire!" (Burgundian traitors, what are you doing here?) The important town of Bommel, on the River Waal, is taken by the men of Guelders by means of a vessel laden with faggots to all appearance, while underneath a number of soldiers were hidden. This stratagem succeeded to the great satisfaction of the inhabitants, who had long been tampered with by Duke Charles. The burghers joined the invaders to drive out the garrison.

But Florent d'Egmond writes to the Regent that on the very day of the surprise, Charles of Egmond had sent thither eight hundred men, who were attacked as they passed near Tiel by a sortie from the town, and four hundred were taken prisoners, while all the rest were killed or drowned; not one escaped. The letter adds: "Madame, les planètes ont esté contre nous,

j'espère que torneront . . . il fault prier tous vous amis pour vous assister." (The planets have been against us; I hope they will turn. . . . You must pray all your friends to help you.)

The vivid phrase "ruer jus" is constantly repeated, and appears to mean that you hurl yourself upon the enemy with a desperate rush. Another general says that he has succeeded in obtaining a small quantity of cloth to make clothes for his soldiers, who have no pay; he has written to Marguerite so often and sees that she can find no remedy. "Ainsy je suys bien mal." (Thus I am very badly off.) The states are always having meetings, which come to nothing, for nobody obeys them. In fact it is impossible to enter into all the events of this war with Guelders, which would require a volume to itself, and we can only touch upon a few of the most striking incidents.

The behaviour of Louis XII remains a puzzle to us, as it was to Marguerite. He writes a most friendly and pious letter to the Emperor, disclaiming any complicity with Charles of Guelders; indeed, he has written to command the giving up of Harderwick and the release of those merchants, or he will go to war with Guelders. He ends thus: "Priant Dieu, à tant, très hault et très puissant et très excellent prince, nostre très cher et très amé frère et cousin, qu'il vous ait en sa très saincte et digne garde. . . ." Marguerite evidently does not believe in this perfect innocence. She forwards to Louis XII an anonymous letter which she has received asserting that he has sent help to Duke Charles, whereupon the King of France writes that "ceux qui disent telles paroles ont menti" (those who spoke such words have lied), and that he should like

to challenge them if his equals in rank, or if of inferior position, there were not wanting gentlemen in France who would throw down the gage for him. He always treats Marguerite herself with the greatest courtesy and friendliness, and remarks to her: "à la verité je vous tiens et reputte si bonne, si sage et si vertueuse. . . . (In truth I hold and repute you so good, so wise, and so virtuous. . . .)

More than once in conversation with her ambassadors, he alludes to the days when he met her in France, and when Mercurin de Gattinare came to do homage in her name for the Comté of Charolais and other French fiefs, the King said pleasantly, "qu'il estoit fort joyeux d'avoir une telle dame pour vassale et qu'il aymeroit mieulx donner lui-meme le baiser à ladicte vassale que de le recevoir de son délégué" (that he was very glad to have such a lady for his vassal, and that he would rather himself give the kiss to the said vassal than receive it from her deputy).

The Bishop of Utrecht gives much trouble and seems to play a double game. When Charles of Guelders retired to Utrecht, the burghers suffered him to enter the city alone, but would not admit his troops, who had to camp outside, with "no comforts and no pay," so Marguerite's general hopes they may desert! One day the Duke rides away, leaving the poor "piétons allemans" waiting in vain for their money. The convents of Utrecht appear to have taken their part in the fray by supplying money to Duke Charles; and two inhabitants of the city are taken prisoners as they are escaping with the reliquaries and treasures of the cathedral, which they wish to sell for war purposes. It is therefore decided that placards shall be put up

proclaiming that all goods in Holland belonging to men of Utrecht will be confiscated.

We have the story of how Hattem was given up by treachery; the commander being persuaded by his mistress to sell it to the Duke of Guelders for eight thousand gold florins. An appeal is made for the men of Haarlem, who are "good and poor," that they may be excused a portion of their dues. On the Zuiderzee, the men of Holland with sixteen boats chased the men of Guelders, who fled. The Burgundians are thankful for small mercies, as they relate triumphantly that when the siege of Isselstein was raised, they only lost one archer, who was taken prisoner, while three horses were shot by arrows. There was a great "escarmouche" (skirmish), and they gained two serpentines and one mortar, "aucun vivres et *l'honneur*, et avons adommagié nos ennemis de sept hommes qui sont mors et d'un prisonnier" (some provisions and *honour*, and have injured our enemies to the extent of seven men who are dead and one prisoner).

There are still constant rumours that the King of France has sent "ung bonne somme d'écus" to Charles of Guelders. Marguerite applies to Henry VIII for assistance, and a certain number of men-at-arms are sent under the command of Edward Poyning. Still the war continues with small successes on either side until September, when Marguerite receives bad news of the taking of Tiel, on the River Waal, and of the castle of Wisch, in the Comté of Zutphen. She is still in desperate need of money, and writes to Maximilian that her treasurer tells her that if all must be lost for five hundred florins, he has no means of obtaining them.

Meantime the war has been carried on into the higher part of Guelderland, now Limbourg (east of Brabant), and the imperial army has laid siege to Venloo, which is defended by eight hundred men of war. Marguerite has eager hopes of success, which would place the whole neighbourhood in their hands. She says that the men-at-arms sent from England acquit themselves very well and fight better than any of the others. They are only provided for three months, but she has written to the King of England, their master, and he has continued their service for another month, before the end of which time she hopes that Venloo will have fallen. She writes again later in praise of the English artillerymen, who "s'acquiètant merveilleusement bien et trop mieulx que nulz aultres qui soient à ladite armée dont ilz sont à louer" (acquit themselves marvellously well and much better than any others in the said army, for which they are to be praised).

The army must be kept up at any cost, but the States of Brabant and Holland will not vote money, and she is at her wits' end. She has already spent ten thousand francs of her own, and her coffers are empty. The only chance of paying the men-at-arms will be to use the twenty thousand crowns expected from Spain. There is need of the greatest vigilance, for "je suis avertye que messire Charles de Gueldres ne dort pas et est bien deliberé cest yver nous réveillier" (I am warned that Messire Charles of Guelders is not asleep, and that he is quite determined to wake us up this winter).

About the siege of Venloo, Maximilian is of opinion that the besieging army had better retire and make a bulwark or blockhouse before Wageninghen, in order that the men of Guelders may thus be prevented from

passing across the rivers and helping one side or the other. But Marguerite says that her general and the English commander, "Edoart Poingnyon," are not of this mind, and are very anxious to batter the walls for three days and then attempt to take the town of Venloo by assault. They do this, but unfortunately are driven off with great loss. Thereupon the Emperor is much displeased, but he makes the pious remark that it is the fortune of war, which we must take as God gives it to us; "et estoit bien tousjours nostre advis que nosdits gens ne prouffiteroient guères devant ledit Vennelo; car nous nous congnoissons quelque peu en telz affaires" (and it was always our opinion that our said people would profit nothing before the said Venloo; for we know some little about such affairs). He is not generous enough to abstain from saying, "I told you so!"

It was about this time that there first arose in the buoyant, exuberant mind of Maximilian an idea so extraordinary that many historians have been disposed to treat it as an elaborate jest. It was nothing less than the suggestion that he should be appointed co-adjutor to Pope Julius II and after his death should be elected Pope. There is a letter of his, written from Brixen, September 16, to Paul of Liechtenstein, in which he expresses his wish to obtain the votes of the cardinals after the death of Julius II, who was seriously ill. Maximilian states positively that the Papacy is a function which should be held with the empire, and that he desires the honour of uniting them. "Nihil nobis honorabilius, nihil gloriosius, nihil melius obtingere posse, quam si præfatum pontificatum, ad nos proprie pertinentem, imperio nostro

recuperemus." The autograph letter which he writes later to his daughter on the subject is so very curious that we cannot resist quoting it.

"Très chière et très amée fille . . . envoyons demain monsieur de Gurce, évesque, à Rome devers le pape pour trouver fachon que nous puyssons accorder avec lui de nous prenre pour coadjuteur, affin que après sa mort pouruns estre assuré de avoer le papat et devenir prester et après estre sainct, et que il vous sera de nécessité que, après ma mort, vous serés constraint de me adorer dont je me trouveré bien gloryoes.

"Je envoye sur ce ung poste devers le roy d'Arogon pour ly prier quy nous voulle ayder pour à ce parvenir dont yl est aussy contant, moynant que je résingne l'empir à nostre commun fylz, Charles. De sela aussi je me suys contenté. . . ." (He believes that the people and nobles of Rome will help him too.) . . .

"Je commance aussy practiker les cardinaulx, dont IIe ou IIIe mylle ducas me ferunt un grand service, aveque la parcialité qui est deja entre eos.

"Le roy d'Arogon a mandé à son ambaxadeur que yl veult commander aux cardinaulx espaingnos que ul veulent favoryser le papat à nous.

"Je vous prie, tenés ceste matère empu secret; ossi bien en briefs jours je creins que yl fault que tout le monde le sache; car bien mal esté possible de pratiker ung tel sy grand matère secrètement, pour laquell yl fault avoer de tant de gens et de argent succurs et practike, et à Diu, faet de la main de vostre bon père Maximilianus, futur pape. Le XVIIIe jour de septembre.

"P.S.—Le papa a ancor les vyevers dubls et ne peult longement fyvre."

(*September* 18.

Very dear and much beloved daughter . . . we send to-morrow Monsieur de Gurce, bishop, to Rome to the Pope to find some way in which we can agree with him to take us as coadjutor, in order that after his death we may be assured of having the Papacy and become a priest and after that be a saint, so that it will be a necessity for you that after my death you will be constrained to adore me, of which I shall be very proud.

Upon this I send a post to the King of Aragon, to beg him that he will help us to arrive at this, with which he also is content, on condition that I resign the empire to our common son, Charles. With that also I am satisfied. . . .

I begin also to work upon the cardinals, with whom two or three hundred thousand ducats will do me a great service, with the partiality which they already have.

The King of Aragon has sent word to his ambassador that he wishes to command the Spanish cardinals that they favour the Papacy for us.

I beg you to keep this matter entirely secret; although I fear that in a few days all the world will have to know it; for it is not possible to work so great a matter secretly, in which it is needful to have so many people and so much money and help and working. And to God, written by the hand of your good father MAXIMILIANUS, future Pope. September 18.)

The Emperor becomes quite humorous over the thought of being a saint, and that the pious Marguerite will have to adore him after his death! But there is a serious tone in his plan of winning over the King of Aragon by resigning the empire to their mutual grandson, Charles; and also in the scheme of bribing the

cardinals, which in those days appeared to be the only way of managing anything. However, the Pope unexpectedly recovered, and we hear no more about this wild dream, although, in imitation of heathen emperors, Maximilian frequently took the title of Pontifex Maximus.

As a proof that he was serious in his intention of seeking election for the Papacy, we are told that he entered into negotiations with the Fuggers, those famous bankers, to borrow an immense sum from them to "conciliate" the cardinals, by pledging the crown and sceptre of Charlemagne and all the imperial ornaments from his treasure store.

CHAPTER XI

1512, 1513

LETTERS OF MARGUERITE TO MAXIMILIAN AND HER GENERALS — WAR IN ITALY — MAXIMILIAN SFORZA, DUKE OF MILAN—BATTLE OF THE SPURS—ALLIANCE WITH ENGLAND—MARGUERITE MEETS HENRY VIII AT TOURNAY

MEANTIME the war in Italy had been carried on with varying success. That great fighting Pope, Julius II, had been successful in forming the Holy League, by which Spain, Venice, and England were drawn into his service to win back all the papal possessions. Trivulzio, the French general, had made a descent upon Bologna, driven out the Pope's army, and restored to power the old family of the Bentivogli. The Swiss began to make war on their own account, while the great powers sought in vain for their support. Maximilian is very indignant and calls them "très maulvais villains qui ne serchent que querelles" (bad villains who only seek quarrels). The King of France had sore need of them, for both England and France were threatening an invasion. In January, 1512, Brescia and Bergamo are recovered by Venice, while the Holy League is threatening Ferrara, where the Duke Alfonso d'Este has a private quarrel with the Pope about his

salt works at Comacchio, which interfere with those of the Pontiff; also Alfonso has melted down the statue of Julius II, by Michelangelo, and made it into a cannon.

The Emperor is undecided, as usual, but is at length persuaded to make a truce with Venice in April. The army of the Pope, chiefly composed of Spaniards, but of which the Italian portion was commanded by his legate, Cardinal de Medici (afterwards Leo X), advanced upon Bologna. The city would have fallen but for the gallant defence of the famous Gaston de Foix, who by his military genius drove back the allied foes into the Romagna and utterly defeated them under the walls of Ravenna. The young hero fell in the hour of victory, as with a few horsemen he charged the retreating Spanish infantry. Ravenna was taken the next day, but this complete success was dearly bought by the loss of a general whose splendid talents and almost magnetic influence over his army, might have changed the whole issue of the war.

The Emperor was startled out of his vacillation by the dread of seeing all Italy in the hands of Louis XII; he allowed the Swiss to pass through the Tyrol and join the forces of the Pope, while in June he summoned the German mercenaries to leave the service of France. The loss of these four thousand Landsknechte was the chief cause of the French retreat across the Alps. With the war in Italy we are only concerned in so far as it touches imperial interests.

There is a characteristic letter of Maximilian about this time, in which he tells his daughter that some ambassadors are coming to him from the Venetians, and that as they will pass through a fair country of "belle

volerye," he will take a great number of his falcons with him to give these ambassadors a joyful meeting and pastime, if they bring him good news of peace. He wishes Marguerite to draw up a memoir in Latin for presenting to the Pope, concerning the rights of the Archduke to the duchy of Guelders, showing how Charles of Egmond has persistently violated the Treaty of Cambray, in spite of "nostre sainct Père" being the head of the League. He also sends a message that Charles is to write a letter to his grandfather, the King of Aragon, asking him to allow the Cardinal de Sainte Croix to continue in the enjoyment of his benefices in Spain. (He was under the Pope's displeasure, having taken part in the schismatic Council of Pisa.)

There is an interesting letter from Marguerite, written from Brussels on May 6, in which she says that she hears there is to be war between the Swiss and France, and the enemies from both sides wish to cross the Comté de Bourgogne. She points out to her father what a terrible thing this would be for the "povres habitans en icellui," and she insists that steps must be taken at once to prevent either the Swiss or the French from passing that way, and so preserve his "povres subjectz et pays de totalle destruction et perdicion." Shortly before, Maximilian had expressed a wish for a certain horse, Mouréal, which belonged to the treasurer of the Regent, and she replies at once with gracious courtesy that "no servant or officer of hers has anything which is not entirely at his service and command." As for the said horse, Mouréal, she will keep it in readiness for him and make him a present of it on his coming.

The Emperor accepts it gladly, and also gives her a

commission to obtain two hundred horses with their accoutrements. He desires that the young Princesses and his granddaughters should come to Brussels with their suite and chariots and men-at-arms. They are to see the park, and they shall have his apartments and enjoy a few days there; the litter shall also be sent to bring the Princesses and their maidens. Two days later he sends them some venison, "le sommier d'un cerf que j'ay pris, pour les festoyer." He writes from his castle of La Vueren that he will come to supper and banquet with his daughter and the young Princesses at five o'clock, but he will arrive at one o'clock to have time for a long talk with her.

"P.S.—Nous serons à une heure après midi devers vous, pour parler à vous de quelque chose, et pour ce, que le souppé soit prest à cincq heures."

(P.S.—We shall be with you at an hour after noon, to talk of something with you, and for that let the supper be ready at five o'clock.)

We wonder whether the important subject to be discussed in person was not the proposed marriage of "Madame Marie," aged nine, and Louis, the son of Wladislav VII, King of Hungary, which was finally arranged in August of the same year. Unlike so many other suggested alliances, this one actually took place in the year 1521. The father and daughter had indeed many weighty matters to talk about, as they so rarely met, and letters were risky and uncertain. There was the question as to the young Sforza, son of Lodovico, and we know that Marguerite gave the wise advice that he should be sent to Milan, to prove that the Emperor did not wish to keep the duchy for himself.

She writes in August: "Monseigneur . . . me semble que la plus grande difficulté que le pape treuve à present, s'est la crainte qu'il a que ne vueillés retenir la duché de Milan en voz mains ou la mectre es mains du roy d'Arragon, qu'est ung point bien aysé à vuyder, en envoiant mon cousin, le duc Maximilian, à diligence, comme l'avés conclut; ce que, Monseigneur, me semble debvez faire sans le détenir longuement à Ysbrouch car toujours à la longue il y parvendra, et s'il voit qu'il soit retardé par vous, ne sera après se enclin à vous faire service." (Monseigneur . . . it seems to me that the greatest difficulty which the Pope finds at present, is the fear he has that you wish to retain the duchy of Milan in your hands or to place it in the hands of the King of Aragon; which is a point very easy to settle, by sending my cousin, the Duke Maximilian, in all diligence, as you have already settled; and this, Monseigneur, it seems to me that you ought to do without detaining him longer at Innsbruck, for always in the end he will arrive there, and if he sees that he has been retarded by you, he will not be so inclined to serve you.)

The young Duke had been much in the care of Marguerite, who was very fond of him, and it was a matter of rejoicing to her when in December of this year, by the combined efforts of Julius II and the Swiss, he was placed in possession of the duchy of Milan. He was received with acclamation by the fickle populace, who had rung the joy-bells on the auspicious day of his birth. But his reign was short, for only three years later, he was compelled to abdicate and spend the rest of his life as a pensioned exile in France.

We find the Emperor entrusting most of the diplo-

matic arrangements with England to his daughter, the Regent of the Netherlands. She sends news of the defeat of the King of Navarre, for the English had gone back from "Fuenterabbia" against the wish of their King. She is very anxious in the coming war to keep the Comté de Bourgogne neutral. On another occasion she explains why she has taken upon herself to answer an important letter of King Henry's. She finds it often very difficult to keep the English ambassadors waiting at her Court, until her father has made up his mind on some condition of the treaty. "Monseigneur, j'ay receu voz lettres qu'il vous a pleu m'escripre sur ledit affaire, et ensuyvant leur contenu, tiendray main le plus que pourray d'entretenir les ambassadeurs jusques aye de voz nouvelles; mais Monseigneur, je vous asseure que le temps leur est bien long, et si ne scay faire qu'ilz se vueillent contenter de si long délay. Touteffois, Monseigneur, je ferey le mieulx que pourray." Again she presses Maximilian to give a definite answer to the English ambassadors, who have been kept waiting for eight months, until King Henry "s'en ennuie bien fort" (is very tired of it). Yet he wonders why the ambassadors complain! In another letter she informs Maximilian that her ambassadors have returned from England and bring the assurance of the King's great love for the House of Austria, and she strongly urges her father to show the most eager desire for a firm alliance with England.

A magnificent crossbow with all its appurtenances covered with silver-gilt is sent as a present to Henry VIII in September. Marguerite is to win over the ambassadors and by all means induce the English King to furnish promptly the sum of fifty thousand

golden crowns in order to equip fifteen hundred German horsemen and provide artillery to join the Swiss when they invade France.

It was no easy matter to send money safely in those days. On one occasion, when the King of England lent thirty-two thousand gold florins, his treasurer had to bring it over himself as far as Calais, and the captains of Dunkirk and other places were to keep watch over the safe conduct of all that gold.

Then Marguerite writes that there should be no delay about the marriage of the Archduke Charles with Mary of England (the second daughter of Henry VII). The King of England "her brother" has complained. There are constant letters about the suitable reception and treatment of ambassadors, who appear to want much bribing. We hear that the ambassador of the King of Aragon is to have a good hackney from the stables of the Archduke, as the Emperor's own are ill-furnished. Amongst other presents, we know that Marguerite gave a magnificent golden cup inlaid with precious stones, and valued at four thousand gold florins, at the Treaty of Cambray to the Cardinal d'Amboise, who felt obliged to offer so magnificent a present to King Louis XII. Everybody was ready to receive a present, from the King or the legate to the merest valet de chambre, as we shall see in even a more striking manner at the election of Charles V to the empire.

There was always a strong desire on the part of Marguerite to reward all who had served her well, more especially in the household of the Archduke and his sisters. We have constant applications to Maximilian for good posts and promotion, and almost all

the letters the children themselves write are on similar subjects. Permission is asked for Doña Anna de Beaumont to accept the "abbit de Sainct Jaques," which the King of Aragon has sent her, and a request is made that this excellent governess of the Princesses may obtain the first "commanderie de dames vacante dans ledit ordre de Sainct Jaques et quelque bonne somme de deniers annuelle, car mesdames mes nyèces en sont très honorablement et bien servies, et ce sera guerdon des bons services qu'elle a faiz pour le passé èsquelz l'on doit avoir regard" (it will be a reward for the good services she has rendered in the past, which ought to be considered). A young niece of this lady's had been educated for the last four years with the Princesses, and we find that a dowry of a thousand gold florins had been settled upon the maiden to enable her to make a suitable marriage.

Maximilian was ever most generous in his promises, but money was so short with him that they were not always fulfilled. We regret to find two years later another letter from Marguerite, which complains that the dear old governess who has cared for the royal children since their birth, has not yet received her promised reward, and now that she is of advanced age and in feeble health she needs repose, and it would be well to give her one of the houses of the Archduke Charles at Ghent for her retreat. It is not likely, in the course of nature, that she will require it long. We have every reason to hope that this urgent request of her friend and mistress was complied with, and that Doña Anna ended her days in peace and comfort.

With regard to the Emperor's charitable works, we are told of the nunnery of Saint George at Ghent,

founded in the fourteenth century, which he restored, and of which a decree of November 1, 1512, says that in this hospice "on couvre chasque nuit treize lits pour loger et herberger treize povres personnes en l'honneur de Saint George, auxquels povres on administre aussi feu, potages et aultres petits aumônes, etc. . . ." (each night to lodge and board thirteen poor people for the honour of St. George, to whom are given fire, soup, and other small alms, etc.). He gives directions later that their church is to be restored at his expense.

There is frequent bad news of the war in Guelderland, which Charles of Egmond is carrying on with vigour and success. The loss of the important city of Woudrichem, at the mouth of the Meuse, which belonged to her friend, Marguerite de Croy, Countess of Hornes, is such a great trouble to Marguerite, that, to relieve her melancholy, the Emperor sends her a very kind message of consolation saying that he never troubles about such disasters, and that, by the help of God, all may yet turn out for the best. He also thanks her warmly for the trouble and care she has taken in maintaining the garrisons of Holland and Brabant. "Nous vous mercyons grandement la peine que prenez à mectre ordre et bonne reigle sur le fait des garnisons en noz pays de Brabant et de Hollande, et de la bonne solicitude et diligence que faictes de recouvrer aydes des Estas d'iceulx pays pour l'entretenement des gens de guerre . . . et nous plaist très bien ce que en avez fait et ordonné. . . ." These rare words of praise from her father must have been music indeed in her ears! She certainly well deserved them.

The Regent insists on Woudrichem being taken

back from the enemy, and Henri de Nassau writes a long letter to explain all his plans for the siege. He has stationed boats on the river to see that none may enter or pass out of the town, but he is in sore straits, for he has no help, except from Jan van Delft, and Madame must send men at once, and see that they are paid their month from next Monday, and more provisions than usual will be necessary. He will do the best he can to prevent help arriving, but "la nuyt est sy obscure et nous gens sy souvent yvre, que j'ay peur que feront petit guet" (the night is so dark and our men are so often tipsy, that I fear they will do but little on the watch). Dark nights, tipsy soldiers, rebellious and unpaid! Can we wonder that the poor general is at his wits' end?

However, Woudrichem was ultimately retaken, and some of the men of Guelders secretly made their escape by the river. Florent d'Egmond asks if he is to give it up to the Comte de Hornes, but if so "il fault qu'il soit mieulx gardé que à l'aultre fois" (it must be better kept another time). They had serious thoughts of destroying the fortifications. In March, three thousand of the men of Brabant, bourgeois and peasants as well as soldiers, invaded the country round Bommel, but they were attacked by the army of the Duke of Guelders and entirely defeated, with a loss of eight hundred soldiers killed and taken, and about five hundred of the others. Marguerite hopes that the Emperor will soon come into the Netherlands, for she thinks the states of Brabant and Holland ought to vote money at least for the defence of their own frontiers. She is much troubled that there are murmurs against her, saying that the Regent desires war and the destruc-

tion of the people, and seditious placards have been put up. "Et que pys est, la nuyt du vendredy saint s'avancèrent secrètement de planter aucuns billietz ès portes de l'esglise de ceste ville, à ma derision et contemnement; que sont Monseigneur toutes maulvaises choses. . . ." (And what is worse, on the night of Good Friday, they secretly advanced to put up notices on the church doors of this town, in derision and contempt of me; which, Monseigneur, are very evil things.)

The towns of Tiel and Wissen are taken by the men of Guelders, and poor Marguerite is "perplex," as she does not know how to pay her soldiers. She has a letter from Charles of Egmond refusing to grant her request to set free certain prisoners, but as she has interested herself in them, their lives shall be spared. His style is a curious mixture of personal respect and friendliness, and violent complaints as to the conduct of the war.

Maximilian writes that he will certainly go and fight against Guelders himself, and will distinguish himself by some "good exploit of war." Satisfactory news is sent from Ghent that the states of Flanders will make a grant of sixty thousand florins philippus, but Marguerite's last letter of the year ends with a note of sadness, as she laments the desolation of the poor people pillaged by the unpaid mercenaries. "Monseigneur, les III^{c} chevaliers de Hernam (Arnheim?) sont toujours sur le plat pays de Brabant mangeant et piyant (pillant) le bon homme . . . que c'est grant pitié de ouyr les foulles du povre peuple ausquelles je voudroize bien rémédier, s'il estoit en mon povoir." (Monseigneur, the three hundred knights of Arnheim

POPE LEO X

By Raphael

To face p. 200

are always on the flat country of Brabant, pillaging the peasants . . . and it is a great pity to hear the complaints of the poor people, which I would remedy if it were in my power.)

1513

The year 1513 opens with continued arrangements for a league offensive and defensive between the Emperor and Pope Julius II, just before his death. Maximilian is to adhere to the Lateran Council and to declare that he does not recognise the schismatic Council of Pisa. The Pope in return will place the interdict of the Church on the Venetians, their country and their adherents, and is willing to do the same against Charles of Egmond and Guelderland. It was well for his reputation that the Pope did not live to carry out this scheme.

It had been proposed to Marguerite more than once before, that she should use the thunders of the Church against her foe, as she was a great favourite with the Holy Father, but possibly some delicate religious scruple had restrained her from doing so. She was now quite convinced that the Emperor must accept terms of peace from Charles of Guelders at any price. The burghers of Delft and Amsterdam are clamorous for peace and will advance no more money for war, and in this, the whole country is agreed with them; indeed, there is a rebellion in the Netherlands, which the Duke of Brunswick is sent to put down, but he soon has to retire for want of funds. The Emperor refuses to treat directly with Duke Charles, but will accept the intervention of the King of Aragon. He will not

even come into the states unless the expenses of his journey are paid! The Regent at length succeeds in concluding an armistice for four years, but probably with very little hope that the elaborate terms will be kept. Her father writes that she is to take great precautions about the defence of the frontiers, and that if she dismisses any captains and men-at-arms, they are to be sent to him, as he will take them on for his war against France.

Pope Julius died on February 21, after some weeks' illness, and he made a good end of his turbulent life. He gave wise and pious advice to the cardinals, spoke with charity of those who had opposed him, and regretted with dignified penitence any errors which he might have made. The people of Rome lamented his loss as never Pope had been sorrowed for before, and as they thronged to kiss his feet the cry rang forth: "This Pope has delivered us all, all Italy and all Christendom, from the hands of the Gauls and Barbarians!"

Giovanni dei Medici at the age of thirty-eight was elected to fill his place under the name of Leo X, and his soft Florentine temperament was a great change from the last robust Pontiff. The head of the House of Medici, his great object in life was the advancement of his family, and he looked upon the Papacy as a personal estate from which he was to get as much enjoyment as possible. "Questo mi da piacere, che la mia tiara!" was his naive exclamation of delight. Erasmus praises his kindness and humanity, his magnanimity and love of learning, the charm of his speech, and his devotion to the fine arts—but these were not the qualities needed at that most critical period,

to meet and oppose the onrushing forces of the Reformation.

The death of Julius II left his successor in a difficult position, placed in the midst of a fierce strife between France and Spain, and Leo X was glad to form an alliance in March with Maximilian, Ferdinand of Aragon, and Henry VIII, to attack France and divide her conquests amongst them. The letters of Marguerite are full of the diplomacy which she has to exercise in strengthening her father's friendship with England, and we have constant particulars about the reception and treatment of the various ambassadors. A certain Spaniard, Polveret, is sent on mission to King Henry, and it is advised that he should take two Austrian gentlemen with him. There are heavy expenses, and the Regent is willing to pawn all her rings to find money.

There is a very interesting letter written from Augsbourg, May 25, in which the Emperor has drawn out a plan of attack for the English who intend to invade France, and he sends full particulars to Marguerite that she may forward them on to Henry VIII. He owns that this King, his good brother, has not asked his advice, but in his serene self-confidence, he has no doubt that it will be taken. In the first place, Henry is not to land his army at Boulogne, which is well fortified and defended, and time would be wasted in trying to take it. No, the landing must be at Crotoy, a few leagues from Boulogne, and our good brother must know that the tide there is three hours low and the other nine hours high . . . and that the sand is so clinging that for big horses and men-at-arms, it will be necessary to have a bridge which may be used in any state of the

tide. "It is true that I have never tried it myself," he adds, "but for thirty years I have wished to do so. . . . Our father-in-law, the Duke Charles (of Burgundy), came once by the aforesaid River Somme and thought to take Amiens by assault, but his enterprise failed by one bridge, for it was not a good one, and he lost many brave men . . . but he went off into Normandy and ravaged all the country. . . ." King Henry may do the same from Crotoy if he wishes, but Maximilian rather advises his good brother to make his way to Saint Quentin and take that city, so as to have provisions for his army in all the country round.

"And I will be there in person with a good company of men-at-arms . . . if our aforesaid brother keeps his promise about the money which he has granted us, and chiefly that the second quarter should be advanced with the first. . . ."

Marguerite was expected to understand all this and much more, and to put the whole scheme of invasion and the demand for money, in so clear and persuasive a fashion as to induce Henry VIII to consent. To be the daughter and trusted confidant of a Prince like Maximilian—a splendid dreamer, who felt himself capable of ruling the universe—was no easy post. Her gentle persistence and quiet common-sense saved him from many disasters. Through her efforts, the Netherlands were declared neutral in the coming war against France, with whom Venice formed an alliance in March.

In April the army of Louis XII crossed the Alps and his fleet reached Genoa in May, while his Venetian allies were in possession of the country as far as Cremona. The Swiss held Novara and surprised the

French outposts; then when the battle began on June 6 they won the day by furious onslaught, unsupported by either horsemen or artillery. The French left all their camp baggage behind them, but made good their escape over the Mont Cenis.

Meantime Henry VIII landed at Calais on June 30, and some weeks later joined the besiegers of the fortified city of Thérouanne. Maximilian could not endure that any important military expedition should take place without him; he left Namur on the 22nd July, reached Grammont on the 30th, Oudenarde on the 31st, arrived at Aire on the 10th of August, and on the 24th wrote to his daughter to announce that he was present at the taking of Thérouanne. He was serving under the banner of England and receiving the King's wages of a hundred crowns a day, and as he had much more experience of war than Henry, he was practically at the head of the whole campaign. The camp was removed to Guinegaste on the 16th of August to prevent the French from bringing provisions to Thérouanne, which, according to one account, they succeeded in doing, but after a short encounter were put to flight. The Duke of Longueville and the famous Chevalier Bayard were amongst the prisoners.

French historians are much annoyed at this engagement being called the "Battle of Spurs." They point out that the troops were not sent to fight, but only to revictual a besieged city, and that in case of meeting the enemy in force their orders were "qu'ils retournassent au pas, et s'ils étoient pressez, du pas au trot, et du trot au galop, car on ne vouloit rien hazarder" (that they should return marching, and if they were hurried, from the walk to the trot, and from the trot to the

gallop, for nothing was to be risked). If these were their orders, they certainly carried them out.

Thérouanne surrendered on the 23rd; the fortifications were destroyed and the city was burnt. Tournay was the next place besieged, and on the way thither Henry VIII paid a visit to Marguerite at Lille, which was at that time in Flanders. When Tournay had been taken a month later, she paid him a return visit with the young Archduke Charles, whose marriage with Mary of England was definitely settled for the next year. What would we not give for a picture of that meeting? The impressive figure of the Emperor Maximilian, his face worn and lined with many anxieties, yet ever lighted up with the glow of perennial youth, in battered, weather-beaten armour, for he had no personal vanity; his daughter Marguerite, a most attractive personality, yet sedate and calm with the weight of her eventful thirty-three years, in the demure nun-like garb which she wore when painted by Van Orley; and Charles, a big-limbed, lanky boy, with a high forehead and keen blue eyes, and all the self-conscious gravity suitable to the heir of a great empire. We see facing them, in his splendid strength and vitality, in gorgeous warrior state, with shining armour, Henry VIII, King of England, at the flamboyant age of twenty-three. Wolsey, who was also present, was made Bishop of Tournay by the Pope. On hearing of the victory of Guinegaste, Marguerite had written to congratulate her father. "Monseigneur . . . j'ay reçu les nouvelles de la bonne victoire qu'il a pleu à Dieu vous donner, desquelles nouvelles j'ay esté si très joyeuse qu'il n'est possible dire plus; et feray icelles incontinant savoir et publier par tout où il appartient pour en faire les processions,

rendre grace et louenge à nostre Seigneur, le prier pour la continuation de vostre bonne prosperité et faire les feugx de joye, comme le désirés." (Monseigneur . . . I have received the news of the good victory which it has pleased God to give you, with which news I have been so joyful that it is impossible to say more, and I will make the same known and published everywhere it may be needful to make processions, to return thanks and praise to our Lord, and pray to Him for the continuation of your good prosperity, and we will have fireworks as you desire.)

She writes from Lille on September 22, with regard to the proposed meeting at Tournay, that she is willing to ride thither if it is necessary, and will do him (the Emperor) service . . . "mais sans cella, ce n'est le cas de femme vefve de troter et aller visiter armées pour le plésir . . ." (it is not proper for a widow woman to go trotting about and visiting armies for pleasure).

What a Puritan at heart the great lady must have been, to make this demur, to "a widow woman trotting about to visit armies for pleasure"!

The losses in this campaign have a depressing influence upon Louis XII, who tries to weaken the alliance between England and Austria by offering to marry his second daughter Renée, with the duchy of Milan and other lands as dowry, to the Emperor's grandson Ferdinand, who was brought up in Spain with his other grandfather, Ferdinand of Aragon. Marguerite wishes to remain loyal to England and is very much opposed to the suggested peace with France. In her interview with Henry VIII he had signed the following agreement with her: "Ma bonne seur et cousine, je yous promets, en parole de roy, de

non jamais traitter ni conclure paix ne trève avec nos communs ennemis, les François, sans vostre sçeu et voulenté, à condition que vous de vostre costé férés le semblable . . ." (My good sister and cousin, I promise you, on the word of a king, never to treat or conclude peace or truce with our common enemies, the French, without your seal and permission, on condition that you on your side will do the same . . .); and this he signs with his hand and sign-manual.

Marguerite has been informed of the intrigues of the King of Aragon for this marriage by a curious letter from Jean le Veau, in which the Pope is spoken of as *Ba*, Maximilian as *Be*, Louis XII as *Bi*, and Ferdinand of Aragon as *Bo*. The Regent uses every argument she can think of to induce her father to remain firm in his alliance with England, which she believes is so important for the good of her nephew's inheritance. She makes this wise remark: "Monseigneur, entre le roy catholique et France il y a de grandes montaignes, et entre France et Angleterre est la mer; mais entre ses pays et France n'y a pas de séparation; et vous sçavés la grande et invétérée inimitié que les François portent à ceste maison." (Monseigneur, between the Catholic King (Ferdinand of Spain) and France there are great mountains, and between France and England there is the sea, but between his (Charles V) lands and France there is no separation, and you know the great and inveterate hatred which the French bear to this house.) She adds that these fine offers of France are only made to avoid the tempest which threatens that country; then she dwells upon the importance of recovering the duchy of Burgundy, and enters into many details which show an amazing amount of

political wisdom. There is some mention of war against the Turks and infidels, but her opinion is that it will be quite time to carry that out when there is peace amongst the Christian sovereigns.

While these great affairs of state remain in abeyance, we turn awhile to domestic matters and the constant interest which the Emperor takes in his grandchildren. The Archduke Charles is to write some good letters in French ("walon" he calls it) to the King of Aragon his grandfather, to the Queen his mother (poor lady! we wonder how much the boy knew of her sad story and her imprisonment in the palace of Tordesillas?), and to his brother "dom Fernande," on whom he is to bestow the title of "Archduke of Austria," for "such is our pleasure."

In the month of May of this year a sad incident occurred: Charles had gone out for pleasure to the castle "la Wure," near Brussels, on the Monday after Pentecost, and was shooting with a crossbow when he had the misfortune to kill a working man of that town, "yvrogne et mal-conditionné." This has caused much "regret et déspläisir à mondit seigneur et à moy, ensamble à tout sa compaignie; mais il n'y a remède de savoir résister à telles fortunes. . . ." She continues: "Monseigneur, les ambassadeurs de Dennemarke sont arrivez à Anvers, et doibvent icy estre après demain . . ." (regret and trouble to my said lord and myself, as well as to all his company; but there is no protection against such misfortune. . . . Monseigneur, the ambassadors of Denmark have arrived at Antwerp, and should be here the day after to-morrow . . .).

This is our first intimation that a marriage was in

contemplation between King Christian II of Denmark and the Princess Isabelle, sister of Charles, and the ambassadors had come to negotiate the matter. Marguerite acknowledges the receipt of the portraits of her father and of her grandmother, Eléonore of Portugal. There is a frequent interchange of pictures between the father and daughter, and portraits of the children are frequently spoken of. Then Maximilian writes that he is coming to Brussels, and requests Marguerite to bring the young Princesses to meet him there, and he gives directions about his apartments in his house at Brussels, and that his grandson's room shall be near his.

Marguerite writes that she has a good "appoticaire . . . qui s'apelle la contesse de Hornes, ma cousine," who takes pains to supply her every year with delicious "confitures" which she makes with her own hands, and she has made so bold as to send a quantity of different kinds to the Emperor, which she begs that he will accept. The virtues and long services of this lady to his family merit recognition.

Maximilian writes from Oudenarde to invite his daughter to meet him at Sotenghien, as he wishes to sup with her. Soon after he writes to thank her for sending the Governor of Bresse to meet him, and also for her present of a lamb. He is sending three of his officers who are ill to Lille, that they may be cared for by her physician and the sooner return to the garrison. Another time Marguerite writes that she has a "caterre et mal de dens qui me destourbe" (cold and toothache which disturb me), but when she is better she will write to him with her own hand.

There are constant letters about appointments to various ecclesiastical offices, to posts in the Archduke's

household, with regard to his tutors, Louis Vacca and Adrian of Utrecht, and discussions about a property, a castle, or a canonry. Anne de Bretagne, Queen of France, writes to Marguerite to suggest that they should try to make peace between their two countries. It had always been the desire of her heart that her daughter Claude should marry Charles of Austria, but of that there seems no hope.

Marguerite writes to her father that the young Archduke has had a splendid reception, "une bonne et joyeuse entrée," into a city of which unfortunately the name is not given. He sends a very pleasant, courteous letter to his aunt, in which he apologises for his delay in going to her, but he will make great haste and find himself at Brussels the next day.

"Madame, je prye à tant nostre Seigneur vous avoir en Sa très sainte garde.

". . . Vostre humble filz et nepveur,

"CHARLES."

CHAPTER XII

1514, 1515

ROYAL MARRIAGES

Death of Anne de Bretagne—Royal Marriages of the Nieces of Marguerite—Isabella marries Christian II, King of Denmark—Marie betrothed to Louis of Hungary—Sigismund of Poland suggested for Eleonore

On the 9th of January, 1514, Anne de Brétagne, twice Queen of France, died suddenly at Blois. The name of this great lady must ever have recalled to Marguerite the story of her childhood and of the insult to her house when her marriage contract was broken, and she was sent home after ten years of exile, when her betrothed husband, King Charles VIII, took Anne for his bride with the coveted province of Brittany as her dowry.

This was ancient history now, twenty-one years ago, and we feel sure that Anne had long been forgiven for her share in the dishonourable deed, if indeed she had much voice in the matter, poor lady! For there is every reason to believe that she would have greatly preferred to keep her engagement with the manly, handsome Maximilian, rather than marry the weakly, unattractive lad Charles. Friendly letters passed between her and Marguerite; they occasionally interchanged painters and poets. Thus Jean Perreal (de

Paris), who was painter laureate and Court surgeon at the French Court, who has a Madonna in the Louvre and is famous for his "Bible Historiée" (now at Corpus College, Oxford), enters the service of Marguerite in 1504. Jehan Le Maire, the poet who was so devoted to the Austrian Princess, had previously written in honour of the Queen of France. On another occasion Anne writes to ask if a certain Fernande de Mécrane may receive some appointment in the household of the Archduke Charles.

Anne de Brétagne appears to have been a most estimable person, but not very interesting. She was not beautiful, and we are told that she had "une pied plus court que l'autre"; but Louis XII was always sincerely attached to her, and when she died he bid them leave room for him in her tomb, "car devant que soit l'an passé, je serai avec elle" (for before the year is out, I shall be with her). Anne was very pious and given to all good works. "Sa cour était une fort belle escole pour les Dames; car elle les faisait bien nourrir et sagement et toutes à son modelle se faisoient et se façonnant très sages et vertueuses."

The great desire of her life was the marriage of her eldest daughter Claude with Charles of Austria. This, as we have seen, was first settled by the Treaty of Trent, in October, 1501, and was confirmed again and again, until in 1507 negotiations were set on foot for the marriage of Charles with Mary of England. We are told that Anne was so great a matchmaker, that the Pope gave her a portable altar which was licensed to use for marriages at any time! Soon after her death the one marriage which she had always opposed was carried out by Louis XII: that of poor Claude with Francis,

the heir to the throne. It seems strange that Louis should have repeated, in the case of a loved daughter, the tragedy of his own forced marriage with the unfortunate Jeanne.

It is interesting to know that during this year there were rumours of an alliance between Louis XII and Marguerite. It was actually suggested by Ferdinand of Aragon, and the Vice-Admiral of France, who was taken prisoner at Guinegaste, spread the report in London. As Monsieur Le Glay remarks, this marriage would have been much more suitable than the one which really took place on the 9th October, 1514, with "la jeune étourdie" of eighteen, Mary Tudor, who had been so long promised to the young Archduke Charles. Still we have no doubt that Marguerite would have repeated the refusal which she gave to Henry VII, when she firmly declined to have anything more to do with marriage, "que par trois fois ils ont contractée d'elle, dont elle s'est mal trouvée" (three times they had made marriages for her, which had been unfortunate for her).

This seems to have been a great year for weddings, as on the 11th of June, Trinity Sunday, Isabelle of Austria was married at Brussels by proxy to Christian II, King of Denmark. We have a full and interesting account of the ceremony in a letter written by Marguerite to her father.

"Mon très redoubté seigneur et père, si très humblement que faire puis me recommande à vostre bonne grâce.

"Monseigneur . . ." after the arrival of the Danish ambassadors, which was on Wednesday last, they had their public audience, and visited monsieur

and mesdames, and gave the compliments of their King with all good words . . . and they made a special request that the solemnisation (of the marriage) should be on Trinity Sunday, the day when the King, their master, held the festival of his coronation. . . . Willing to please them and satisfy their desire . . . with the greatest honour possible, in such short time . . . between ten and eleven o'clock, before the great hall of this house, Monsieur de Cambray made the promise and espousals by words, as was suitable between the King of Denmark . . . and "madame Isabeau ma niepce, laquelle certes il faisoit bon veoir" (my niece, whom it certainly did one good to look at). When these promises had been made, they went to hear the high mass in this hall, and the ambassadors were seated as was suitable, he of Spain at the side of Monseigneur, to the content of all, but those of England were not there "a cause qu'on ne les sçavoit accorder." And when the evening came the supper was set out, and all sat down in right order, and after the supper there were dances and "tournoys" until very late, when they retired "et alla coucher la dame des noces et ledit procureur et ambassadeur espécial la chaulse couppée," as it is the custom to do between great princes. Thus all had been solemnly and duly accomplished, to the great content of the said ambassadors, who thanked me very much on their departure; and I believe that they will seek henceforth, as they have accomplished their mission, to hasten and expedite their return, in which your honour and that of this house will be preserved as much as possible. . . .

"Mon très redoubté seigneur, etc.

"Fait le XII de Juin XV^c^XIIII, à Bruxelles."

Poor little Princess Isabelle! She was born on August 15, 1501, so that at this time she was not quite thirteen years of age. We have a charming portrait of her by Mabuse, taken before her marriage. A sad fate indeed was hers, to be taken away from the loving care of her aunt Marguerite and the home where she had been so tenderly nurtured, to be sent into a far country as the wife of such a man as this King Christian, whose illicit love affair was notorious. Indeed, we find remonstrances made to him by the Chancellor of the Netherlands, Adrian of Utrecht, afterwards Pope. He had succeeded to his father's throne only the year before, but as Crown Prince he had fallen desperately in love with a certain Dyveke, the daughter of a Bergen innkeeper, a remarkable woman named Sigbrit. In later times he was so notorious for his cruelty that he was branded as "the Nero of the North." We have various allusions to him in after years, as when Maximilian writes: "La déplaisante et honteuse vie que tient vostre frère et beau-filz le roy de Danmarche avec une concubinne, au grand deul et desplaisir de nostre fille, vostre seur, sa compaigne, et blasme de tous ses parens." (The displeasing and shameful life of your brother and my son-in-law, the King of Denmark, with a concubine, to the great mourning and grief of our daughter, your sister, his companion, and the blame of all his kindred.)

But to return to that ill-omened wedding day at Brussels. One immediate result was that the young Archduke Charles, the bride's brother, in doing the honour of the occasion, danced too much and was taken ill with fever the next day. "Monseigneur s'est monstré bon frère et tout délibéré tant aux danses que accom-

Morelli, photo

CHRISTINA OF DENMARK
DAUGHTER OF ISABELLE DE BOURGOGNE

By Holbein

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paigner madite dame sa soeur jusques à la perfection d'icelles, et un peu plus peult estre que sa complexion ne portoit, est advenu que le lendemen desdites espousailles s'est trouvé invahy d'une fièvre. . . ." (Monseigneur showed himself such a good brother, and carried out everything, even to the dances in which he accompanied the said lady, his sister, to perfection . . . and a little more perhaps than his constitution could bear, for the day after the said espousals he found himself overtaken by a fever. . . .) There is great trouble and anxiety, as "the smallest illness is a most serious matter with so distinguished a Prince. . . ." But after another fortnight, Marguerite is able to write to her father, with the greatest thankfulness and satisfaction, that her precious nephew is quite convalescent. The doctors said that the continuance of the fever was caused by the "waning of the moon." "La lune s'est trouvé au deffault."

A large dowry had been promised with the Princess Isabelle, no less than two hundred and fifty thousand gulden, and it was arranged that on account of her youth she should remain in her home for another year. It was not until August, 1515, that Archbishop Eric Valkendorf was sent with a fleet to the Netherlands to fetch her, and the young Queen had a tempestuous voyage with her suite to the new kingdom of her adoption, where she was very popular for her gentleness and sweet temper. Through all the sad days of disappointment and sorrow before her, she played her part with loyal courage; remained constant and devoted to her husband in defeat and disaster, fled with him when he sought shelter in the Netherlands, and we shall hear of her again before her death of a broken heart

at the age of twenty-five, when she left the care of her children to the dear aunt whom she had always called her mother. A more pitiful fate can hardly be conceived than that which befell this cherished granddaughter of Maximilian.

The younger sister of Isabelle, the Princess Marie, who was born in September, 1505, was already betrothed to a child about her own age, Louis, son of Wladislav II, King of Hungary and Bohemia. To obtain Hungary had always been the desire of Maximilian's heart. He had fought for it in vain, and at last had made a compromise that if Wladislav had no male heirs the crown should come to him. But when a son, Louis, was born to the King of Hungary and his French wife, Anne de Candolle, in 1506, the Emperor resolved to secure the country by a double alliance: Louis should marry his granddaughter Marie, and her brother Ferdinand should have Anne of Hungary, sister of Louis, for his bride.

It was probably in order to make sure of this alliance that we find little Marie, at nine years old, sent during this year, 1514, to Hungary, apparently on a visit to the Court. We find various allusions to this journey in the letters of Marguerite, who never seems to enter very warmly into the project. If she thought of her own early experience of exile, she may have understood why one such object lesson on the broken faith of princes should be enough to satisfy her father, for in 1516 Marie is still under her care. However, she evidently takes thought for her little niece's dress on the occasion of her journey, and sends for her use a pattern of the "habillements dont les dames ont accoustumé user de pardiçà, par le gentilhomme

porteur de cestes, lequel vous declarera comment il s'en fault ayder. . . ." (clothes that ladies are accustomed to wear over yonder, by the gentleman bearer of this (letter), who will show you how it is to be made!).

Then she writes that all diligence shall be made about the going of Madame Marie, and how she is preparing all things, but she has a great difficulty in finding a suitable "chevalier et dame d'onneur." In April she writes again from Malines: "Touchant l'allée de madame Marie, tout est prest; et sans faulte nulle partira d'icy le second jour de may . . . et ira par Grave, ainsi que vous avez advisé." (Touching the going of Madame Marie, all is ready, and without fail she will start from here the 2nd of May, and will go by Grave, as you advised.) The Seigneur de Flagy and others are ordered for the service and safe-conduct of Madame Marie, and her aunt is evidently most anxious to have frequent news of her on this journey, as we learn from a letter of her general, Florent d'Egmond, written from Maestricht on the 5th of May. He has apparently been commissioned to watch over the safety of the young Princess.

"Ma très redoubtée dame, si très humblement me recommande à vostre bonne grace. Madame, madame Marie est ce soir arrivée ici en très bonne disposition, sans avoir eu aucun dangier par le chemin de sa personne ny autrement, demain tirerons oultre à Aiz (Aix-la-Chapelle).

"Alentour de ce quartier n'a esté ne est apparence d'aucun amaz ou assamblée de gens, pour povoir gréver au passaige de madite dame. . . ."

(Madame, Madame Marie arrived here this evening in very good disposition, without having met any

danger on the road to her person or otherwise; to-morrow we pass on from here to Aix-la-Chapelle.

In the neighbourhood of this quarter, there has not been, nor is there, the appearance of any gathering or assembly of people who might be able to hinder the passage of the said lady. . . .)

It is true that he has heard that the Duke of Guelders is somewhere in the neighbourhood, but so far all is well. The bearer of this letter has ruined his horse, by his great diligence to supply news of the journey, and Egmond begs his mistress to reward him with another horse and to recommend him well.

The Princess Marie appears to have reached Hungary without adventures, but she did not remain there, and her real marriage did not take place until seven years later, in 1521. The boy Louis came to the throne by the death of his father in March, 1516, and lost his life and his kingdom ten years later at the fatal battle of Mohács against Solyman the Magnificent, Sultan of Turkey, but of this we shall have occasion to speak later on. It is quite possible that Marie was the most robust in mind and body of the Austrian Princesses; we know how she was chosen by her brother Charles as Regent of the Netherlands after the death of her aunt Marguerite. There is an interesting allusion to her, many years later, in Roger Ascham's diary.

"At this town (Tongres) end, we met the Queen of Hungary posting from Augusta into Flanders, having a thirty in her company, for she had out-ridden the rest, passing that journey in thirteen days that a man can scarcely do in seventeen. She is a Virago; she is never so well as when she is flinging on horseback, and hunting all the night long."

The young Princesses of the House of Austria are spoken of as beautiful by admiring chroniclers, but probably the taste of the present day would be more difficult to please, as they all had the full projecting lower lip of the family.

There is a curious letter of the Emperor's, written some time later in 1516, when a rumour reaches him that the two marriages he had arranged for "noz très chières et très amées filles, dames Isabel et Marye," were not considered sufficiently honourable alliances. He points out with much earnestness that amongst reigning Princes unmarried, there were none greater or richer than the Kings of Hungary and Denmark, although the subjects of these kingdoms might be of "grosse ou rude nature." They are both handsome and virtuous personages of noble condition . . . so that our daughters will have dignity and honour, and spend their lives in this world "à grande joie, félicité et salut." Alas! if he could have foretold the future he would have seen a very different fate for them both. He goes on to say that he has not yet given the Princess Marie into the hands of the Hungarians, as she and Louis are of tender age, and that the father of Louis is "anchien et caducque, et que s'il alloit de vie en trespas avant la consommacion dudit mariage, lesdits Hongrois, qui sont assez muables, leussent peu répudier ou ailleurs maryer, selon leur plaisir, comme les François ont en partie fait de vous" (old and feeble, and that if he should pass from life to death before the consummation of the said marriage, the said Hungarians, who are pretty changeable, might have been able to repudiate her or marry her elsewhere, according to their pleasure, as the French partly did with you). He

then ends with high praise of the King of Hungary, who, being on the confines of the Turkish Empire, ever carries on war against the infidels for the protection of Christendom, for which there will ever remain to him "the treasure of glory and honour and eternal joy."

It was well for Maximilian that he did not live to see the fatal day of Mohács, and know that here also he had been a false prophet of good fortune.

Meantime, in this present year, 1514, Louis XII, worried by the ill-success of his past campaign, renewed the offer of his daughter Renée in marriage with Ferdinand, the younger grandson of Maximilian; the duchy of Milan to be a portion of her dowry. Marguerite still strongly advised her father to remain loyal to his alliance with England, but he vacillated too long, and raised suspicions in the mind of Henry VIII that he was being made a dupe of. He began to enter into secret negotiations with Louis XII by means of the French prisoners, and on August 7 there was made the astounding bargain that the widowed King of France, at the age of fifty-two, should marry Mary Tudor, the long-promised bride of the Archduke Charles, a high-spirited girl of eighteen. The Court painter, Jean de Paris, was sent to London to design an artistic trousseau for her and paint her portrait, and the marriage took place at Abbeville on October 9, 1514.

This new alliance disturbed the whole balance of power in Europe; but another and a greater change was at hand, for Louis XII altered all his habits to suit his young wife, "dining at noon instead of eight in the morning, and going to bed at midnight instead of

six o'clock," with the result that the poor King died on New Year's Day, 1515, leaving the young Francis, Count of Angoulême, to succeed him.

1515

The last dream of Lous XII had been to cross the Alps and once more conquer Northern Italy, now that he had definitely broken with the Emperor. He was making great preparations, when the summons came to that far country, where his men-at-arms and all the pomp and state of war would avail him nothing. His young widow, Mary of England, "cette jeune étourdie," retired to the formal seclusion of her darkened bed-chamber for six weeks,—the etiquette of queens,—and then came forth to marry the man of her choice, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, with the full connivance of the new King, Francis I. It was Wolsey who with much difficulty obtained the pardon of the rash young couple on their return to England.

There is an interesting letter from Marguerite to her father, written in March, in which she speaks of the embassy headed by the Duke of Suffolk which was to demand and bring back the young Dowager Queen to her native land. As for the ambassadors who are to make ready to go to England with the Bishop of Brixen, she had communicated with the Sieur de Chièvres, as principal of the finances and government of Monseigneur, and his reply was that the various personages were ready, but that the difficulty was the money to provide them suitably. Then Marguerite adds with a touch of regret that she can do no more for "maintenant je ne me mesle d'affaire quelconque" (now I will not meddle with affairs of any kind). There has

evidently been some greater trouble and anxiety than usual, for this decision seems to explain why after this date the letters between the father and daughter are much less frequent.

Francis I found his kingdom prepared for war and safe from alarm about England. This monarch of twenty-one was eager to lead his army to battle, and win glory on the plains of Italy. Against him were arrayed the Emperor, the King of Aragon, and the Swiss; the Pope was willing to make a compromise, while Venice alone was on his side to begin with. In August the main portion of the French troops crossed by a new way over the Col d'Argentière, and thus avoided the passes guarded by the Swiss, who were divided in their counsels, although they were determined to defend Milan.

In September, after several minor engagements, the French army had taken up a strong position to the south-east of Milan, near Marignano, with a well-fortified camp, and the ground on each side of the road was strengthened by canals for irrigation. The Swiss were headed by the men of the Forest Cantons, and it was late afternoon when they began their attack. Feeling secure of victory, they seem to have undervalued the strength of the enemy. This is how Maximilian tells the story, in a letter to his daughter, of the greatest battle of the whole war.

"INNSBRUCK, *le 7 Octobre.*

"Très chière et très amée fille, nous avons eu nouvelles. . . ." The Swiss left Milan to the number of about twenty thousand men on hearing of the French approach . . . and about four o'clock in the afternoon the fighting began, "plus par manière

d'escarmouche que de donner bataille; pour ce qu'il y avoit tant de focez (ditches) que les gens d'armes à cheval françois ne povaient secourir leurs piétons lanskenechts, et ont si longhement combatu que la nuyt les a surprins . . ." (more by way of skirmish than giving battle, for there were so many ditches that the French men-at-arms on horseback could not help the landsknecht foot soldiers, and fought so long that the night surprised them . . .); and all that night the Swiss and French remained on the field of battle doing nothing until the morrow, the 13th (of September), when they recommenced the said battle, which lasted three hours, after which combat there remained dead upon the field about three thousand "Landsknechte" and as many Swiss. . . . Amongst the Swiss there was division and mutiny, so that they retreated to Milan and "Komen" (Como?) . . . and two days later they returned to their own country.

The Emperor does not apparently realise the complete victory of the French, for he goes on to say that he is collecting a great number of men, and that it is his intention to enter Italy in person, and with the help of "les gens de nostre sainct Père le pape, de nostre frère le roy d'Aragon, et d'iceulx Suyches, donner la bataille auxdits François et Véniciens, et espérons de brief, moyennant l'ayde de Dieu, obtenir la victoire . . ." (the men of our Holy Father the Pope, of our brother the King of Aragon, and those Swiss, give battle to the said French and Venetians, and in short we hope, with the help of God, to obtain the victory).

The French King could make his own terms. The young Duke Maximilian Sforza gave up Milan and

Cremona, retired to France as a pensioner, and passes out of our story, although he lived in peaceful retirement until 1530. His younger brother Francesco, who had much more spirit and energy, retreated to the Tyrol, and bided his time there under the protection of Maximilian, with the title of Duke of Milan. Before the end of the year of Marignano, Pope Leo and King Francis I met at Bologna and made peace with each other, while England, Spain, and the Emperor, alarmed at the success of France, began to prepare another league against her.

Having a little leisure to turn his thoughts to other matters, Maximilian returns to his favourite pursuit of matchmaking. He reminds Marguerite of his remark that in order to find a husband for "madame Léonore," his eldest granddaughter, he was waiting for one of three Queens to pass "de vie en trépas." He now informs her that the Queen of Poland is dead, and it has been hinted to him that the widowed King is thinking of "madame Léonore," and he would like to know the young girl's opinion on the matter. If the application is made, the Emperor is quite willing to agree, and he proceeds to give a most seductive portrait of this Sigismund I, of Poland. ". . . Ledit roy de Polan est ung belle personage en pu grasselet; toutesfois ly ne sera jamès plus grass; ung visage et cors blank, et les mains fort blans, le grandeur du seigneur de Berges passé vingt ans, ung visage plus beau que de monsieur de Berges; car sa visage est cler et fort honeste. . . . Il est, cumme yl m'a dit de sa bouche, qui est belle et ruge, de l'eage de quarante six ans . . . en pu les cheveux gris desjà. . . ." (The said King of Poland is a handsome person, somewhat plump, anyhow he will

never be any fatter; a white face and body and his hands very white, the height of M. de Berges, at twenty years of age; a face handsomer than M. de Berges', for his face is open and honest. . . . He is, as he told me by his own mouth, which is beautiful and red, of the age of forty-six years . . . his hair is already a little grey. . . .) He could talk German and Latin, was much beloved, and had a great warlike kingdom, with a hundred thousand fighting men. . . .

It is interesting to know Maximilian's ideal of manly beauty, and we should much like to hear more about that "monsieur de Berges," who is thus given as a pattern by which to measure handsome men! From other accounts this King of Poland was a most accomplished Prince; but he was not for the Princess Léonore, as his choice fell upon Bona, the daughter of the exiled and unfortunate Isabel of Aragon, widow of Galeazzo Sforza of Milan. The remark that "madame Léonore" might have an opinion on the subject of her marriage is so unexpected, that we may possibly conclude she had a stronger will than her younger sisters.

There is a charming autograph note of Marguerite's, in which she tells her father that, in obedience to his desire, she has had a private talk with "madame ma nièce" (Léonore), to find out her wishes on the subject of marriage with the King of Poland. "Monseigneur . . . suis veneue parler à elle, comme de moymesmes, en lui disant les vertus et biautez de la personne dudit roy, avec la grandeur du réaume, et au surplus tout se qui se peut dire; laquelle, Monseigneur, m'a ouy, hécouté de bonne sorte et bien dousement avecq un peu de crainte et après plusieurs devises, je n'ay

peu tirer d'elle autres parolles que . . ." (Here the letter breaks off.)

We see the whole scene, and it is a very pretty picture. The great Regent of the Netherlands—the loving aunt whose romance is all in the past—gently approaches the subject of a suitor to this young girl of sixteen. As though from herself, she describes the virtues and beauty of the King of Poland, with the greatness of his kingdom and all else that can be said, while Léonore listens shyly and very gently, with a little timidity, and after several subtle devices, cannot be drawn to say other words than . . . We are left with only tantalising silence!

In the spring of this year, 1515, Maximilian had a great meeting of kings at Vienna, where he gave some of those splendid entertainments on which he prided himself so much. The King of Poland was his guest, and Wladislav II, King of Hungary and Bohemia, was there with his son Louis, who was married by proxy to the Princess Marie, while his sister Anna was betrothed to Ferdinand, the younger grandson of the Emperor. He thus made sure of those kingdoms for the House of Hapsburg, and in this way the original treaty of 1463 between the Emperor Frederick III and King Matthias was carried out.

CHAPTER XIII

1515, 1516, 1517

THE COMING OF CHARLES V

HE TAKES THE GOVERNMENT—MARGUERITE SET ASIDE—HER SPLENDID APPEAL—DEATH OF FERDINAND OF ARAGON—CHARLES IN SPAIN—CARDINAL XIMENES—ADRIAN OF UTRECHT—CHARLES CONCLUDES PEACE OF NOYON WITH FRANCIS I—QUEEN JUANA (LA LOCA) AND THE INFANTA CATALINA

THE most important event for Marguerite which occurred in the year 1515 was the "emancipation" of the young Archduke Charles. He was only fifteen at this time, but he had been so carefully trained and educated for his position that he was quite capable of holding his own. We see this in his first letter, written to the president and councillors of Flanders, in which he sends them notice of his emancipation, and gives orders that henceforth all affairs shall be carried on in his name.

"Très chiers et bien améz. Il a pleu à l'empereur mon seigneur et grant père nous émanciper et mectre hors de sa tutelle et mambournie (regency), remectant le gouvernement de noz pays et seigneuries de pardeçà en nos mains, et consentant que soyons receu et juré à la principaulté et seigneurie d'iceulx. . . ." (Very dear

and well beloved. It has pleased the Emperor my lord and grandfather to emancipate us and place us out of his guardianship and regency, placing the government of our country and lordships of "over here" in our hands, and consenting that we be received and sworn to the principality and lordship of the same. . . .) Therefore it is decent and reasonable that all things which concern our rights, greatness, lordship, and even the doing of justice and our other affairs, should be conducted henceforth in our name and under our title. For this cause we write to you; we require and command that all letters, acts, and other things which will be done and expedited towards you for our aforesaid affairs, shall be drawn up and despatched under our aforesaid name and title, placing at the end of the letters: Given under the seal which the Emperor, my lord and grandfather, and we have used during the time of our minority. . . . "Trèschiers et bien amés, nostre Seigneur soit garde de vous. Escript à Bruxelles, le viij^{e} jour de janvier XV^{c} xiiij." (Style of Cambrai, year beginning at Easter.) 1515, style of Rome. CHARLES."

The young Prince, in honour of his majority, received this year the Golden Rose from Pope Leo X, and by the command of Maximilian he gave the papal ambassador, who brought it to him, a sum of 700 livres, at "40 gros la livre."

During eight years Marguerite had ruled the Netherlands with sovereign authority, and she may have felt a little natural regret at the government being taken out of her hands. But that which chiefly troubled her was that Monsieur de Chièvres, who had always op-

posed her plans, was now, as the trusted counsellor of Charles, in a position to exclude her from the confidence of her nephew. She was at first excluded from the Council of State, and the Emperor's letters were not even shown to her. Rumours reached her that she was accused of personal avarice and of having been unsuccessful in her rule. This was a cruel blow, and she lost no time in drawing up a full account of her government and of all her accounts, with a list of the gifts and payments she had made out of her own private income. Her touching letter begins thus :—

"Bruxelles, 20 *août*, 1515.

"Monseigneur, puisque ainsi est que je congnois evidammant, après avoir eu assés longue pacience, que par divers moyens et enhortements l'on tâche vous donner souspeçons sur moy, qui suis vostre humble tante pour me retirer de vostre bonne grace en confidence, que seroit assés maulvaise recompense des services que vous ay faiz ça-devant, suis contraincte . . . de m'excuser. . . ." (Monseigneur, as I evidently perceive, after having had such long patience, that by divers means they try to give you suspicions of me, your humble aunt, to withdraw me from your good grace and confidence, which would indeed be a poor recompense for the services which I have rendered you aforetime, I am constrained to excuse myself. . . .) The whole "mémoire" is too long to quote in full, but it is extremely interesting, as the Regent tells the whole story of her government, and all the anxiety and trouble which she gladly endured that the lands and subjects of her dear nephew might suffer no loss. We hear of her long struggle with Messire Charles of

Guelders, who broke all treaties, and feared neither God nor man, until she cried in despair: "et ne sçay que y faire ou pourveoir, ny comment l'on doit vivre avec luy" (and I do not know what to do or provide about it, nor how one can live with him).

She describes the constant help in men and money which Duke Charles received from France, and the never-ending strain of her obtaining funds to oppose him from the reluctant states. Her own dowry and her private fortune were ever spent in the service of her nephew, and far from seeking war, as she was accused of, she never ceased to labour for peace. Her negotiations with England were crowned with success again and again, and indeed she was not to blame if his betrothal with the Princess Mary was broken off, for even at the last moment she sent her ambassador to London in the hope of preventing the marriage with Louis XII.

"Monseigneur," she continues, "je vous ay durant vostre mambournie (regency) servi bien et léalement y exposant ma personne et mes biens" (I have during your regency served you well and loyally, not sparing my person or my goods), and yet notwithstanding this loyal conduct on her part, the "emancipation" of Charles was kept a secret from her until it was accomplished. This she can scarcely forgive. She ends with a very full and particular account of the money received at various times from the states of Flanders—a most curious financial statement; and in an appendix we find interesting details of the various gifts which she gave from her own treasures, for the service of her government.

A note is made on the back of the original document

with the names of the councillors present when it was received, "et a esté respondu par Monseigneur et mons. le chancellier de sa part, qu'on tenoit Madame pour bien déschargée de toutes choses, avec autres belles et bonnes parolles et promesses." (It was replied by Monseigneur . . . that Madame was held discharged fully from all things—with other good and fine words and promises.) Thus honourable amends was made to the Princess in so far as it was possible; but the doubting word, the unjust suspicion, can never be completely blotted out. There may be this to urge in excuse for the young ruler, that, on first coming into possession of a great kingdom with the world at his feet, his boyish instinct was to assert at once his absolute independence of all petticoat government.

But wiser counsels soon prevailed. The Emperor wrote a most impressive letter to his grandson, pointing out all that his aunt Marguerite had done for him, expressing no doubt of the love and honour which he bore to her, and strongly advising him to consult her on all great and arduous affairs, as from her he could expect more comfort, good counsel and help than from any one else; for he was indeed her "heart, her hope, and her heir." Maximilian adds that he desires to have frequent news of the Princess and to write to her often, "comme celle qui par vrai sang et nature ayme nostre bien et honneur et le vostre, troiz par ensemble n'extimons estre que une mesme chose, correspondant à ung mesme désir et affection" (as she who by true blood, kindred, and nature loves our good and honour and yours, we three together who esteem ourselves to be but one thing, corresponding to one same desire and affection . . .).

He therefore desires that orders should be given to the "maistre de postes de pardelà" for all letters to be quickly and safely forwarded between them, without running any risk of their falling into other hands and being secretly read.

A copy of this letter was sent to Marguerite by her father, and it appears to have had the desired effect. When the young Prince made a triumphal progress through the Netherlands, he was accompanied by his aunt, the late Regent, and she shared with him the enthusiasm of his subjects. They were everywhere received with splendid entertainments and festivities, while one city vied with another in the magnificence of those "entrées joyeuses" ("blyde inkomste") in which the citizens have always taken so much pride and pleasure.

Before leaving the subject of the Regent's defence of her government and the generosity of her conduct, it may be interesting to give an extract from the "mémoire" she presented to her nephew Charles.

An extract from the memorandum of gifts and sacrifices made by Madame Marguerite d'Autriches during her regency

1. To the Duc de Juliers, who had accompanied her on her return to Germany, a great coupe de vermeil (silver-gilt), weighing sixteen marks, which had been given to her by the city of Antwerp.

2. To the "contrôleur" of Calais, who had come to her on an ambassy from the King of England, half a dozen cups, two jugs, and two flagons, all of silver, weighing together fifty-five marks.

3. To the English ambassadors, who had come to treat about the marriage between her and the late King Henry VII, and who were afterwards sent to take part in the Peace of Cambray, viz. to the Count of Surrey, a golden goblet which Madame had in daily use, weighing three hundred golden crowns; to Richard Wingfield, second ambassador, twenty yards ("aunes") of velvet, twenty yards of satin, and twenty yards of damask; to the third ambassador . . . twenty yards of velvet and twenty yards of damask; and to their herald, twenty yards of damask.

4. To Monseigneur the Legate at the Treaty of Cambray, by the advice of the council, a very beautiful golden cup ("coupe"), weighing nearly six hundred crowns, with a cover adorned with great pearls, forming five "trufles" (trefoils?) of five pearls each, and between each "trufle" a "table de balais (ruby) très fine," each of the five "tables" valued at more than three hundred and fifty golden florins. The foot of the cup had also five "trufles" of medium pearls and five other "tables de balais." In short, this cup, surmounted by a great and beautiful emerald, was valued at more than four thousand golden florins. The Cardinal d'Amboise found it so excellent and beautiful that he thought he ought to present it to King Louis XII.

5. To Monsieur l'Evêque de Paris, as an ecclesiastic, were given "de belles et riches Heures" (a prayer book), which had been bought from Maillardet for the sum of four hundred golden crowns. It was all decorated with gold, and on the two covers were two superb "tables" of diamonds, and to keep the place ("régistre") a great ruby "tout à jour" estimated at

more than a thousand florins, and to it were fastened twenty-five silken cords, each one finished with a pearl.

6. To the Comte de Carpi, two great rich flagons of silver which Madame had brought from Spain, each one weighing twenty-two marks, of beautiful workmanship.

To the heralds, ushers, and other members of the same French embassy, from four to five hundred gold crowns. "Le tout donné pour de mieux nourrir paix et amour entre France et cette maison, ainsi que les affaires de Monsieur le réquerroient." (All given in order the better to nourish peace and love between France and this house, as the affairs of Monsieur require it.)

Other ambassadors, officers, and gentlemen received various gifts and presents to the amount of five thousand florins.

Item. Madame has lent her money for the affairs of state . . . and has greatly reduced the expenses of her own household. . . . For three years, far from having a pension for her services, she spent her dowry as long as it lasted. It will be found that during her government, she never gave any gratification to one of her people from the finances of Monsieur.

This document, corrected in the margin by Marguerite's own hand, is found in duplicate in the archives of Lille (copied by the archivist Godefroy).

1516

By the untimely death of Philip I of Castile in 1506 a whole generation was passed over, so that when Ferdinand of Aragon died on January 23, 1516, his

grandson, Charles of Austria, succeeded to all his dominions, in point of fact, although poor Juana was still Queen of Castile in name. (She was not even told of her father's death, and continued to write letters to him afterwards.) To the broad lands of Burgundy and the Netherlands were now added the whole of Spain, the two Sicilies, the kingdoms of Naples and Navarre, and the vast mysterious New World discovered by Columbus.

Did the boy of sixteen realise his splendid position? If so, can we conceive the supreme joy which the contemplation of even one of the inferior maps of that day must have given to the possessor of so great a portion of the world's surface? A vast heritage indeed, and with the added weight of an empire, too heavy a burden to be borne by one man.

Already the government of these realms, so far apart and with such conflicting interests, was a serious anxiety. Adrian of Utrecht had been commissioned to act in Spain on behalf of Charles, his former pupil, but the great Cardinal Ximenes was in possession of supreme authority by the will of the dying Ferdinand, and the masterful old man would brook no rival. In May, 1516, he proclaimed Charles King of Castile, conjointly with his mother, and he took steps to quiet the discontent of the younger brother Ferdinand, the favourite of his Spanish grandfather, who would have left him everything had he dared, but in the end a pension of fifty thousand ducats was the boy's sole legacy, for the Grand Mastership of the Military Orders was left to Charles. Ximenes was dominant for a while, but he was constantly opposed by the Flemish statesmen, whose interest it was to make

alliance with France, and who had no sympathy with Spanish aims in Italy and Navarre.

Meantime there was the further complication that in the spring of this year, 1516, Maximilian had joined Spain and England in another league against France, and had invaded Italy with a mixed army, largely paid by English gold. On Easter Monday, March 24th, he advanced against Milan, where the French had retreated, and all his captains were unanimous in urging an assault on the city, but of a sudden the Emperor drew back and decided to retire. It was certainly through no lack of personal courage, although there were rumours of a strange warning dream and of threatened betrayal by the Swiss; but whatever the cause was, the imperial host retired, and the French swept everything before them in Northern Italy.

This vacillation of Maximilian was most injurious to his prestige, and henceforth he counts for little in Italy, although by the policy of Wolsey, the Swiss were still kept in pay, and peace with France was delayed until young King Charles, without consulting his grandfather, took it into his own hands and concluded with Francis I the Peace of Noyon in August, by which he settled the affairs of Navarre and engaged to marry the infant daughter of the French King. Whatever his private feelings may have been, there was nothing left for the Emperor to do but agree and ratify the truce, thus bringing his nine years' war with Venice to a most unsatisfactory end. In a characteristic letter, he tells Marguerite that he fears no good will come of it, and that there is no use trusting a people like the French, who have been full of "abusions,

dissimulacions et fictions" for the last hundred years, and who will continue to be so for the next hundred years.

Then he proceeds to explain at length that although these ancient and natural enemies of his have been so much to blame, yet he has a most fervent zeal and desire for universal peace, which will enable him to carry out the desire of his heart and set forth to war against the Infidels. . . . He ends his letter by alluding to a subject in which he is always greatly interested, the painting of a "porte d'honneur" in which he hopes his daughter will help him with her advice, "that it may be carried out in beautiful form, so that to all perpetuity it may remain for our and your perpetual glory." No failure or disappointment can long depress his ardent spirit, or make him forget his ruling passion, the glorification of his house.

In this indeed he had succeeded almost beyond his dreams of ambition, for if his own reign was drawing to its close amidst the shadows, that of his grandson Charles was opening like the rising sun with ever-increasing glory and splendour. There is a very interesting autograph letter written about this time.

Autograph letter from Maximilian to Margaret, in which he sends advice to the young King Charles, and begs his daughter to continue her help to him

"Ma bonne fylle, pensant jour et nuyt aux affaeres de mes hérytiers, me suis avisé, pour le bien principalement et honneur de mon fylz le roy Charles d'y escripre à mes deputés estant vers luy aulcune choses concernant le bien d'eux et leor subgés. Sachant que serés requise de

mondit filz de acomplir charge honorable, désiruns et vous requiruns que le complisés; en ce faisant vous nous faerés chose fort agréable et honneur à vous, cumme plus à plain entenderés par nos députés, Myssere André de Bourgo et Nycasy. Et à Diu.

"Escript de la main, le II jour de mars, de vostre bon et léal père, MAXI."

(My good daughter, thinking day and night about the affairs of my heirs, I have decided, chiefly for the good and honour of my son, King Charles, to write to my deputies who are with him certain things concerning their good and that of their subjects. Knowing that you will be required by my said son to accomplish an honourable charge, we desire and we require that you should accomplish it; in doing which you will do a thing very agreeable and honourable to yourself, as you will more clearly understand from our deputies, Messieurs André de Burgo and Nycasy. And to God.

Written on the 2nd of March by the hand of your good and loyal father, MAXI.)

1517

We have very few letters concerning Marguerite during the first years after her nephew took up the reins of government, and such as we find are mostly connected with various appointments. Thus Adrian of Utrecht writes on the 12th of July, 1516:—

"Madame le plus humblement. . . ."

"Madame, I thank you very humbly that it has pleased you to bear me in mind touching my promotion to the bishopric of Tortosa (in Catalonia). I pray God that He may give me grace and power to do you agree-

By permission of the Earl of Northbrook

CHARLES V, EMPEROR

By Bernard Van Orley

To face p. 240

able service, for which I shall never want either will or diligence.

"Madame, I should often have wished to write to you, had it not been that there are some who look upon all I do with evil eyes; I trust that God will sometime make it appear if I have done good or ill.

"Madame, I pray to God that He may give you the entire accomplishment of your very noble desires. . . .

"Vostre très humble serviteur,

"ADRIAN D'UTRECHT."

In a letter from Maximilian, a mysterious marriage project is spoken of for the Princess Eléonore. Then he wishes reclamations made to the Comte Guillaume de Furstenburg about places which he has taken. He requests that Chevalier de Loye should be set free. A certain Liénore de Bacbiane, Countess of Clavemia,* once employed in the household of the late Empress, is recommended for the service of Marguerite, and she is also asked to show kindness to Juana, the widowed Queen of Naples, and her daughter.

The Emperor has always found his daughter's intervention so valuable with the King of England, that she is asked to press him for the payment of ten thousand gold florins, promised. In this she is apparently successful, for the money arrives later.

But the all-absorbing interest of Marguerite's life is henceforth centred on the success and triumph of her beloved nephew Charles, and we can only follow with her his course from afar. It was not until the autumn of 1517 that the young Prince was at last persuaded by

* A lady of this name was in attendance on Queen Mary of England in later years.

the repeated appeals of Cardinal Ximenes to go to Spain, where his presence was sorely needed, for the country was in a state of half-repressed rebellion. The great Cardinal was most anxious to urge his policy upon the new monarch; but the Flemish statesmen, dreading his influence, so schemed as to prevent his meeting Charles. The great and wise ruler who had served the state so well was dismissed to his diocese with a few words of thanks; but he did not long survive his downfall, for his death in the following November is said to have been caused by grief and disappointment.

His honours were divided amongst the foreign followers of Charles; the Seigneur de Chièvres being appointed chief minister of the Crown, while Adrian of Utrecht soon became a cardinal. A silent, diffident youth, the new King seemed to be passive in the hands of his advisers, although from the first he aimed at nothing less than absolute power, and did but bide his time.

It was only seemly that Charles should lose no time before paying a visit to his mother in her palace prison at Tordesillas, and he went there accompanied by his sister Eléonore. In this pathetic interview, when, after twelve years of absence, her two eldest children were brought face to face with the hapless Juana, they met as strangers, and could only speak to each other through an interpreter, for at that time Charles knew no Spanish. The coldly punctilious, unimaginative boy would easily be persuaded that his mother was quite mad; for this haggard, neglected woman, chiefly accustomed to solitude and darkness, was indeed a strong contrast to the Flemish ladies he knew, such as his aunt Marguerite,

with her delicate distinction and stately dignity of dress and manner.

The young Prince appears to have taken a most friendly interest in his little sister Catalina, now ten years old, whom he had never seen before, for she was born after her father's death. We find him writing to her some months later, from Aranda on the Duero: "My illustrious Infanta, my very dear and beloved sister . . ." but he only wishes to impress upon her that she must follow the advice of the detested Marquess of Denia, her mother's keeper! However, we have a record that on August 10, 1518, Catalina received a mule "with trimmings," and a saddle of black velvet. Poor little girl! In her unutterably sad and gloomy life, she looks up to this great and powerful brother as her one hope, and writes to him in this strain:—

"Al muy alto e muy catt° e muy poderoso Señor el Rey mi Señor. . . . Besa las manos y los pies de V. Al . . . esta su humïlde servidora la ynfanta doña

"CATALINA."

(To the very high and very Catholic and very powerful Lord and King. . . . I kiss the hands and the feet of V. Al . . . and am your humble servant,

THE INFANTA.)

Catalina writes on October 12 from Tordesillas, saying how edified she has been by the preaching of Fray Antonio de Villegas. . . . On August 19, 1521, the Infanta has, by some means, a chance of sending a private letter to the Emperor, and she takes advantage of it to pour out her complaints. She says that she always has to write what the Marquess of Denia and his wife desire, as they will not let her do otherwise.

She appeals to Charles, as he is in the place of a father to her . . . she does not wish to change her confessor. "The servants of Madame take everything from me; they use it and spoil it, so that I have nothing of my own, and nothing lasts me." They watch and search her . . . and she hints at other matters more important than dresses.

The girl pitifully implores Charles "for the love of God to provide that if the Queen wishes to walk for her recreation in the corridor on the river, or on the other side, or if she wishes to go to her large room, she should not be prevented from doing so."*

As an example of the absolute control which the Marquess of Denia exercised over the young Princess, we learn that, when the rebellious Comuneros were approaching the city in 1520, he made her write to the leader, Padilla, saying that "the Queen Juana was ill and wanted repose, and would be very angry if they should march to Tordesillas against her wish."

In point of fact, this letter was valuable evidence in her favour, when Catalina had to defend herself to her brother later on, being accused of favouring the rebels.

From Tordesillas Charles hastened to Valladolid, where he made a triumphal entry in November, 1517. Here the Castilian Cortes assembled a few months later and took a high hand with this young foreigner, who aspired to be their King. They even addressed him as "our hireling." They made him swear to observe their liberties before they would take the oath of allegiance, and amongst various other demands insisted that he should promise to learn Spanish before they would grant the usual supply.

* Bergenroth, *Calendar of Spanish Papers.*

The Cortes of Aragon proved even more stubborn; they contested that Juana was their Queen, and only with much difficulty were induced to acknowledge Charles in conjunction with her. He waited eight months, and had to yield everything, before the Cortes would grant him a sum of money, which was not enough to pay his current expenses.

1518

Marguerite watched her nephew's career with tender interest and sympathy. At the beginning of 1815 she writes to Maximilian :—

"Monseigneur, je receuz hier lettres du roy mon seigneur et neveur, qui se porte très bien et se conduit si très heureusement qu'il y a honneur et prouffit, et est, comme j'entens, délibérant environ le mois d'avril despeschier son frère pour venir par deça; ce que bien je désire. Et sur ce mon très redoubté seigneur et père, je prie à Dieu vous donner bonne vie et longue."

(Monseigneur, I received yesterday letters from the King my lord and nephew, who is very well, and behaves himself with such happy success that it is to his great honour and profit, and he is, as I understand, thinking of sending his brother over from yonder about the month of April, which I desire very much. And on this, my deeply respected lord and father, I pray God to give you a good life and a long one.)

The eldest sister of Charles V, Eléonore, was married in 1518 to Emanuel, King of Portugal, who had already married first Isabel, and then Maria who died in 1517, daughters of Ferdinand and Isabel. We are told that the Duke of Alva, taking hold of a golden chain on the arm of the Princess, gave her over to the

charge of the Duke of Braganza, and she then went on to meet King Emanuel at Crato, where the marriage ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Lisbon. Her cousins, Isabel and Beatrice, the daughters of Emanuel, "met and embraced her with tenderness." Her brother, Charles V, married this Isabel in 1526.

CHAPTER XIV

1518, 1519

MARGUERITE ONCE MORE REGENT OF THE NETHERLANDS —DIET OF AUGSBURG—ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MAXIMILIAN—WAR WITH CHARLES OF GUELDERS—CONTEST FOR THE EMPIRE; ELECTION OF CHARLES V

MEANTIME the fiat had gone forth, and the days of the Emperor Maximilian were numbered. He was aware of it himself, for he had always prided himself on his medical knowledge, and he understood the signs of breaking down in his marvellous constitution. He could face death with courage, as had ever been his wont; but to the end a dreamer still, his heart was set on the accomplishment of two great aims. The first was his passionate desire that his grandson Charles should succeed him in the empire. The second, his lifelong hope of arming Europe to fight under his banner against the Turk, that common foe of Christendom.

Both these objects found their expression during the "Reichstag," which opened at Ausburg in 1518. There was High Mass in the cathedral, where the papal legate presented a cardinal's hat to the Archbishop of Mainz, while the Emperor received with splendid ceremony the consecrated pilgrimage tokens of a hat and

a dagger, and an exhortation from the Pope to conquer Constantinople and Jerusalem, and bring the whole earth under the sway of the empire and the Church. But Maximilian never went forth to that distant crusade, as a farther journey awaited him, even beyond the confines of that world which he had hoped to conquer. The Reichstag was required to vote a tax of a tenth for the clergy, and a twentieth for the laity, while every fifty households were to supply one armed man to fight the Infidel.

It will be remembered that this was the famous Diet of Augsburg, where Martin Luther was summoned to appear before the Cardinal-legate to answer for his attack on the system of indulgences. The assembly was over when the monk arrived, and he was kept long waiting; no real discussion was allowed, and Luther was told that he must either recant or depart. He departed, and Maximilian, who never saw him, wrote to the Pope a warning to be cautious how he dealt with this Luther. There was a spirit of revolt in the air, a growing restlessness which showed itself in the sullen refusal to agree to the papal demands. There was more than a whisper that the Turkish tenth would be put to baser uses for the luxurious and evil-minded spiritual lords.

Luther had retired to Wittenberg and written an account of the interview with the legate, which all Germany read, and he expected to be excommunicated at once. But at that moment the situation was too delicate for the Pope to venture upon strong measures. The rebellious monk was in high esteem with the Elector of Saxony, whose support was of the utmost importance in the choice of the new King of the

Romans; and to gain over the Elector Frederick, Leo X sent him the Golden Rose.

This election was the great political question of the day, and at the Diet of Augsburg, Maximilian obtained the promises of the Electors of Mainz, Cologne, the Palatinate, Brandenburg, and Bohemia for his grandson. The only argument of any value with these nobles was bribery, and the Emperor had never more richly deserved his nickname in Italy of "pochi danari"; he had no money, and all the immense amounts promised, would have to be raised by Charles on his resources in Spain, where he had a constant struggle to hold his own with the various Cortes.

It was at this period, on the 18th of August, 1518, at Zaragosa, that the young King made full amends to his aunt Marguerite for his passing slight, by an edict in which he restored to her the care of the Great Seal, the right to sign all acts, and the appointment of all offices; in short, he made her once more Governor of the Netherlands. The preamble of this deed deserves to be quoted. ". . . We make known the great and singular love, affection, and confidence that we have and bear to the person of our very dear lady and aunt, the Archduchess Dowager of Savoy . . . and knowing by true experience the great care and solicitude which she has taken and daily takes for the management and conduct of our affairs in our Low Countries, as much during the time of our minority and youth as since, and even since we have been absent from our said country, without having spared her person or her own goods; we to this same lady our aunt, moved by these causes and others, also that she may be so much the more esteemed and authorised, and

have better courage and occasion to continue the care of our said affairs as she has done hitherto. . . ."

This edict was further confirmed by letters patent to the Council in October, in which these words occur: "Chièrs et féaulx. . . . En mectant en la signature ces motz: *Par le Roy. Marguerite;* qu'elle aura la garde du signet de noz finances, et qu'elle seule pourverra et disposera des offices de noz pays de par decà. . . ." (Placing in the signature these words . . . that she will have charge of the seal of our finances, and she alone will provide and dispose of the offices of our country "over here.")

This wise and dutiful decision of Charles gave the greatest satisfaction to his grandfather, which is expressed in one of the last letters he ever wrote to Marguerite.

"Très chière et très amée fille, nous avons receu voz lettres du XXV^{e} d'octobre, et par icelles entendu l'honneur et auctorité que nostre bon filz le roy catholique vous a puis nagueres fait et baillé, dont sommes très joyeulx et avons bon espoir que vous acquiterez tellement au bien, adresse et conduicte de ses affaires, qu'il aura cause non seullement s'en contenter, mais augmentera vostredite auctorité de plus en plus, comme vostre bon nepveur. En quoy faisant, ne nous sauroit faire chose plus agréable. Ce scet Dieu qu'il, très chière et très amée fille, soit garde de vous.

"Escript en nostre ville de Wels, le XII^{e} jour de décembre, l'an XV^{c}XVIII. Vostre bon père,

"Maxi."

(Very dear and very beloved daughter, we have received your letters of the 25th of October, and by

them we understand the honour and authority that our good son the Catholic King has recently made and bestowed on you, of which we are very joyful, and have good hope that you will so acquit yourself to the good, the guiding, and the conduct of his affairs, that he will have cause not only to be content, but will also increase your authority more and more, as your good nephew. In which doing he could do nothing more pleasing to us. So God knows, and may He, my very dear and much loved daughter, have you in His keeping.

Written in our town of Wels, 12 December, 1518.
Your good father, MAXI.)

This letter is most interesting as being written by a dying man, who, with splendid courage and self-control, put aside all thought or mention of his own condition to rejoice in the well-deserved recognition of his faithful daughter's services.

The Emperor had remained at Augsburg until the end of September and, notwithstanding his failing health, he had played his part manfully in the dances, banquets, and great entertainments of the Reichstag. He had always been most popular amongst women of every class, and was the life of every company in which he found himself. He left Augsburg with sad forebodings, and made his way to the Tyrol with a lingering hope that he might find a panacea in his beloved hunting. At Innsbruck he was not well received, for his Court was deeply in debt there, and with a heavy heart the sick man travelled on by litter and boat for many weary days, until he reached his favourite hunting castle of Wels, in Upper Austria. Here he grew worse, and it was soon plain that his end was near.

Nothing in the life of Maximilian became him better than his leaving it. He made his will, with the most curious and minute directions about his burial and his splendid tomb. He received the rites of the Church with an untroubled mind, for he and his conscience had always, throughout his eventful career, been on the best of terms. His eager interest in literature and art —as adding to the glory of the House of Hapsburg— survived to the end and cheered his last hours. He had asked Marguerite to have a portrait painted of his younger grandson Ferdinand, who was now in the Netherlands, and this had recently been sent to him. To soothe the weariness of sleepless nights, the dying Emperor asked for the history of his ancestors and the legends of saints who were akin to him, to be read aloud.

His kindness and courtesy never failed him; when the penitential psalms were sung by his death-bed, he made a sign with his hand for the clergy to be seated. He was always devoted to music, and the singing in his Court chapel was famous. He passed away before the dawn with a smile on his face, and his last wish was that his heart might be buried in the city of Bruges, with the beloved wife of his youth, Marie of Burgundy, "sa réalle épouse."

At his death on the 12th of January, 1519, Maximilian was only fifty-nine years of age, and yet he was the oldest monarch in Europe. Of a genial, kind-hearted, generous nature, he had many friends and scarcely a personal enemy. So eager and volatile was his mind that he was always full of fresh schemes, and before one was accomplished it was too often forsaken for a new one. The contrast was great between his

projects and achievements, and yet with all his varying success in war and politics, he gained the one steadfast aim of his life—the splendid greatness and dominion of his House. He may have been vain-glorious and boastful, but he was certainly a man of rare gifts and accomplishments; and as a patron of art he was fortunate to meet with an engraver like Burgkmaier and a sculptor such as Peter Vischer, while Holbein and Albrecht Dürer have carried down his fame to posterity.

He encouraged the New Learning in Germany, reorganised the University of Vienna, and numbered poets, historians, and other men of letters amongst his friends, and his influence had no small share in the national revival of learning and scholarship. But indeed the whole subject of Maximilian's life and work is too vast to be dismissed with a few words, and would require a volume to itself.

The story is told that one day a courtier of Louis XII, who wished to please his master by disparaging Maximilian, remarked that after all this Emperor was only an alderman of the city of Augsburg. "Yes," replied the King, "but every time that this alderman rings the tocsin from his belfry, he makes all France tremble."

No one felt his loss more bitterly than his loving and loyal daughter Marguerite. We have seen throughout their long correspondence, how close and intimate were their mutual interest and sympathy, and the Princess is now left alone to carry on, with passionate enthusiasm, their joint task of service and devotion to the young King, Charles V.

Amongst the letters of condolence which she received

(and preserved like those of her father with a care for which we cannot be too grateful to her) there is a very interesting expression of love and sympathy from Anne of Hungary, betrothed to young Ferdinand, and his sister Marie aged fourteen, affianced wife of Louis of Hungary.

"INNSBRUCK, *le 22 Janvier*, 1519.

"Serenissima princeps et domina ac mater nostra amantissima, salutem et filialis amoris atque omnis foelicitatis continuum incrementum nostrique precipuam commendationem. Quo in moerore quantasque inter angustias nos ambe, in tenera hac aetate constitute, ex lachrimabili atque acerbissimo casu mortis domini olim Maximiliani, Augusti, communis nostri domini et genitoris colendissimi comprehendamur, pre lachrimis atque incredibili dolore animi impedite, explicare non possumus. Sed quod immortali Deo placuit, id nobis miseris mortalibus non displicere debere, sed omnimodam nostram spem in Domino collocandam censuimus. Cujus sacrosanctam Majestatem pro salute piissime illius anime continuis precibus defatigamus, atque ut serenissimum sponsum et fratrem nostrum, charissimum regem Ferdinandum incolumem ad nos cito perducat. Cujus jucundissima conversatione, tanto ac tam immoderato dolori nostro, lenimentum aliquod accedere posse speramus. Que omnia serenitati vestre tamquam domine nostre suavissime significanda existimavimus, eandem plurimum obsecrantes velit eadem vota nostra suis auspitiis prosequi atque coadjuvare, quo dictus dominus sponsus et frater noster foelices ejus gressus ad nos dirigere festinet; cui pariter et Serenitati Vestre nos etiam atque etiam commendamus et quam Summus Rerum

Opifex foelicissimam in perpetuum conservet. Date Inspruck vigesima secunda die januarii, anno domini V° decimo nono. E. S. V.

"Dedite filie. Anna regina, manu propria, Maria regina, manu propria."

(Most illustrious Princess and lady and our well-beloved mother, we greet you with our filial love, and pray for the continued increase of all felicity. In what grief and in what straits we both are bound in this our tender age, owing to the sad and bitter misfortune of the death of our late lord Maximilian, Augustus, our lord and noble father, we are unable to set forth through the hindrance of our tears and our grief of mind, which passes all belief. But that which was the will of immortal God should not, we think, displease us miserable mortals, rather should we place all our hope in the Lord, whose sacrosanct Majesty we dutifully weary with continual prayers for the safety of our father's soul, and that He will bring quickly to us in safety our most illustrious bridegroom brother, the most renowned King Ferdinand, from whose sweet conversation in this our great and so immeasurable grief we hope that we may win some alleviation. All these things we have thought it our duty to point out to Your Highness, who is our most sweet lady, beseeching her with all our souls that she will vouchsafe to help and aid our prayers that our lord and bridegroom may be informed and may hasten to turn to us his footsteps to our joy; to whom and to Your Highness we again and again commend ourselves, and pray that the Great Architect of the universe may preserve Your Highness in all blessings for ever. Given at Innsbruck in the 22nd day of January, 1519 (style of Rome).

Given by the daughters, Anna the Queen by her own hand, Maria the Queen by her own hand.)

We wonder how far any learned secretary supervised this most charming and appropriate letter of the two young Princesses?

Amongst the writings of Marguerite there is a touching lament in verse for her father's death, whom she describes as "that very noble Emperor to whom none may be compared in goodness."

* LA COMPLAINTE QUE FIT LA FILLE UNIQUE DE MAXIMILIAN, EMPFREUR, DEPUIS SON DOLEREUX TRÈSPAS

S'il fust possible, o roy celestial
Tes faiz reprendre sans péchez ne sans mal
Ma bouche est preste et mon deul s'i consent,
Comme sa fille unicque et seul enfant.
Mais nul ne doibt murmurer contre toy
Si n'a perdu l'éspérance et la foy,
Dont Dieu me gard et me doint pacience
Telle ou semblable que hus dès mon enfance!
O Attropos! nul ne se peult deffendre
De ton fier dart, dont tu as mis en cendre
Les quatre princes que au monde aymoye mieux.
Murdry les as trestous devant mes ieulx;

---

* THIS IS THE COMPLAINT OF THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF MAXIMILIAN AFTER HIS SAD DEATH

If it were possible, Celestial King,
For me to blame Thy deeds and sinless be,
My mouth is ready and my grief consents,
As his sole daughter and his only child.
But none may dare to murmur against Thee
Till he have lost alike all hope and faith,
From which God guard me and His patience give,
As from my childhood He was ever wont.
O Atropos! From thee is no defence,
With thy fell dart to ashes hast consumed
The four great Princes whom I loved the best.
Yea, thou hast murdered them before mine eyes.

By permission of M. Charles Leon Cardon

MARIE DE BOURGOGNE, QUEEN OF HUNGARY

By Jean Gossaert (Mabuse)

To face p. 256

MARGUERITE AGAIN REGENT

Les deux premiers si furent mes maris,
Dont maintes gens eurent les cueurs marris,
Prince d'Espaigne et le duc de Savoie
Que plus bel homme au monde ne sçavoye.
Encoires plus pour grever mon oultrage
Les prins tous deux en la fleur de leur eaige,
Car à dix et neuf ans le prince trespassa,
Et la mort malheureuse son josne cueur persa.
Au beau duc de Savoye bien lui fiz de tes tours,
Car à vingt et trois ans lui fiz finir ses jours.
Et le troisième, mon seul frère estoit
Roi des Hespaignes et de Naples à bon droit.
Las ! tu l'as mis en semblable erroy,
Car tu n'espargnes prince, ne duc, ne roy.
Pour le quatrième, ô Mort trop oultrageuse !
Tu as estain la fleur chevalereuse
Et as vaincu celluy qui fust vainqueur
Maximilian, ce très noble empereur,
Qui en bonté à nul ne se compère.
C'estoy Cesar, mon seul seigneur et père ;
Mais tu l'as mis en trop piteux estat,
Sepulturé au chasteau Nieustat.

Two noble husbands were the first to pass,
Whom mighty nations mourned with sorrowing heart.
The Prince of Spain, the Duke of fair Savoy,
Than whom the world has seen no goodlier man.
Still thine outrage might more deadly be,
Both Princes in the flower of their age
Were taken from me—one was scarce nineteen
When death remorseless pierced his youthful heart.
Then Savoy's Duke thou didst conspire to slay,
At three-and-twenty all his days were told.
My only brother was the third to die,
King of the Spanish realms and Naples' Lord.
Alas ! To smite him with so cruel a blow ;
Thou sparest neither Prince nor Duke nor King.
While for the fourth, O most outrageous Death !
Thou hast put out the flower of chivalry
And vanquished him who first had conquered all,
Great Maximilian, Emperor most high,
To whom in goodness none may be compared.
Cæsar ! my father and my only lord ;
But thou hast left him in too sad estate,
Entombed within his Castle Nieustadt.

O Majesté sacrée, impériale !
Si en moi a quelque amour filiale,
Que ne se fent et crieve mon las cueur
Sans tant souffrir de paine et de maleur !
Car oncques à dame qui fut dessus la terre
Les infortunes ne firent tant de guerre
Qui font à moi triste infortunée.
Trop fort m'est ma dure destinée,
O créateur de toute créature !
Veuilliés garder la noble géniture
Et moy dolant qui ceste plainte faiz,
Car longuement ne puis porter le faiz,
Si ta bonté et clémence infinie
Ne me préserve la reste de ma vie !
Je t'en supplie du parfond de mon cueur,
Aussi te prie mon Dieu rédempteur
L'âme loger au ciel célestial.
De lui qui fust chà bas impérial,
N'ya qu'à jamais sa bonne rénommée
Ne soit estaincte ne rien anichillée,
Mais qu'après mort par fame puisse vivre,
Et ses enffans ses grands vertus ensuyvre !

O sacred majesty, imperial lord!
If in me there be any filial love,
Why doth my heart not break and rend in twain
No more to suffer pain and evil fate!
Did ever lady on this earth of ours
Of such misfortunes meet the fierce onslaught
As I have borne, ah me! unfortunate.
Too heavy for endurance is my fate.
Of every creature, Thou Creator, Lord,
I pray Thee guard my noble house and race
And me forlorn, who thus laments to Thee;
For I no longer can the burden bear
If Thy great clemency and goodness infinite
Preserve me not the rest of all my life!
I pray Thee from the bottom of my heart,
My God and my Redeemer, that the soul
Of him who was imperial here below
May find a place near Thy celestial throne;
And that his fair fame never more grow dim
Nor be extinguished, nor by ought made less,
But after death in high renown may live,
And his great virtues in his children shine.

Maximilian had died in confident hope of his grandson's succession to the Empire, yet this was by no means a certainty, although the enormous sum of nearly six thousand gulden had already been spent or promised in bribes to secure it. The whole contest began over again, for Francis I, the rival candidate, was once more in the field, and with his greater wealth and the support of the Pope, he seemed at first to have the advantage. There were troubles both in Austria and in Spain; it was even suggested that the young Ferdinand might have a better chance, but Charles was like adamant, and never wavered in his purpose; he held that the imperial crown was his by right of inheritance. He was splendidly supported by his aunt Marguerite, and a study of her accounts and correspondence at this time is an object lesson. There is nothing more curious in history than the extraordinary readiness of everybody, great and small, Cardinal and valet, to receive bribes in the shape of presents, gratifications, pensions, salaries, marriage alliances, nay even the Golden Rose itself.

The Archbishops of Cologne, of Mainz, and of Trèves received for themselves and their suite nearly five thousand gold florins. Five hundred florins is put down for the nephew of the Archbishop of Trèves; a hundred florins for the valet de chambre of the Cardinal of Mainz. The brother of the Elector of Cologne was supposed to have more influence than the Elector himself, and he receives a present of two thousand florins.

Fortunately for Charles, those great bankers, the Fuggers, generously came forward to his support with a loan of five hundred thousand florins, and this was most

opportune, as the Electors preferred Augsburg bills, which the King of France was unable to negotiate. It would be too long to follow out the whole story of intrigue, and appeals to popular feeling, but the following letter from Charles to the Archduchess gives some idea of the plan of campaign.

"Barcelona, *February* 22, 1519.

"'Madame ma bonne tante et très chiers et féaulx,' we have received your letters . . . as well as copies of letters written to you from Germany, England, and elsewhere, by which letters we recognise the great care, duty, and diligence given to all our affairs, and especially to those of Germany, and we praise the good despatches that you have sent to the Princes, Electors, and others, and the sending of ambassadors to Germany, England, and Rome; thanking also God our Creator that our affairs are in such good train everywhere, and that you make such excellent provision on your side, as we do on ours, without sparing anything; and we do not cease continually to write to Rome, England, Germany, and elsewhere wherever there is need and necessity; as for such an affair so great, we do not wish this time to omit anything. We recommend you ever to persevere in your good diligence, according to the confidence which we have in you.

"It seems to us that the Lord of Zevemberghe (Maximilian de Berghes, who was at that time receiving two thousand golden 'phillipes' every three months) and our other counsellors have advised us very prudently about sending . . . to the Marquess Joachim and from thence to the Duke Frederick of Saxony. We hope that the two good letters which we have formerly written

with our own hand to the Count Palatine Frederick will incline him and his brother to persevere in the promise which they have made to us. (This probably referred to the suggestion that the nephew of the Elector of Saxony should marry his young sister, Catalina, as the price of his influence.)

"We also hold that the Count of Nassau . . . in going to the Archbishop of Cologne, will do some good with him.

"We also desire that you should approach Franz von Sickingen (the great German *condottiere*), if you have not done so already, to engage him in our service, and arrange his payment with him, as we have already written to you. (Sickingen and the Swabian League were engaged for three months, and received one hundred and seventy-one thousand florins.)

"We are about to reply to the Lord of Zevemberghe . . . and give him new powers and instruction . . . to send to the Swiss and renew and confirm their alliances with the Houses of Austria and Burgundy. . . .

"We are writing also the Cardinal of Gurce (Matthæus Lang, secretary and confidential adviser of Maximilian) . . . that if they see that it is for our profit . . . they are to take Franz von Sickingen with six hundred horsemen for a month or two . . . and pay them with the money . . . taken to raise four thousand foot soldiers to go to Naples.

"By the letters which we have written to the King of England, and that which his ambassador has told us, we have heard the good affection which he bears to us and the advancing of our election, and that he has written affectionately to our Holy Father the Pope to favour it, and to give charge to the Cardinal of Sion

to do his part on the day of the election, all that is possible for us, and in the hope that our aforesaid Holy Father will thus charge the Cardinal of Sion, and the confidence which we have that he will serve us in this affair, we have given orders to Fugger and to Villinger, to pay the said Cardinal a thousand gold florins to help his expenses.

"And to thank the King of England, we are presently writing him gracious letters and also to the Cardinal of York, and likewise to our ambassador 'maître Jean Jonglet,' that you may see our letters sent open to you, which you will forward, closed, with all diligence. . . ."

This letter is extremely interesting, as showing the full confidence which her nephew reposed in Marguerite, and which she so well deserved. In the end the Pope withdrew his opposition, the popular voice of Germany was in favour of the grandson of Maximilian, and at a cost of eight hundred and fifty thousand florins Charles was elected at Frankfort on June 28, 1519, "King of the Romans," his formal title, until the papal coronation gave him the right to be called "Romanorum Imperator."

We may wonder that Charles, who already possessed so many real crowns and dignities, of Austria, Spain, and Navarre, the Netherlands, and many more, should have been eager to pour out treasure and energy for the sake of joining to them the empty crown of empire, which added nothing to his actual possessions and much to his obligations. But the position of Suzerain Lord still made the Emperor "the first of earthly potentates in dignity and rank." The words of Pope Pius II with regard to the Emperor Frederick—when, chased from his capital by the Hungarians, he wandered

through the land an imperial beggar—bear striking testimony to this belief in the divine majesty of empire. "His power is eternal, all Christendom is of right subject to him. . . . No laws can judge him, none may presume to arraign the conduct or question the motives of him who is answerable only to God."

The other side of the picture is presented to us by the remark of Granvelle, the minister of Charles V, at the Diet of Speier: "The Emperor has for the support of his dignity, not a hazel-nut's worth of profit from the Empire."*

Meantime Charles was still in Spain, where the news of his election alarmed the Cortes, who feared that their country would sink into a mere province of the Empire, and they did their utmost to prevent his departure. During this year, 1519, Marguerite had no sinecure as Governor of the Netherlands, for the four years' truce with Charles of Guelders was at an end, and there was an immense amount of trouble and correspondence on the subject of its renewal. Trouble began early in January, when the Regent receives complaints that certain men-at-arms belonging to Guelderland were taken red-handed as they were attacking burghers and merchants on the high road, following their business, and these men had also been guilty of stealing provisions of the realm, and pillaging and burning the town of Medemblyck, during the truce . . . they had justly suffered the penalty of death. Whereupon the men of Guelders had made reprisals in taking by force certain subjects of the King, whom they threatened to kill. This letter had scarcely been written when the Baron of Rogendorf,

* Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire.*

Governor of Friesland, has to send more bad news, for he has heard that the town of Steenwyck, within the confines of Utrecht, has been attacked, and also that Duke Charles has just married the daughter of the Duke of Luneburg, and that great preparations are made to take the wedding party, with several princes and five hundred horsemen, to Zutphen. . . . "And you may imagine what will happen," is the grim comment.

It is evidently necessary to defend the frontiers, and Marguerite also negotiates an alliance with the Dukes of Juliers and of Cleves. She is very anxious to prolong the truce with the Duke of Guelders for another six months, and for this purpose a meeting of ambassadors is appointed at Utrecht. But they cannot agree about the giving back of places taken during the truce, and finally, when the Duke of Guelders draws back, it is attributed to the influence of the King of France. Thereupon Marguerite loses no time before writing to the Chancellor of the Golden Fleece, who is ambassador at the Court of Francis I; and the King at once desires his Commissary, Philippe de la Guyche, to induce Duke Charles to assent to the truce being prolonged for six months, under pain of his displeasure. The only result appears to be an armistice for ten days, and the Regent receives the most alarming letters from her generals as to the unprotected state of Holland especially, where there are neither men, nor boats, nor ammunition, while rumour says that Charles of Guelders is marching on Ylst and Harlingen with a great army, partly recruited with the troops returning from Denmark and Sweden.

We see throughout the whole of this correspondence

—fifty or more letters on the subject—how very anxious the Regent is to keep peace if possible, while at the same time she cannot consent to the sacrifices required by Duke Charles. One of her counsellors writes to her:—

"Madame, I know that if we have war we are destroyed and ruined. On the other side, if you yield to the men of Guelders what they demand, that to which they have no right, we are dishonoured and lose the land, while even then we are by no means assured of having peace with them."

Charles writes to his aunt from Barcelona on the 9th of April, 1519, informing her of the treaty made with the King of England, who promises to help in his election, but who does not wish to declare himself too openly against the King of France.

Charles quite approves of all she has done, and leaves the terms of peace with Guelders entirely to her. He advises her not to assemble the States General at present, for fear that some league may be made, opposed to his interests.

At the end of May we learn that the Duke of Guelders has assembled an army of seven thousand men-at-arms and one thousand five hundred horsemen, and is recruiting throughout Brabant and Holland. In July, the army of Guelders has crossed the Rhine and is approaching the frontiers, where orders have been sent for all to be on their guard. Before the middle of August the invading army has turned back towards Wesel, being driven by hunger, while the Archbishop of Cologne, the Duke of Juliers, and the Count de la Marck are advancing with their troops to meet the enemy. Finally, in November, Marguerite and her

Council write to Charles to inform him that they have arranged matters with the Bishops of Utrecht, of Munster, and of Osnabruck—that measures have been taken to satisfy the King of France with regard to the bullets which he left behind at Tournay!—also that having bought Friesland from the Duke of Saxony, she has settled to pay him ten thousand gold florins for his artillery in the various towns. She ends with the usual pious wish :—

" . . . priant à tant le bénoit Filz de Dieu vous donner par sa grâce bonne vie et longue avec l'entier accomplissement de voz désirs. De vostre ville de Bruxelles, le vj^{e} de Novembre XV^{c}XIX.

" Vostre très humble tante . . ."

CHAPTER XV

1520–1524

TROUBLES IN SPAIN—CHARLES V CROWNED AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—DEATH OF LEO X—ADRIAN VI ELECTED—DISAPPOINTMENT OF WOLSEY—CHRISTIAN II DRIVEN FROM DENMARK

As we look around with the Princess Marguerite, and watch from afar the rising fortunes of her beloved nephew, we see that the beginning of the year 1520 found Charles V still in Spain, although his presence was sorely needed in other parts of his vast empire. The Castilian cities, headed by Toledo, made violent protest against the King's departure from the country, and the influence of foreigners in his government. He at length consented to summon the Cortes to meet him at Santiago, chiefly that he might obtain a grant of money, of which he was in desperate need. With great difficulty a vote was obtained for three hundred millions of *maravedis* (this was no actual coin, but 375 maravedis were computed to make a ducat); and at the same time the deputies made a number of conditions, most of which were haughtily refused. They asked for a Spanish Regent, but Charles appointed his former tutor, Adrian of Utrecht, to rule during his absence, and notwithstanding all opposition, he hastened to

Corunna, and in May set sail for the North, leaving discontent behind him, and open revolt in some parts.

But the young King was not to be deterred by such provincial troubles from carrying out the broad scheme of European diplomacy which filled his mind. Since his election to the Empire, he felt more strongly than ever the importance of an English alliance, and he knew that this was also the aim of Francis I, who had already made arrangements for that splendid meeting with Henry VIII, which was afterwards called "of the Cloth of Gold." Charles resolved to forestall his rival, and having succeeded in concluding a specific treaty with Henry the month before, he landed at Dover on May 26. Here he met the King of England, who travelled with him to Canterbury, where they attended a magnificent service in the cathedral on Whitsunday, and Charles was presented to his Spanish aunt, Queen Katharine of Aragon. Apparently he made a good impression, but the time was too short to accomplish much, as Henry VIII was on the point of starting for the French interview; indeed, he embarked from Dover for Calais, on the same day as the Spanish King crossed from Sandwich to Flanders. But they had settled to meet again, and conclude their treaty at Gravelines a little later.

There was now about to take place that marvellous scene of more than mediæval splendour, when both the English and French Courts displayed the most astounding magnificence, alike in the glittering tents, and the gorgeous magnificence of dress and accoutrements. Henry signed a treaty at Guignes on June 6, while Francis signed it the same day at the castle Ardres, within the French frontier, while their stately interview

took place on June 7, between the two frontiers. Here it was settled that the Dauphin should marry the Princess Mary of England, and all the world was convinced that henceforth England and France were inseparable allies. Yet from the Field of the Cloth of Gold, Henry VIII and his Queen went on to meet Charles at Gravelines, as they had arranged, and on the 14th of July another treaty was secretly agreed upon by which the alliance with France was indefinitely postponed, and it was even suggested that the young King of Spain should marry the Princess Mary of England, instead of the daughter of Francis I. (The little Princess Louise was dead and her younger sister Charlotte was now inserted in the treaties in her place !)

All this diplomacy is supposed to be largely the work of Wolsey, who was to receive a pension and a bishopric ; while Charles and Henry bound themselves not to conclude an alliance with any other state, without a mutual agreement, and each King was to keep a resident ambassador at the Court of the other.

Meantime Charles was receiving alarming news from his Regent in Spain, where a league of cities had been formed under the name of the Santa Comunidad, and there was open rebellion. A nobleman of Toledo, Juan de Padilla, took the command and organised levies, while Adrian's attempt to check his progress was quite unsuccessful. Medina del Campo was destroyed by fire, and Tordesillas fell into the hands of the rebels, who at once proclaimed that Queen Juana was in her right mind and that she alone should rule. This was in August, and soon after, Valladolid, the seat of government, was taken and some of the Council made prisoners, while Adrian only escaped their fate

by flight. When her palace was suddenly invaded by the members of the Junta, who offered Juana their allegiance, she appears to have received them with much dignity, but she resolutely refused to sign any papers, and in the face of this obstinacy, the loyal subjects who had meant to give her back her kingdom and rule under her name, were hopelessly checkmated. It seems that little Catalina was present at this interview and "behaved with much discretion," but she had to defend herself later to her brother Charles. In any case, the rebellion broke down for the sake of an idea, at a time when all was in the power of the League; the great seal of the kingdom and the state papers were in their hands, and the councillors of Charles had written to him in despair that all was lost, and implored him to make terms with the rebels.

But the young King never yielded; he would accept no compromise, and refused to return to Spain until it suited his convenience. By a stroke of wise policy, however, he chose two Spanish nobles to share the burden of the Regency with Adrian—the Constable and the Admiral of Castile, who were to summon the Cortes if necessary, but to make no concessions. Before the end of the year, Tordesillas and the Queen had been taken from the Comuneros, who accused each other of treachery, and Charles made more way through their dissensions than by any merit of his government.

By a decree of the Golden Bull, the city of Aix-la-Chapelle had been chosen for the formal coronation of the Emperor, who travelled thither with a splendid suite of nobles, leaving his aunt Marguerite in charge of the Netherlands, and with her his younger brother,

the Archduke Ferdinand. On October 13, 1520, the magnificent ceremonial took place, and the crown of Charlemagne was solemnly placed on the head of the young inheritor of the Holy Roman Empire in the presence of a great company of Cardinals, Electors and Princes of the Empire.

In November, Charles summoned a Diet to meet at the beginning of the new year, and sailed up the Rhine to Worms. It was on January 28, 1521, the day sacred to Charlemagne, that in his own ancient city was held that memorable Diet of Worms when Luther appeared (in April) before the Emperor Charles, who had given him a safe-conduct and sent a herald to arrange his journey. We have no space to dwell upon the oft-told tale of that famous meeting when, although the heart of Germany was already with the great reformer, the ban of the Empire was pronounced against Luther on the very day when Charles concluded his secret treaty with Pope Leo X, on May 29, in which he was promised substantial help and the investiture of Naples. By the mediation of Wolsey a solemn alliance with England soon followed, to declare war against France.

The Emperor was to marry Henry VIII's daughter Mary, and to visit England on his way to Spain, from whence he had just received the welcome news of the defeat of the rebellious Comuneros at Villalar.

Meantime France was encouraging the border warfare of Robert de la Marck in the Southern Netherlands and of Charles of Guelders in the north, while Henri d'Albret was assisted in his invasion of Navarre. But the Emperor was able to hold his own, and although he had a narrow escape at Valenciennes, and Bayard took Mezières, all was more than made up by the

marvellous success in Lombardy and the taking of Milan on November 19, under Prospero Colonna and the Marquess of Pescara (the husband of Vittoria Colonna).

The sudden death of the Pope in the hour of victory, when Parma and Piacenza had been gained for the Church, was a blow to the imperial cause. Leo X, the central figure of the Classical Renaissance, the great patron of the New Learning, after eight years of stately magnificence, of æsthetic pleasures and fierce strife for the greatness of his house, died on December 1, 1521, in the forty-sixth year of his age. When the Conclave assembled to choose his successor, all other claims were hushed until, on the 9th of January, 1522, the world was astounded by the news that Adrian of Utrecht, Bishop of Tortosa, had been elected to the papal throne. It is interesting to trace out the whole story of this unexpected event.

Henry VIII at Richmond appears to have heard of the Pope's death about the 16th of December, and the imperial ambassador in England wrote on the 19th to his master in Latin :—

"Most Sacred, Imperial, and Catholic Majesty . . .

". . . With regard to the person to be elected to this dignity, the said King of England expresses his most decided and very earnest desire that it should be the most reverend the Cardinal of York (Wolsey), and is anxious beyond what I can express that Your Majesty should concur in this; and in order that nothing may be omitted which on his part might lead to its success, he has determined to send an envoy to Rome with letters persuasive and commendatory to the Cardinals, in favour of the said Cardinal of York. . . ."

POPE ADRIAN VI

From an old print

To face p. 272

But at the same time care must be taken not to offend the Cardinal de' Medici, if he appears to have any chance, and therefore two letters are to be written by Henry VIII, and the Emperor is asked to do likewise, in order that either may be used *according to circumstances*. To carry out this cautious piece of diplomacy, the envoy, Richard Pace, was not sent direct to Rome, but was first to see Charles V at Ghent and explain matters, with the result that so much time was lost as to render it impossible for Pace to arrive in Rome before the election! The Emperor appears to have heard the news on his return from hunting on the 12th of December, and he at once wrote to his ambassador in England, the Bishop of Badajoz, expressing his intention of securing if possible the election of Wolsey, and he also wrote to Henry VIII, addressing him as "Most beloved, most excellent, and most puissant Prince, our most dear brother, cousin, and fair uncle!"

Meantime, the struggle in the Conclave lasted fourteen days. Cardinal de' Medici was first named, but was strongly opposed by the French party; then the Cardinals Farnese and Colonna came to the front, but could not secure enough votes. Wolsey was then named, and stood three divisions in the Conclave: first with nine votes, then with twelve, and at last still more, but under twenty. After ten scrutinies, when no progress was made, some friend of the Emperor proposed Adrian, Cardinal of Tortosa, and he received fifteen votes; four supporters of Cardinal de' Medici added theirs, and as the feeling gained ground that some secret influence was at work, twenty-six votes were declared for Adrian on the eleventh scrutiny. As this formed the requisite two-thirds of the thirty-seven Cardinals

in Conclave, the almost unknown Spanish Cardinal became Pope, to the surprise and dismay of all Rome. Had the Cardinals from the French Court arrived in time, the result would probably have been different, but it is interesting to see how very near success Wolsey was. He blamed the Emperor for his disappointment.

The following letter from Adrian VI to the Emperor is strikingly characteristic and worthy of being quoted:—

"Zaragosa, *May* 3, 1522.

"'Très cher et très amé Filz. Salut et Apostolique bénédiction.'

"I have been glad to see the letters which Your Majesty has written to me with your own hand, seeing that it has not escaped your memory that which you have heard from me and learnt at school, namely, that the French are rich and abundant in promises and fair and soft words; but their friendship is measured by their profit. . . . I am more than certain of the joy that you have had in my election . . . but I know that it was not suitable . . . that you should solicit for me, as it would have broken your friendship with him (Wolsey), who of all is most necessary to the affairs of Italy. . . .

"Sire, the cause of our misfortune and adversity, as St. Jan Chrisostomus says, is that we pervert the true and due order of seeking and asking for things suitable to us; for the promise is that goods temporal will be added to those who first seek for goods spiritual. . . .

"Sire, I pray God to grant you a happy and long life. . . ."

In the letter which Charles wrote to his ambassador in London with regard to Wolsey in December, 1521,

he mentions: "... Our very dear and beloved brother the Archduke is just arrived to visit us in our city of Ghent, 'de quoy sommes très joyeux.' . . ." It had been an eventful year for Ferdinand, as on May 5 his marriage with Anne of Hungary had been confirmed and concluded, and his brother Charles had transferred to him the five Austrian duchies of Austria, Carinthia, Carniola, Styria, and Tyrol. Later on to these were added all the imperial possessions in Germany, and the young Prince by his wise conduct and government fully justified the gift. His sister Marie was married to the young King of Hungary, Louis II, brother of Anne, who had succeeded his father, Wladislav II, in 1516, and on whom rested the terrible responsibility of protecting Europe from the invading Turk.

The Emperor had received from his aunt Marguerite all the duchies and lordships which she had inherited from her father Maximilian, and in return for this gift he had settled upon her the sum of two hundred thousand florins of gold (two hundred and fifty thousand livres of Flanders). He also made over to her the city and territory of Malines to enjoy during her life, the deed being signed on September 18, 1520, at Brussels. Marguerite was able to do splendid service to her nephew at the great meeting of the states which she had summoned at Mons in the spring of 1521. So eloquent and spirited was the oration which she made to the assembled deputies that they were won over to vote the subsidies for which she pleaded. With all his vast schemes, Charles was always in need of money, and his approaching visit to England had for one object the obtaining of a loan which Henry VIII had promised him.

On his way to Spain he landed at Dover on May 26, 1522, exactly two years after his last visit, and was received with feasts and entertainments at Greenwich, London, and Windsor, where on June 19 he signed a treaty to marry the Princess Mary, and obtained a loan of fifty thousand crowns, while the two sovereigns bound themselves to make war on France. Charles also did a little private bribery with Wolsey, to whom he gave a pension of two thousand five hundred ducats on vacant bishoprics in Spain.

The Emperor then continued his journey, and arrived at Santander on July 6 with a strong foreign guard, to find himself received "with much humility and reverence." He was no longer the silent, reticent youth, who had chosen "Nondum" (Not yet) for his motto, to be changed later to "Plus ultra," and who seemed to be passive in the hands of his advisers. Chièvres was dead, the great minister who from childhood had ruled him as a tutor, and the real Charles began to make himself felt. He never again allowed any statesman to rule him, and showed judgment in the choice of his advisers. Outwardly cold and self-restrained, he was never popular like the genial Maximilian, his grandfather; but, unlike him, Charles abstained from all wild dreams and romantic enterprise, and showed a certain greatness in the unwearied patience and sheer tenacious perseverance, with which he steadily pursued any course of action on which he had once decided. Thus when, as often happened, he met with good fortune he richly deserved it.

For world-wide empire the young Prince had received a curious education. From his birth he had been brought up in the ancient Burgundy of his

ancestor, Charles the Bold, from whom he had inherited the Burgundian hatred of France, and the provincial idea of foreign policy which made him an alien alike to the German tongue and the German point of view. But when, at an impressionable age, he came to spend so many years of his life in Spain, the land of his mother exercised a strange fascination over him; through all his harshness and obstinacy he gradually learned to understand his people, and won their respect as champion of the Church and a mighty Emperor, although they had much to endure from him.

We find in his diary that "on All Saints' Day, at Valladolid, on leaving the church he ascended a throne in the open air, and announced before the assembled multitude a general amnesty to all engaged in the late revolt (of the Comuneros), with the exception of some of the principal offenders." From the records of the time we learn that they were treated with much severity.

The new Pope, Adrian VI, who was the Emperor's vice-regent, had remained in Spain until the arrival of his lord, and had then tardily set forth to take possession of the papal throne, arriving in Rome on August 29, 1522, to find it half deserted on account of pestilence. The poor man, with his simple tastes and retiring nature, had no desire for this greatness which was thrust upon him, and he took up his abode in the Vatican with a few servants and his old Flemish housekeeper, spending only a ducat a day for their food. A cottage with a garden would have been more to his taste than this stately palace, whose splendid statues were to him only "heathen idols." An austere and pious man, a monk, and a scholar—he had been a professor at

Louvain when Maximilian chose him as tutor to the Archduke Charles—Adrian was overflowing with good intentions. He aimed at nothing less than the reform of the luxurious Curia and of the whole Church, with peace in Italy and Europe.

On December 1 he wrote to ask the help of Erasmus in the great work of reformation, and abjured him to come to the rescue of the barque of the Church, for God called him; but the German scholar had not the courage to join in so stupendous a task, and preferred his cultured ease. Dürer wrote to Erasmus: "Give ear, thou knight errant of Christ; ride on by the Lord Christ's side; defend the truth, reach for the martyr's crown!" But it was a crown which Erasmus never desired. The Italians jeered at Adrian, this "Dutch saint," and lived their pleasant life regardless of his admonitions; lover of peace as he was, he was compelled to combine with England and Germany against France, whose army crossed the Ticino on the very day of his death, when he was released from "this chair of misery," as he called his throne of St. Peter's, on September 14, 1523.

On his tomb in Santa Maria dell' Anima was placed this appropriate epitaph: "Proh dolor! quantum refert in quae tempora vel optimi cuiusque virtus incidat." (Alas! Let a man be never so good, how much depends on the times in which he is born!)

In the far-off Netherlands one true heart lamented the loss of this most earnest, pious, and unfortunate of Popes: Marguerite of Austria never forgot the good old priest, to whom she had proved so faithful a friend, from the early days when she learnt to value him as the tutor of her nephew.

The death of Adrian VI might have given Wolsey another chance, but there was now a strong feeling in the Conclave against all foreigners, and on November 19, 1523, Giulio de' Medici was elected to the vacant throne of St. Peter. He was the son of Giuliano, who fell in the Pazzi conspiracy in Florence, the younger brother of Lorenzo dei Medici. Rome welcomed with enthusiasm the new Pope Clement VII, for they trusted a Medici to carry on the tradition of his family; "Una Corte florida e un buon Pontefice."

Meantime the Emperor and Henry VIII continued an intermittent war with France, chiefly on Italian soil, although the coasts of Brittany and Normandy were raided and Picardy was invaded. The French had lost ground in two campaigns, when the powerful Duke of Bourbon, unjustly deprived of his wife Susanne's property, joined the enemies of his country. He was warmly welcomed by Charles, who soon after made him captain-general of his army in Italy.

It is curious to notice from letters of this period how constantly Marguerite's influence with Henry VIII is made use of to keep him up to the mark. Quite a long correspondence between them has been preserved, and Marnix, the treasurer of the Princess, writing very fully from London to Charles V on June 1, 1523, enters into curious details of the negotiations.

". . . Sire, by our last letters Your Majesty has seen the offers made to the King of England and the Sieur Legate (Wolsey), by Madame, the aunt of Your Majesty, in regard . . . to the army which the said King would send across the sea against the common enemy. . . . The said lady (Madame Marguerite) declares that she cannot increase the number already

offered . . . two thousand good horse and four thousand foot with twelve pieces of field artillery; but if they (the English) will cross the sea, we shall be ready to give all help in our power, and were the enemy to offer battle or commence a siege, there would be a force always ready of ten or twelve thousand Flemish foot to come to their aid. . . . But they have demanded so many conditions, in the which it is quite out of the power of Madame and of me, de Praet, to satisfy them . . . it will be best for the said envoy to treat of the whole affair with Your Majesty in person . . . the army which Your Majesty is expected to provide against Guienne, and the aid which the aforesaid Madame will render in your name. . . .

"The Sieur Legate complains that the offer of Madame is too small, making use of words of reproach against Your Majesty in his accustomed manner . . . that your marine force ought not to be scattered over the sea of Spain, but confined to the channel, which is the true sea of France. . . .

"The Sieur Legate was in no wise satisfied (with the explanations), and began to put himself in a passion . . . in fine, he insisted on August 1 being fixed upon to begin the fighting. . . . He insists that Your Majesty should provide an army of twenty thousand men, foot and horse, to invade the enemy by Bayonne. . . . The King, his master, to furnish fifteen thousand . . . while from the Low Countries, Madame to furnish three thousand horse and three thousand foot. . . ."

The ambassadors do not believe that Madame can thus increase the number of horse, but they have written to her on the subject. The letter then goes on

to touch upon another point of extreme interest to Marguerite.

"Sire, the said Madame has written to inform us how the King of Denmark, who, with the Queen and his children, is . . . in your Low Countries, has demanded of her three things: one, that she should be willing to render sufficient aid to enable him to reconquer his kingdom; the second . . . asks for a safe-conduct for envoy . . . the third that you should write to Monseigneur, Your Majesty's brother and the Electoral Princes, that right and justice may be rendered to him in his dispute against his uncle, the Duke of Holstein, who, with the aid of the city of Lubeck, has caused him to be driven out. To these two last demands Madame has agreed, but with regard to the first she begs to be excused, for it is impossible . . . and she leaves all to the good pleasure of Your Majesty. . . ."

This King of Denmark was Christian II, who, as we have already seen, in August, 1515, had married the charming little Princess Isabelle, sister of Charles. Her grandfather Maximilian had misgivings, when it was too late, on the subject of the bridegroom's character, which indeed appears to have been an extraordinary mixture of good and bad. He could be cruel and treacherous, as on the massacre which followed his coronation as King of Sweden, and earned for him the title of the "Nero of the North"; while his Danish people found him a wise and careful ruler who laboured for their good. He reformed the government, built a navy, opposed the Hansa League, and tried to make Copenhagen the centre of the Baltic trade; he put down piracy and made an end of the old "wrecking rights." When the Bishops of Jutland came and com-

plained, saying that the Bible said nothing against wrecking, he replied : "Let the Lord Prelates go back and study the eighth commandment." He abolished the penalty of death against witches, founded hospitals for the sick, encouraged learning, and tried to make education compulsory in the towns.

Besides all this, the King of Denmark attempted to reform the Church, and wrote to his uncle, Frederic of Saxony, asking for a theologian of the school of Luther. Martin Reinhard was sent to preach the new doctrine, but it was a pity that he knew no Danish. Christian's love affair with the beautiful Dyveke (little dove) has been a favourite subject of romance, yet it was terrible reality to his poor young wife, who, however, clung to her husband through all his misfortunes with devoted heroism. He was in evil repute at Rome, hated by his subjects, and his enemies—the city of Lubeck, backed by the Hansa League, Sweden, the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and others—combined against him until he lost heart, and on April 13, 1523, set sail for Flanders with the faithful Isabelle and his three young children. After this, his life was a constant struggle, as we see in the letter above, to induce the Emperor to reconquer his kingdom. He tried to make out that this would be a crusade against heresy, for he soon abjured his Lutheranism.

As for the poor little Queen, she bore her troubles with heroic patience, and when she died of a broken heart at Ghent in January, 1526, at the age of twenty-five, she left the care of her children to the dear aunt Marguerite, whom she always called her mother, and who had been her best and most loving friend.

Charles V ever showed the greatest interest in all

that concerned his family, not only from the passionate desire for the greatness of his house, inherited from Maximilian, but also from his strong affection for his brother Ferdinand and for his four sisters. In this same year he had given a warm welcome to his eldest sister Eléonore, who had lost her husband, Emanuel, King of Portugal, after less than four years of married life. Her only son Don Carlos had died in infancy, and her daughter Doña Maria lived to be greatly beloved in her own country.

The young Emperor also took a very warm interest in the fate of his youngest sister Catalina, brought up in the gloom of the palace at Tordesillas, her mother's prison. He was so anxious to rescue her from this wretched position, that he once rashly decided to have her carried away at dead of night, and brought to Valladolid to be with Eléonore, her sister. But, as might have been foreseen, the poor Queen Juana was in despair at losing her only comfort, and refused to eat or drink or sleep until the child was brought back to her. This was in 1518, before Eléonore's marriage to Emanuel. As time passed on, we cannot blame Charles for at length taking the young Infanta from this sad and unnatural life by arranging her marriage with Joam III, the young successor to Emanuel on the throne of Portugal, in 1524. We find in his diary that he was himself recovering from fever, when he took his young sister to Anyaguia, and remained with her until November 4, when the marriage with the King of Portugal was solemnised.

It is interesting to hear that the Marquess of Denia, Juana's guardian, describes "the Señora Infanta as the most beautiful lady in the world. . . . She is the

most queenly thing that can be seen"; ("es la mas real cosa que puede ser") in fact, she is perfect in every respect.* Portuguese writers speak of her rare excellence, and tell us that she was called "the mother of her country." One hopes that after so unhappy a childhood she may have had some gleams of happiness, but she seems, like her sisters, to have had many troubles. Of her nine children, all the sons died in early life, except Dom Joam, the youngest, whose son, born fifteen days after his death—Dom Sebastian—succeeded to his grandfather's throne, and for five years Queen Catalina reigned as Regent for the infant King, until she was so troubled by the intrigues of her brother-in-law, Cardinal Henry, that in 1562 she retired to Spain. This brief outline of the Infanta's story gives us a dim vision of much sorrow and suffering.

* Bergenroth, *Spanish Calendar.*

CHAPTER XVI

BATTLE OF PAVIA

BATTLE OF PAVIA—FRANCIS I PRISONER IN SPAIN—TREATY OF MADRID—INFLUENCE OF MARGUERITE—CHARLES V MARRIES ISABEL OF PORTUGAL—LOUIS II, KING OF HUNGARY, DEFEATED AND SLAIN BY THE TURKS

"M. DE BOURBON dressera ung bon brouilliz en France," were the prophetic words of the Emperor's minister, Adrian de Croy. This rebellious noble did indeed "stir up a fine commotion" both in France and in Italy. He knew the value of his services to Charles V, in fact, he presumed so far as to ask for one of the Princesses of Austria in marriage. "Il prend M^e^ Eléonore ou M^e^ Katharine; il aimeroit beaucoup mieux M^e^ Eléonore." (He would take either Madame Eléonore or Madame Katharine; he would much rather have Madame Eléonore.)

The ladies were beyond his reach, but the Emperor writes to him as: "My brother, I hear that you propose to unite with the ten thousand Germans, which I much desire. Their payment of a hundred thousand crowns has been sent by letters of exchange. . . . The passage by sea is, as you know, so uncertain; and . . . that by land so strictly guarded that it was difficult to find a safe means of sending the money. . . ."

On the same date Charles writes to his aunt, the Regent Marguerite, mentioning his regret that some of the Duke de Bourbon's friends had been seized by Francis I. He requests that Madame will write to the King of England, and beg him to give orders to the Duke of Suffolk (commanding the English army in Picardy) to detain every person of rank taken prisoner, and not suffer them to be ransomed. This was by way of reprisals.

As it happened, the Duke of Suffolk had not much opportunity of taking prisoners, for the English force of six thousand horse and thirty thousand foot, was driven back when near Paris by the approach of a large army under Vendôme, and also by the sickness amongst the soldiers, caused by a very wet season.

However, the Emperor's ambassador in London writes to him that the money promised has been sent to Madame Marguerite to pay the ten thousand Germans of Count Felix. He also adds that Madame, having recently received the afflicting news of Pope Adrian's death, has sent word to Wolsey, "offering on her part all the favour and assistance in her power towards his promotion to the papal dignity." On this subject, a later letter of Charles V remarks: "We well know and acknowledge how cordially and sincerely Madame our good aunt is occupied in this affair, not only in her own name, but in ours."

But, as we have already seen, it was Giulio de' Medici who became Pope under the name of Clement VII. At first he appeared to strengthen the imperial side, but, unstable in purpose, he tried to sail with every wind, and was faithless to both sides. The French were driven back with the loss of the peerless Bayard, *chevalier*

sans peur et sans reproche, April 30, 1524, and were compelled to retreat from Lombardy. Then a new compact was made by the allies for the conquest of France, which the Duke of Bourbon was to invade with the victorious army of Italy, while England invaded Picardy and Spain attacked by way of Roussillon. But this enterprise was unsuccessful, though Provence was taken, but Marseilles stood firm, and Clement, in December, made a secret treaty with Francis I, which was to result in ruin to both of them. The King of France went with his army to Italy, full of self-confidence and pride; he took Giovanni de' Medici of the famous Black Bands into his pay, recovered Milan, and set himself light-heartedly to the siege of Pavia. After four weary months before the beleaguered city came the great disaster which appalled all Europe. On February 24, 1525, the Emperor's birthday, was fought the greatest battle of the sixteenth century, which made him master of Italy and delivered his enemy into his hands. On that fatal field, how much of the chivalry of France lay dead: La Palisse, Bonnivet, La Trémouille, and many more were killed or taken prisoners, while the army was destroyed. Francis fought gallantly to the last, and refused to give up his sword to the great noble who had betrayed him. "I know no Duke of Bourbon but myself!" he cried, and only yielded to the Viceroy of Naples.

With the despatch which was sent off to the Emperor, Francis gave a safe-conduct through France and a letter to his mother, Louise de Savoie.

"Madame, pour vous faire savoir comment se porte le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur, et la vie qui est sauve. . . ."

(Madame, to let you know about the rest of my misfortune, of all things there only remains to me honour, and my life which is safe.)

The victory was largely owing to the gallant young Marquess de Pescara, the beloved husband of Vittoria Colonna, while the defeat of the French was in a great measure due to the strange panic of the Duke d'Alençon, leader of the vanguard. He was the husband of the King's sister, Marguerite of Angoulême, and was so overwhelmed with shame and humiliation, that he only survived two months after the disaster.

With regard to the battle of Pavia, it marks the superior value of hand fire-arms and the tactics of the well-trained Spanish arquebusiers, over the onrush of the Swiss pikemen.

It was a curious coincidence that just after the battle of Pavia, and before the news had yet arrived, an embassy was sent to London by Marguerite, the Regent of the Netherlands. She was so anxious about the situation in Italy, and the imperial want of money, that she wrote to press Henry VIII to combine with her in an attack on the north of France. She also asked that the Princess Mary and her dowry should be sent over to them at once. To this demand Wolsey demurred, asking what hostages could be given for a young Princess who was the treasure of the kingdom.

The matter was still under discussion when on March 9 the news of Pavia reached London. Great joy was outwardly expressed; there were bonfires, and wine flowed for all, in the streets, while on the following Sunday a solemn Mass at St. Paul's was celebrated by Wolsey. But in point of fact, Henry VIII was already considering a very profitable private treaty with Louise

W. A. Mansell & Co., photo

MARGUERITE OF ANGOULÊME, QUEEN OF NAVARRE

After Corneille de Lyon

To face p. 288

of Savoy, Regent of France, and he had no real part in the Emperor's success.

Charles was at Madrid when he received the news of this great victory, but he forbade all public rejoicings, "for which this was not a time, when a Christian King had fallen under such misfortune." The next morning he went to offer up public thanksgivings in the church. Yet this calm self-control, in the hour of triumph, did not prevent the young sovereign from making the very most of his success. A council was held in which terms so exorbitant and humiliating were suggested for his ransom, that Francis indignantly rejected them. He was kept a close prisoner at first in the castle of Pizzighetone, then after much vacillation was taken to Genoa, where he embarked for Spain under the care of the Viceroy Lannoy, to the great indignation of Bourbon and Pescara, who felt they were robbed of the fruits of victory. There is a letter of the Emperor to Lannoy in which the castle of Patina (*he* asks if it is near Tarragona) is named as a suitable place of imprisonment for the King of France.

Louise of Savoy writes with elaborate politeness to the Emperor, in answer to his announcement that Francis has reached Spain. "I know not how sufficiently to express to you my thanks and gratitude, humbly beseeching you, Sire, to continue to act in this liberal manner, which so well becomes your greatness and magnanimity. . . ."

Francis was very anxious to have a personal interview w'th Charles, as he hoped much from his powers of persuasion. The confinement of his prison life was exceedingly trying to a man passionately devoted to outdoor sports, and his health gave way. When his

devoted sister, Marguerite of Angoulême, heard of this, she at once suggested going to Spain to do her best in negotiating for his freedom. The Emperor mentions this, without much encouragement, in a letter to his brother Ferdinand.

"The Maréchal Montmorenci has been with me and required . . . that I should grant a safe-conduct to the Duchess of Alençon, sister of the King of France, who intends coming to me with full powers to treat of peace . . . also that I should provide means to bring the said King hither . . . that he may be consulted on the conditions of peace, and it be thus more easily concluded. . . ." Then he touches on other matters. Since Henry VIII had to some extent joined his enemies, he held himself free from his obligation to marry Mary of England, and writes thus: "In order to leave these kingdoms under good order and government, I see no remedy than to marry the Infanta Doña Isabel of Portugal, since the Cortes of the said kingdoms have required me to propose myself for such a union; and that on his part, the King of Portugal offers me a million of ducats, most of them to be paid at once, in order to assist in defraying the cost of our said journey into Italy. . . . I could then leave the government here in the person of the said Infanta. . . ."

When the sister of the King of France received her safe-conduct in September, she set forth at once, scarcely resting for food or sleep, and crossed the great plains of Castile in her litter in less than a fortnight. She was met by the Emperor at the city gate, dressed in plain "black velvet without jewel or ornament, with a long white veil falling over her shoulders." Francis I had been removed to the high tower in the castle of

Madrid, and his illness was now so serious, that when his sister reached him she feared that he was at the last extremity. But from that time he began to recover, and as he had received the Sacrament, Marguerite and her followers believed in a miracle for his cure. She devoted herself to her brother and won all hearts by her bright cleverness. One of the main articles of the proposed treaty was the marriage of Francis with the Emperor's sister Eléonore, the widowed Queen of Portugal, and Marguerite made friends with her at once. But she found Charles much more difficult to deal with; she met him by appointment day after day and they talked for hours, but the treaty made no progress; the duel between those two well-matched foes was unending.

In the diary we read: "Here, at Toledo, the Duchess of Alençon arrived, accompanied by several French gentlemen. On the second day after her arrival, the Queen Eléonore of Portugal, after a conversation with her, travelled from Toledo to Talavera; upon which the Duchess, having stayed a few days longer at Toledo, left it for Madrid, and from thence returned to France without having brought the treaty to any conclusion."

The greatest interest was felt in the question throughout all Europe, and when Francis actually suggested resigning the crown of France in favour of the Dauphin, the sympathy with him found expression on all sides. Erasmus ventured to write thus to his Emperor: "If I were conqueror I would thus speak to the conquered: 'My brother, fate has made you my prisoner; a like misfortune might have happened to me. Your defeat shows the frailty of all human greatness; receive your

freedom, become my friend. Let all rivalry cease between us except that of virtue. In delivering you, I gain more glory than if I had conquered France; in accepting this kindness with gratitude, you achieve more than if you had driven me from Italy.'"

But this doctrine of perfection did not appeal to Charles. His aunt, Madame Marguerite, did her best to promote peace between the two sovereigns and to obtain the release of Francis. Her trusted envoy, Perrenot de Granvelle, writes to her thus from Toledo:—

"*November* 19, 1525.

". . . Madame, as you wrote to me . . . I took your letters to the King (of France) and paid him a visit on your account, and four times had a long audience with him . . . though he is still very weak from his illness. He told me that he held himself and his kingdom much indebted to you for your desire of peace and of good intelligence and friendship between the Emperor and himself, and by this means for his deliverance, which if God should grant, he would always hold you as another mother, and conduct his affairs by your advice and counsel . . . with many other good words. . . .

"Madame, I met on the way the said lady (Marguerite d'Angoulême) and gave her your letters . . . and went to visit her and the aforesaid ambassador, and I believe they were content with me. . . . The said lady repeated what had been already said about the marriage (with Eléonore), the ransom or giving up the possession of the duchy (of Bourgogne). . . . But the Emperor declared again that he wished for no ransom but the duchy, his ancient heritage, the founda-

tion of his order, and of which he bore the name and the arms. . . .

"There was writing on both sides with no result. . . . The Duchess d'Alençon and the ambassador have departed, declaring that the King (Francis) is entirely resolved not to give up the duchy, except on the condition proposed, and that he would rather endure perpetual prison. . . . The said lady has asked for her safe-conduct to return to France, which has been granted her, and if the said lady departs hence, as it seems likely, we shall lose the hope of peace which was roused by her coming. . . .

"Madame, on Sunday last I received your letters. . . . The Emperor was away on a hunting expedition with a few attendants, having already said farewell to the Duchess d'Alençon . . . and on his return I presented him your letters. . . . He said it was impossible to come to any conclusion till we saw how the negotiation was likely to end, and whether the Duchess would really depart. . . .

"Madame, I pray God to give you a happy and long life; your most humble servant . . . etc.

"Nicolas Perrenot."

In his despair, a strange idea occurred to the unfortunate Francis. He actually contrived to send a letter to Constantinople, imploring the help of the young Sultan Solyman, and suggesting that he should attack the King of Hungary. The diplomatic answer returned by the Eastern potentate is worth quoting as a model of magnificent assumption.

"I, who am the Sultan of Sultans, the Sovereign of Sovereigns, the distributor of crowns to the monarchs

of the surface of the globe, the shadow of God on the earth, the Sultan and Padishah of the White Sea, the Black Sea, Rumelia, Anatolia, Caramania, Rum, Sulkadr, Diarbekr, Kurdistan, Azerbijan, Persia, Damascus, Aleppo, Cairo, Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem, all Arabia, Yemen, and other countries which my noble ancestors (may God brighten their tombs) conquered, and which my august majesty has likewise conquered with my flaming sword, Sultan Sulayman Khan, son of Sultan Selim, son of Sultan Bayazid; you who are Francis, King of France, you have sent a letter to my Porte, the refuge of sovereigns. . . . Night and day our horse is saddled and our sword girt on."*

When the captive King read these flamboyant words, he must have realised his own insignificance. It is quite possible that his suggestion may have hastened the disaster on the plain of Mohács, but meantime Francis had recovered his freedom, and was prepared to join the Emperor in fighting the Turks.

The Treaty of Madrid was at length signed on January 14, 1526, with the most solemn oaths, but Francis was secretly resolved not to be bound by it. His marriage with Eléonore of Portugal was the first condition, and he was to renounce all his rights in Italy, over Milan, Naples, Genoa, and Asti. He was to return to the Emperor the coveted duchy of Burgundy, though without its dependencies, and to cede the suzerainty of Flanders, Artois, and Tournay. He was also to restore to the Duke of Bourbon all his possessions. Some accounts add that Francis promised to refund to Henry VIII the sum of five hundred thousand crowns owing by Charles V. As a guarantee for

* J. B. Bury, LL.D.

the fulfilment of this treaty, the two eldest sons of the French King were to be placed as hostages in Spain. There has been much outcry as to the extravagance of these demands, but Charles was quite satisfied that he asked for nothing which was not his by right, as we shall see by a few quotations from his letters.

Thus he writes to the Sieur de Praet, ambassador in France from the Netherlands :—

"Toledo, *January* 25, 1526.

"'Cher et Féal.' . . . We have at present, thanks to God, to His praise and for the repose of Christendom and the stilling of all discords, concluded and sworn to a peace in so good a way that we hope to live for ever in wise alliance and good friendship, and behave to each other as so good a work deserves. . . . We write to Madame la Régente a letter which you will present to her . . . and congratulate her on the good conclusion of this peace, with gracious words. . . . It is to be proclaimed in all the frontiers of our kingdom on the 15th February next. . . ."

The Emperor also writes to Francis I :—

"'Monsieur mon bon Frère,' having seen by your letters . . . the conclusion of peace between you and me, which was a thing which I so much desired and in which I have had marvellous pleasure for the service which it will do us, if we acquit ourselves as I have no doubt, you on your side, and I on mine, will do. . . .

"Your good brother and friend, Charles."

Marguerite, the Regent of the Netherlands, is kept informed of all that happens. Charles de Lannoy, Viceroy of Naples, writes to her from Madrid :—

"*Ash Wednesday, February* 14, 1526.

"Madame, the Emperor arrived here yesterday. The King of France went outside the city to meet him. . . . The King begged the Emperor to allow him to see the Queen (Eléonore), which was granted . . . and he was assured that she would go to him when peace was ratified. . . .

"Madame, the Emperor has commanded me to accompany the King and to receive the Dauphin and Monsieur of Orleans . . . as security for the treaty of peace. . . . CHARLES DE LANNOY."

Two days later Charles himself wrote to the Regent, Louise of Savoy.

"Madame ma bonne Mère, il m'a semblé que puys que j'ay recouvré au Roy votre Filz ung bon Frère, et que je vous baille la Royne ma Seur pour fille, que pour ne vous rendre un seul filz, que debrais reprendre le nom dont autrefois avais usé et vous tenir pour bonne Mère. . . ."

(Madame, my good mother, it has seemed to me that since I have recovered to the King your son a good brother, and that I give you the Queen my sister for your daughter, that in order not to give you back one son only, I should take once more the name which I formerly used and consider you my good mother. . . .)

Having begun in this affectionate tone, the Emperor adds that he hopes to grant the request that the Queen (Eléonore) should be given up at Bayonne when the hostages are received. He ends the letter in the same strain: ". . . se recommandant de bien bon ceur à vous, Madame, celui qui pour sa bonne Mère vous tient qui est votre bon filz. CHARLES."

Notwithstanding all this courtesy and affection, Charles was on his guard and full of suspicion, which, indeed, the event well justified. He writes thus to de Praet, who is to accompany the French Queen and Court to the frontier.

"'Chier et Féal' . . . we desire you to take special note . . . that you should know so well the persons of the three children of France, and that you should be so familiar with 'l'aspect, philozomie, corpulence et qualité de chacun d'iceulx' (the aspect, physiognomy, the stoutness and peculiarities of each of them) . . . that when it comes to the delivering them over according to the treaty, there may be no deception in the changing of one person for another. . . .

"The restitution of the said Burgundy is to take place within six weeks from the day of deliverance of the Most Christian King our good brother. . . . As to ourselves, we intend to take the road to Seville, where we shall find the Empress, to carry out our wedding also. . . .

"'Fait à Madrid le XIX Fevrier.' CHARLES."

Charles made his entry into Seville on March 9, 1526, and the only notice in the diary of his wedding with Isabel of Portugal is: "At the well-known marriage festivities, M. de la Chaux opened the ball. During the residence of the Court at Seville, the King of Portugal arrived on a visit."

Isabel was born in 1503, the daughter of King Emanuel and his second wife Maria, aunt to Charles V. She was gentle and amiable, and appears to have been somewhat oppressed by the greatness of her position. We are told that "Charles lived with Isabel in perfect

harmony, and treated her on all occasions with much distinction and regard." When he went to Italy for his coronation he left her as his Regent in Spain. His mother Juana took much interest in hearing about Isabel, and especially desired to know "how she comported herself on horseback." There is a charming portrait of her in the Prado at Madrid, painted by Titian in his old age, and she is always spoken of as very good and very beautiful. In a letter to his brother Ferdinand, dated March 26, 1526, Charles makes a casual allusion to his wedding, after speaking of more important matters.

"'Mon bon frère.' . . . I consider your advice good concerning the Imperial Diet of Speier. . . . I have added the clause concerning our faith, namely, that nothing should be disturbed, changed, or altered in our ancient belief, and that no innovations whatever should be permitted against the obedience due to the Church; but that the customs and ceremonies of the same should be preserved as they have always been kept, believed, and held. . . . I am resolved not to interfere in any way with dispensing, changing, or altering anything in our faith. . . .

"Duke Henry of Brunswick has been here to treat of the proceedings against Luther. . . . I am very grieved at the death of our sister, the Queen of Denmark (poor Isabelle), and have taken care that prayers should be said for the repose of her soul. I would recommend to you her children, who are at present in the care of our dear aunt (Marguerite) in Flanders. . . . The King of France was restored to his kingdom on the 17th of this month on my receiving the Dauphin and Duke of Orleans as hostages, whom I have desired

to be taken to Burgos. . . . I have now entered upon the estate of marriage, which pleases me well . . . 'Mon bon frère, je prie Dieu de vous donner tout ce que votre cuer désire le plus.'"

Of the actual release of Francis I there is an account in a curious old translation of Guicciardini (published in 1618).

"The French King was come to Fontaraby, a town appertayning to the Emperor, standing near the Ocean Sea upon the frontiers of Biscay . . . and on the other side the Lady Regent was arrived with the children of France at Bayon, which is not farre from Fontaraby. . . . Then the 18th day of March, the French King accompanied by the Viceroy, Captain Alarcon, and fifty horse, came to the shore of the river that divideth the realm of France from the kingdom of Spaine; at the same time M. de Lautrec with the King's children and the like number of horse presenting themselves on the other side." The actual exchange appears to have been made in a barque in the middle of the river, and as soon as the Dauphin and his brother had been given into the care of the Spanish noble, "the French King leaped out of the barque into his boat and being brought to the shore mounted suddenly upon a Turkish horse of a wonderful swiftness . . . and runne without stay to St. Jean de Luz, a town of his obedience four leagues from thence; and being there readily relieved with a fresh horse, he ranne with the same swiftness to Bayon, where he was received with incredible joy of all the Court."

From this undignified haste to escape, we should imagine that Francis feared some breach of contract; at any rate, he lost no time in being himself guilty of

one. He showed no disposition to carry out the Treaty of Madrid, and by his intrigues, concluded at Cognac on May 22, a league against the Emperor, in which Pope Clement, Florence, Venice, and the young Duke of Milan joined with him. The Pope, moreover, released the French King from the solemn promises which he had made at Madrid.

The Marquess of Pescara—who had taken so distinguished a part in the battle of Pavia that Charles V had written to congratulate his wife Vittoria Colonna—had died the previous November, but the Emperor had other able generals in Italy. The allies made many mistakes by delay and vacillation, while the Duke of Bourbon was collecting men and money in Germany, from whence Frundsberg led eleven thousand followers, of whom four thousand Lutherans served without pay.

But in this eventful year, 1526, Charles had other claims upon him, for King Louis of Hungary, who had married his sister Marie, was in desperate need of help to defend his kingdom against the overwhelming advance of the Turks. His neighbours were cold or indifferent, indeed, the Republic of Venice was on friendly terms with Solyman and had just congratulated him on the taking of Rhodes. Crusades against the Turks had always been started by Popes, and the Lutherans were not disposed to take part in one, for at a safe distance they did not realise the actual danger. Distant Portugal and England had promised help, but the King of Hungary's main reliance was on the Emperor, who wanted all his strength for Italy. He did his best, however, for it always appealed to him to be looked upon as the champion of Christendom,

but unfortunately his troops arrived too late, when the fatal stroke had fallen.

When, according to custom, a bloody sword was carried through Hungary to summon her sons in the hour of peril, King Louis, a mere youth, was compelled to be their leader for want of a better general. The decisive battle was fought on the plain of Mohács on August 29, 1526, and the Christian army, untrained and unwisely led, met with utter defeat; twenty thousand men were slain on the battlefield, and their young King lost his crown and his life. The next heir to the throne of Hungary was the sister of King Louis, Anne, the wife of the Archduke Ferdinand, but for the moment the frontier kingdom of Christendom was at the mercy of the Turk.

Marguerite wrote a touching letter to her nephew Ferdinand, to condole with him on this fatal battle of Mohács, where the young King of Hungary, the husband of her niece Marie, fell in battle as her ancestor, Charles the Bold, had fallen before Nancy. "J'ai entendu les douloureuses et pitoiables nouvelles de la mort du roy de Unguerye, de la perte du royaulme, de l'estat de la povre royne vostre soeur, ma bonne nièce, et oultre plus, du danger auquel vous, vos pays et subgectz, vous trouverez. Monseigneur, je ne vous sauroys dire le regret et désplaisir que j'en ay, et pouvez croyre qu'il n'est moindre que si l'infortune me feust advenne, et que je fusse en l'estat de la royne vostre seur ou au vostre. Toutesvoyes, convient-il soy conformer en toutes choses au vouloir de Dieu nostre Createur, réfuge et consolateur des désolez, et lequel ne délaisse ou habondonne ceulx qui de bon cueur le requièrent." (I have heard the sad and pitiful

news of the death of the King of Hungary, of the loss of the kingdom, of the state of the poor Queen, your sister, my good niece, and besides of the danger in which you, your country, and your subjects find yourself. Monseigneur, I cannot tell you the regret and sorrow which I feel, and you may believe that it is no less than if the misfortune had befallen me, and that I were in the condition of the Queen, your sister, and yourself. In any case, it becomes us to conform in all things to the will of God our Creator, the refuge and consoler of the desolate, who never forsakes or abandons those who seek Him with their whole heart.)

The widowed Queen Marie behaved with great fortitude and courage, and it was in a measure due to her influence that her brother Ferdinand was before long elected to the thrones of Bohemia and Hungary.

CHAPTER XVII

THE LADIES' PEACE

Sack of Rome—Death of Constable de Bourbon—Treaty of Cambray (the "Ladies' Peace" of Marguerite and Louise of France)—Anne Boleyn—Francis I marries Eléonore of Portugal—Clement VII crowns Charles V at Bologna

Meantime events progressed with startling rapidity in Italy, until, in May, 1527, the whole Christian world was aghast at the news that Rome, the sacred city, was stormed and sacked by the army of Bourbon. The unforeseen had come to pass. Pope Clement VII had been "outwitted in his game of duplicity," and the great army of mercenaries, under the Duke of Bourbon, mutinous and half starved, was beyond his control, and clamoured to march against Rome. We can scarcely hold the Emperor responsible, for it was, after all, the fortune of war, and no one could have foreseen that Bourbon, the leader, would be killed "at the moment of escalading the city wall," and that the treasure-house of the world would be left at the mercy of a barbarian horde of lawless troops, with no general able to control them. The Prince of Orange was obliged to give up his command, and Lannoy, who succeeded him, died of the plague which was raging in the doomed city.

The Pope had taken refuge in the castle of St. Angelo, while horrors unspeakable took place all around, amid the ravages of fire and sword, the desecration of churches, the destruction of priceless works of art, and indiscriminate massacre of the helpless inhabitants. The whole story is too terrible for words.

With what awe and dismay must the pious Marguerite have heard the tidings in the distant Netherlands, and her Catholic and religious nephew was surely startled at his own victory. It was easy to let loose the "dogs of war," but a very difficult matter to leash them, once loosed. The unfortunate Pope, crushed in the dust, was willing to meet Charles halfway with surrenders and hostages, but there remained France and England to deal with. Henry VIII was already considering his divorce from Katharine, and would need the help of the Holy Father. Charles refused to accept the terms offered him, and was so indignant with Francis "for breaking his knightly word like a coward," that he actually challenged him to a duel, proposing to have Baldassare Castiglione as his second. But this romantic assault-at-arms was not destined to come off. The war continued in Italy, and Francis was again defeated, partly through his contempt of Doria, who went over with Genoa to the enemy.

The alliance with France against the Emperor was most unpopular in England, as trade with the Netherlands and Spain was interfered with, and the clothiers of the eastern counties and in Wiltshire were obliged to dismiss their workmen. Du Bellay said that Wolsey was the only Englishman who wished for a war with Flanders. A project was set on foot by the cloth mer-

chants in Kent to seize Wolsey and turn him adrift in a boat with holes bored in it, so great was the disaffection.

At length, when every one was weary of the prolonged strife, it was Marguerite who suggested to the Emperor, in a letter written on January 3, 1529, that she and the mother of Francis, Louise of Savoy, her old friend and sister-in-law, should meet and discuss the terms of peace.

Charles was thinking of placing himself at the head of a great expedition to Italy, but he was quite willing to enter into negotiations. We have a very full and interesting account of this, the last political act of the Regent of the Netherlands. She had proposed the neutral city of Cambray as most suitable for the conference, and it was the middle of June before she set forth on her journey thither from Brussels. On June 23 she reached Valenciennes, accompanied by the Cardinal of Liège and a number of nobles and gentlemen. She was delayed there a few days by an unfounded rumour that the King of France, who was in the neighbourhood of Laon, meant to kidnap her, but she continued her journey on Sunday, July 4, and slept at Bouchain. When she reached the village of Escaudœvres, she was met by Robert de Croy, the Bishop of Cambray, with his gentlemen and the twenty-four "francs fiévés" of his Court. He had besides with him his suffragan and five abbés. When he had finished his oration, he took leave of the Princess to go and receive Madame of Angoulême (Louise), who had slept at Crèvecœur.

Marguerite made her entry into Cambray at three o'clock in the afternoon, and alighted at the abbey of

St. Aubert, which her attendants ("fourriers") had retained and made ready for her reception. The mother of the King of France arrived two hours later, having on her right hand Marguerite of France, Queen of Navarre, her daughter, and on her left Marie of Luxembourg, Countess of Vendôme. The three French ladies immediately visited Marguerite of Austria and remained in conversation with her for two hours, after which they went to the Hôtel St. Paul, which was only separated from the abbey by a street, across which a covered gallery of communication was made, so that the Princesses might meet in private whenever they liked.

It is interesting to know that Louise of Savoy had sent beforehand, in a lordly way, to demand that the keys of the city should be placed in her hands, in order that she might open and close the gates as it seemed good to her. She also wished three hostages to be given up to the King of France to answer for her safety. But these requirements were too much for the municipal susceptibility, and they were respectfully evaded.

We are told that during this Congress, the people of Cambray proudly counted four sovereign princes, eight cardinals, ten archbishops, thirty-three bishops, eighty-seven dukes or counts, and four hundred lords of lower rank. These were the terms of peace finally settled: The marriage arranged between the King of France and Eléonore, the sister of Charles V, was to be carried out. Two millions of crowns were to be paid for the ransom of the young sons of Francis, and instead of giving up the duchy of Burgundy, to which, however, the Emperor reserved his rights. The King

of France was to resign all claims in Italy and to give up the suzerainty of Flanders and Artois, and to send no more help to the Duke of Guelders or Robert de la Marck. All the possessions of the Duke of Bourbon and the Prince of Orange were to belong to Francis.

The Treaty of Cambray, commonly known as "The Ladies' Peace," was solemnly published in the cathedral on August 5, 1529, when the two Princesses took their oaths before the altar of Our Lady of Cambray, after High Mass.

What memories of bygone days must have risen up before the two great ladies, as they thought of their close friendship in the far-off days of childhood, when they dwelt meekly together under the *précieuse* rule of Anne de Beaujeu! A crowded lifetime of stirring events, of sorrows endured and ambitions realised, had passed for them both since their last meeting, at Marguerite's happy wedding with her beloved Philibert-le-Beau of Savoy, the brother of Louise. We can imagine that during the weeks they spent together at Cambray, with only a covered way between, the Treaty of Peace was not their only subject of conversation.

It is worthy of note that the King of France, who was awaiting at Compiègne the issue of the Congress, joined the Princesses at Cambray, where he was received with great festivities. He had reason to be satisfied, for the Emperor had yielded his main point—the cession of that duchy of Burgundy which he so greatly desired. Marguerite was only too anxious to conciliate Francis, who was now about to conclude the long-talked-of marriage with her dear niece Eléonore. Not until August 12 did the King and his mother return to France, while the Regent of the Netherlands

and her stately suite took their way back to Malines, her usual residence.

A new interest had entered into her life of late, since the death of the hapless young Isabelle, Queen of Denmark, who had left her three children to the care of her beloved aunt. Marguerite had for many years taken the place of a tender mother to the children of her brother Philip until they had passed away from her guardianship—Eléonore by her marriage with Emanuel, King of Portugal, who left her a widow in 1523; Isabelle, of whom we are speaking; Marie, who lost her husband, King Louis of Hungary, and her kingdom on the fatal field of Mohács; and Charles V, her nephew, who had been declared free of all tutelage at the age of sixteen. His brother Ferdinand had been brought up in Spain, but Marguerite always took the greatest interest in all that concerned him—his marriage to Anne of Hungary, his investiture of the Austrian dominions by Charles, his election to the thrones of Bohemia and Hungary, and now in 1529, when, on October 15, the onslaught of Sultan Solyman was repulsed by the famous defence of Vienna.

At the time of his wife's death, Christian II was still dallying secretly with the Reformation, and it is ever a question how far Isabelle herself had been drawn towards the New Faith. She had certainly listened to the teaching of Osiander at Nürnberg, but before her death she made her final decision for orthodoxy, by leaving the education of her children in the hands of her Catholic and deeply religious aunt. The boy Jean who was born in 1518, had for his tutor the famous Cornelius Agrippa, one of the learned men whom Marguerite had attracted to her Court. He was

youth of much promise, but like so many young princes of that period, he did not live to man's estate, and we are thankful that his loving guardian was spared the sorrow of lamenting his death in 1532, at the age of fourteen. Of his two sisters, Dorothea married later Frederic, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and Christina was first the wife of Francesco Sforza, and after his death married the Duke of Lorraine. It was once a question whether Henry VIII should pay his court to her, and she is said to have made the well-known reply that if she had two heads, she might think of it!

Marguerite was greatly troubled by the rumours which had reached her, of Henry VIII's professed doubts of the legitimacy of his marriage with Katharine of Aragon, and his evident intention to divorce her. The two Princesses had been great friends in those long-past days when they dwelt together in Spain. As a token of the affection which continued between them, we know that when a son was born to Katharine on January 1, 1511, she wrote from Richmond to Marguerite a week later, to say that she had chosen her as godmother to the heir. When the Regent of the Netherlands heard scandalous whispers about Anne Boleyn, she must have remembered how mistaken she had been in her estimate of the bright young girl, who had once been one of her ladies-in-waiting.

Her name occurs in a list of eighteen of these Court damsels, and there is a letter extant in which Marguerite writes to thank Thomas Boleyn for having entrusted his daughter to her care. "J'ai receu vostre lettre par l'escuyer Bouton qui m'a presenté vostre fille que m'a esté la bien-venue, et espère la traicter de sorte que aurez cause de vous en contenter; du moins tiens

que à vostre retour ne fauldra aultre truchement entre vous et moi que elle ; et la treuve si bien adressée et si plaisante suivant son jeune eaige, que je suis plus tenu à vous de la m'avoir envoyée que vous à moi. . . ." (I have received your letter by the equerry Bouton, and he presented to me your daughter, who is welcome, and I hope to treat her in such fashion as you will have cause to be content ; at least I hold that on your return there will be needed no other interpreter between you and me than herself ; and I find her so well behaved and so pleasant according to her young age, that I am more indebted to you for having sent her to me than you are to me. . . .)

After this, Anne Boleyn appears to have had a place at the Court of Anne of Brittany, where she found irksome restrictions, and contrived to obtain an appointment in the household of Marguerite of Angoulême, with whom she went to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and there Henry VIII first saw her.

The Princess Marguerite loved to have young girls round her, and like other great ladies of her period, she had her "school" of manners and literature, so that to be a member of her cultivated Court was looked upon as a liberal education.

The estrangement between Henry VIII and Queen Katharine, and the rumours of divorce, must have put an end to Marguerite's friendly correspondence with the King of England, and the fall of Cardinal Wolsey from his high estate would be to her another striking memento of the vanity of all earthly greatness.

When all had been definitely settled after the Peace of Cambray, Eléonore, the widowed Queen of Portugal and sister of Charles V, was at length publicly acknow-

ledged as Queen of France and welcomed with all honour at Bayonne by Francis I, who received from her hands his two sons, who had so long been hostages in Spain, and had been cared for with the tenderest affection by their stepmother. The Maréchal de Montmorenci, who was in the King's company at the time, wrote thus to Marguerite from St. Jean-de-Luz: "Assuring you, Madame, that I have found the Queen, whom I have just been to meet on the frontier, so wise and beautiful and pleasant a lady, and who has held with me the most pleasant and excellent conversation possible . . . and we ought indeed to thank God for having given us so good and virtuous a lady, of whom it seems to me that one cannot say one third part of the goodness and 'honesteté' which I have found in her." The poet Marot, who accompanied Francis to Bayonne, speaks of the new Queen as "la plus joyeuse dame qu'oncques (ever) on vit." Theodore Beza later compares her beauty to that of Helen of Troy, and adds:—

> Utraque formosa est, sed re tamen altera major
> Illa serit lites; Helionora fugat.

Poor lady! She can scarcely have expected a happy life as the wife of a Prince on whom she was thus forced; an unwilling bridegroom, who had frittered away his affections on many objects, and was now entirely devoted to Mademoiselle d'Heilly, soon to become Duchesse d'Etampes and his Queen in all but name. The King appears to have treated his wife with some measure of kindness, and on his death in 1547 she returned to the Netherlands, where her sister Marie, Dowager Queen of Hungary, was then Regent. We have a passing glimpse of her in those later years.

"The French Queen, the Emperor's sister, was there; she came to Mass clad very solemnly all in white cambric, a robe gathered in plaits wrought very fair, as need be, with white work, as white as a dove. A train of ladies followed her, as black and evil as she was white."*

In the far-off days to come, when Charles V, weary of the burden of empire, retired to die in the monastery of St. Just, his two sisters, the widowed Queens Eléonore and Marie, in their passionate devotion, followed him to be near at hand, and did not long survive him.

Meantime after the Treaty of Cambray in 1529, the supremacy of Spain was unquestioned in Italy, and the Pope had made his final choice to uphold the Emperor. Charles set forth at last from Barcelona on the 27th of July, and reached Savona, from whence he made a kind of triumphal progress through Italy, by way of Genoa, Piacenza, Parma, and Reggio, where the Duke of Ferrara waited upon him. All Italy was at his feet; he made peace with Venice, who gave back her conquests and paid a war indemnity. Florence was in time given back to the Medici, after a ten months' siege, and the Pope recovered possession of his temporal power, under the protection of the Empire. At length there was peace, and Charles received the outward symbols of success. On his birthday, the Feast of St. Matthias, February 24, 1530, he was crowned at Bologna by the Pope, with the iron crown of Lombardy and the imperial crown of Charlemagne. We have an interesting account of the splendid ceremonial from the pages of Brantôme.

"Four thousand Spanish soldiers, veterans . . .

* Roger Ascham's *Journal.*

W. A. Mansell & Co., photo

LOUISE DE SAVOIE, REGENT OF FRANCE

After JEAN CLOUET

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marched at the head of the procession. Then came eighteen pieces of heavy artillery . . . followed by a thousand men-at-arms in the old equipment of Burgundy, all well mounted and cased in armour, over which hung their beautiful and rich mantles, with lances at the thigh. Then came the pages of the Emperor, twenty-four superbly clothed, in yellow, grey, and violet coloured velvet, mounted on beautiful horses. The Grand Ecuyer followed in steel armour, bearing the sword of state, and after him the Emperor, mounted on the most beautiful Spanish genet, a dark bay, clad in the richest armour inlaid with gold, over which was a mantle of cloth of gold . . . on his head a bonnet of black velvet without ornament or plume ("panache"). The Cardinals followed with their large hats, and the nobles and 500 gentlemen of the Court, most bravely and nobly armed and mounted; 1500 light horse and men-at-arms accoutred, and 3000 men on foot, Spaniards, Italians, and Landsknechts, formed the rearguard. This was indeed a procession fit for a great Emperor, enough to make the earth tremble as well as the heaven itself, when the artillery began to roar. . . ."

We then have a description of the coronation itself in the cathedral, and of the stately ceremonial observed when the Emperor paid homage to the Pope. We can imagine this festival at Bologna to have been the proudest day of Marguerite's life, for it marked the highest point of her beloved nephew's success. After this, we trace in the Diary the journey of Charles across the Alps to visit his hereditary dominions, which he had not seen for nine years. Since then he had triumphed over every obstacle: "Spain was reduced to obedience and the Pope to impotence; France had

suffered the greatest defeat of the century; Italy lay at his feet, and his brother Ferdinand had added two kingdoms to the family estate." Onwards he passed through Trent, Botzen, Innsbruck, until he reached Augsburg, where the famous Diet began on June 20, 1530.

Luther was still under the ban of the Empire and did not appear, but remained within reach at Coburg; and it was Melanchthon who brought forward the well-known Confession, which, in fact, was rather an "apologia than a creed." Charles listened as usual in silence, which was far more impressive than speech. He probably hoped to mediate between the Catholics and the Lutherans, for he already looked forward to winning over the Electors, and seeing his brother Ferdinand assured as King of the Romans. But he was distrusted alike by both sides, for the orthodox party looked with alarm at his successes in Italy and, amongst other aggressions, his taking the temporal estate of the Bishop of Utrecht.

In the discussion which followed, during those long summer days, Melanchthon was willing to yield too much according to the idea of Luther, who wrote to him, "Let them go to their own place!" (alluding to Judas); and the Lutheran Princes showed more steadfastness than the divines. In any case, no agreement was possible, and yet neither side was yet ready for a war of religion.

Charles remained at Augsburg until November 23, and then set forth on his journey to the Netherlands, where he was anxiously expected by his aunt Marguerite. But he was destined never to meet her again on earth, for on his arrival at Cologne he was met by the sad news of her illness and death.

CHAPTER XVIII

MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA

HER LIFE AND WORK—PATRON OF ARTISTS AND MEN OF LETTERS—PALACE AT MALINES—HER LIBRARY AND TREASURES — THE POETRY OF MARGUERITE — HER DEATH — BURIAL IN THE MAGNIFICENT CHURCH OF BROU, BY THE SIDE OF HER YOUNG HUSBAND, PHILIBERT LE BEAU, DUKE OF SAVOY

THE days of Marguerite are drawing to a close, and now in the hush before the closing scene will be the most suitable time to dwell upon the quiet daily story of her life. Her childhood and youth had been crowded with travel and splendid adventure; but all had come to a tragic end with the death of her young husband, Duke Philibert le Beau of Savoy, when, at the age of twenty-four, she was left for the second time a widow.

Overwhelmed with grief, the Duchess Marguerite would have given herself up to prayer and meditation, but the world had need of her, and she obeyed her father's call to be Regent of the Netherlands for her nephew Charles, an arduous task to which she devoted herself with singular wisdom and energy. It is most interesting to see from her letters the keen interest she takes in every detail of policy, in siege or battle, of that incessant war with Charles of Guelders, when we find

her generals consulting her with far more respect than they bestow upon Maximilian. Yet she was no "virago," and in that long struggle her constant aim was peace.

It is pathetic to find her exclaiming that "as a woman it is not her business to meddle with war," or again, when pressed by her father to meet Henry VIII at Tournay, that "it was not her place as a widow woman to go trotting about and visiting armies for pleasure."

The key-note of her character is a sense of generous loyalty, from the days of her childish letter to Anne de Beaujeu, through the long years when she rewarded and watched over, with thoughtful care, all who had served her or her house—from the future Pope Adrian VI to the broken-down lady-in-waiting—to that last beautiful farewell letter to her nephew, Charles V, when she knew her hours were numbered. We find Marguerite responsive to every claim on her sympathy and devotion. She cares for the children of her dead brother Philip with all a tender mother's love, and when they have passed out of her guardianship, she does not hesitate to adopt the three children whom her hapless niece, Isabelle of Denmark, bequeaths to her as a last legacy.

Louis Vivès, Adrian of Utrecht, and other learned men who had been tutors to her nephew Charles, remain her lifelong friends, and Cornelius Agrippa, who undertook the education of Jean, Isabelle's young son, dedicates to her his great book on the "Precellence du sexe féminin." The Regent's Court is a home for men of letters, amongst whom we find Erasmus of Rotterdam, who made an oration in her praise; the Jurisconsult Nicolas Everard; Massé, who told the story of Assyria and Babylon; the mystic Renacle de

Florienne, and many others. A series of chroniclers carried on the tradition of Froissart in Burgundy: Jacques Lefèvre de Saint-Remy, Jacques du Clercq, Georges Chastellain, and Jean Molinet, whose praises of Marguerite in the extravagant fashion of the day, remind us of rococo gems or pearls decayed by time. Still he is quaint and entertaining with his genuine enthusiasm, and so also is the Boccaccian poet, Jehan Le Maire, who in his *Couronne Margaritique* carries eulogy to the point of worship. They vie with each other in fanciful illustrations. Thus every letter of the name Marguerite is made to represent some lady famed for beauty or virtue, that they may all do homage to the "Pearl of the World," who combines in herself all their charms or saintliness.

"M, Marguerite de Danemarck. A, Artémise de Carie. R, Radégonde de France. G, Gilla de Hongroie. U, Vesta, Déesse. E, Eriphyle, Sibylle. R, Rachel. . . . I, Ingebergue de Dalmace. T, Theodolinde de Bavière. E, Elisa de Carthage." A full account is given of these ladies.

We are told that Madame Marguerite is "a very paragon of courtesy and of urbanity"; that she excels in all feminine work with the needle and in embroidery; that she has "most praiseworthy success in music, vocal and instrumental, in painting, and in rhetoric, both in the French language and the Castilian . . . and besides she loves all men of erudition, that is to say learned and understanding . . . and not content with reading . . . has taken her pen in hand, and described most elegantly, both in prose and in 'rhythme Gallicane,' all the course of her misfortunes and of her admirable life."

At one time there was much speculation as to the hero of Le Maire's long poem, entitled "Triomphe de l'Amant Vert," until the simple fact was explained that this "Amant Vert" was none other than a parrot which the Archduke Sigismund of Austria had once given to Marie of Burgundy, and which Marguerite kept in memory of her mother, which she cared for herself, and who died, probably of old age, when his mistress was absent on a journey in Austria. She gave him the name of "l'Amant Vert," and herself wrote an epitaph on her lost pet.

EPITAPH ON L'AMANT VERT

Soubz ce tumbel qui est ung dur conclave
Gist l'amant vert. Et le très noble esclave
Dont le bault cueur de vraye amour pure yvre
Ne peult souffrir perdre sa dame et vivre.*

The poem of Le Maire is divided into two "Epistres Joyeuses."

"A Lyon le premier jour de Mars, l'an de grâce, Mil cincq Cens et dix."

SENSUIT LA PREMIÈRE ÉPISTRE DE L'AMANT VERT

Elle s'en va. Helas! elle s'en va
Et je demeure ici sans campagnie.
Elle va veoir le Roi Romain son pere,
Et tout sans moi. . . .
Oz pleust aux dieux que mon corps assez beau
Fust transformé pour cette heure en courbeau
Lors te plairoye-je. Et ma belle laideur
Me vauldroit mieux que ma belle verdure. . . .†

And so on through many pages.

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* Beneath this tomb, for him so rude a cage,
Rests l'Amant Vert. And the most noble slave
Whose splendid heart with pure true love enflamed,
Cannot endure to lose his Queen and live.

† She goes away. Alas! she goes away
And I remain here without company;

LA SECONDE EPISTRE DE L'AMANT VERT

The scene of this is in the realm of Pluto, where Mercury and l'Amant Vert sing a duologue of euphuistic praise and adulation.

> Depuis que tu es de retour saulve et saine
> Après avoir veu le Rin, Meuse et Saine,
> Princesse illustre et de haulte value
> Très humblemente ozendroit te salue
> Ton serviteur (jadis de moest couvert)
> Et maintenant immortel, l'Amant Vert.*

With much more.

These quotations give a very fair idea of the artificial imagery and words of the poet. Jehan Le Maire had been at one time with Louise of Savoy, and in later years, at the request of Anne of Brittany, Marguerite permitted him to take up his abode at the French Court, where he composed *Les Illustrations de Gaule.* He also wrote a solemn work entitled *Traité des pompes funébres antiques et modernes,* and dedicated that also to his lady.

Under the genial protection of the Regent, music was much encouraged at the Court of Malines. We are told of many composers, famous in their day,

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> The Roman King, her father, she will see
> And all without me. . . .
> Had it but pleased the gods that my fair plumes
> Were from this hour transformed and raven black,
> Then should I please thee, and my dark disguise
> Would serve me better than my plumage green. . . .

* Since thou art home again, both safe and sound,
And thou hast seen the Rhine, the Meuse, the Seine,
Princess illustrious of highest fame,
Most humbly doth he dare salute thee thus,
Thy faithful servant (once in damp mould laid),
And now immortal as your Amant Vert. . . .

whose names have scarcely survived; but Maître Agricolo, who is mentioned by Rabelais, was one of those who set to music some of Marguerite's own songs. She appears to have had somewhat of a catholic taste, for we hear of "trompettes, tambourins, orgues, fifres, rebecs et sacquebuttes" being made use of to entertain her.

Marguerite of Austria was a great patron of artists, and if we may judge from her splendid collection of pictures at Malines, where she usually lived, she showed admirable taste in her selection. Her portrait in the frontispiece was by Bernard Van Orley, her Court painter presented to her by her nephew Charles V. He it was who produced the fine painted-glass windows of the cathedral of Ste. Gudule. Jan Gossaert, better known as Mabuse, painted the beautiful likeness of her niece, Isabelle of Denmark, and other family portraits, and he was apparently employed to restore her old paintings. Michiel Van Coxcien painted some of his earliest pictures for her, and among them was: "Une petite Nostre-Dame disant ses heures; faicte de la main de Michiel, que Madame appelle sa mignonne, et le petit Dieu dort."

We may conjure up before us the vision of that magnificent palace of Malines, with its priceless treasures of art and beauty; and the hand of Marguerite herself assures us that it is no dream of fancy; for on the 17th day of July, 1516, she caused an inventory to be taken of her possessions.

As we pass through the great hall into the stately chambers, we find ourselves in the enchanted world of the Renaissance. The walls are hung with gorgeous tapestries, to each one of which there hangs a tale.

Yonder are the six pieces representing "La Cité des Dames," presented to the Princess by the burghers of Tournay, when she went there to meet the King of England. Amongst those which she brought from Spain we see: the Story of the Cid, in fine needlework of gold and silk; the History of Alexander; the Legend of St. Helena; others with the arms of Spain and Aragon. There is the Life of Queen Esther, in the richest gold and silver and silk, and many more, with the quaint presentment of the Three Kings, of the Earthly Paradise, of Arcadian delights, and other mediæval favourites.

The floors are spread with the richest carpets, spoils from Italy and from Eastern lands, and on all sides unique treasures full of memories of the past for Marguerite. Shining armour, priceless medallions, silver caskets, inlaid clocks of peerless workmanship, vases, precious marbles, gems of alabaster and ivory carving, of chalcedony and jasper; rare and beautiful chessmen of various devices; and a splendid collection of gold and silver plate, sometimes inlaid with precious stones. There are trophies of the chase—fierce heads of wolves, hunting spears, and stuffed falcons which have been special pets in their day.

But far beyond all else in value to the Princess are the pictures which meet us on every side, rare and precious works of the old Flemish masters, whose art was a miracle and a revelation. One of these is thus described: "Ung grant tableau qu'on appelle Hernoul-le-Fin avec sa femme dedens une chambre. . . Fait du peintre Johannes" (Jan Van Eyck).*

* This is probably the famous Van Eyck No. 186—the gem of our National Gallery.

There are two other precious Van Eycks, one of a "Portugalaise," and a "Nostre-Dame" which had belonged to Duke Philippe of Burgundy. Then we have several sacred pictures of Memling, four works by "Rogier" de la Pasture, as many as six by Michiel Coxcien, various others by Jerome Bosch, Jacques Barbaris, and Dirick, besides many more of which there are full descriptions, but we are only told of the artist that his is "une bonne main." Over a hundred are enumerated and some of these may have been by well-known artists. There are many sacred subjects, and sometimes the portrait of a prince or princess as a saint, and such alluring titles as: "Ung petit enfant qui pleure," or "Ung petit paradis où sont touxs les apôtres. . . ."

The special "Librarye de Madame" contained a wonderful collection of family portraits, beginning with Charlemagne, the Emperor Frederick, bygone Dukes of Burgundy, "Madame Marie mère de Madame," the Emperor Maximilian her father, her brother Philippe and herself "when they were little children, her nephew Charles and his sisters at various ages, many other pictures, and lastly "le feu Monseigneur de Savoie à cheval avesques ung manteau de marguerites."

What sad and tender memories in this portrait, of the happy past, for the great lady who was so lonely at heart in her splendid home! For hers was a life of giving, not receiving. Every one came to her for help and sympathy, and none ever came in vain; yet she herself, more especially after her father's death, stood alone in regal isolation.

We have one more clue to the real Marguerite perhaps of deeper interest than any other, in tha

private library at Malines, of which by a happy chance the catalogue has been preserved for us. It begins thus:—

VELOUR CRAMOISY

"Premièrement, ung très bon, grant et riche livre en parchemin, tout escript en lettres d'or hystoryé et illuminé, couvert de drap d'or frize, et ayant fermaulx et ferrures doréz appellé le livre des Euvangilles.

"Ung grant livre de parchemin escript à la main, illuminé, couvert de velours cramoisy et ayans fermaux et clos dorez, qui est dessus escript le premier volume de Froissart. . . ."

All the books are thus fully described and, as we see, are arranged according to their binding and not the subject, for the gospels are side by side with Froissart! There are about one hundred and fifty of these splendid illuminated manuscripts, in crimson velvet, green velvet, blue, and black. Marguerite must have had a broad and cultivated taste in her reading, for there is a wonderful variety. We find a fair sprinkling of classical works: three editions of Aristotle, four of Livy, the Fables of Esop and of Ovid, the Letters of Seneca, the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar, etc. We have many chronicles, historical works of the day, and genealogies; a rich store of old romances—*The Round Table, Lancelot of the Lake, Merlin,* the *Golden Legend,* and various others, the *Story of Jason and the Golden Fleece,* and a great deal of Froissart. There was also much solid reading; for instance, the *Decretals* in Latin and in French, Digests of Right and Justice, Moral Examples, four copies of Saint Augustine's *City of God,* and Boëthius on Consolation.

In lighter mood, there are the various writings of Boccaccio, Phebus on Hunting, four different books on Chess, on the Interpretation of Dreams, one on the *Nature of Birds,* and several on Manners and Fashion, such as the *Miroir des Dames* and *Miroir du Monde.* It is curious to find also *Le Livre du Trésor,* which Ser Brunetto pressed Dante to read when they met in the Inferno. There is naturally a large proportion of religious literature—"Livres d'Heures," Missals, Breviaries, four Bibles in Latin and French, Gospels, Testaments, Lives and Legends of the Saints, *The Ten Commandments, with the difference between mortal and venial sin,* and other pious works of devotion.

This list only contains the illuminated manuscripts; there must have been another for the printed books.

We are reminded by the chronicler, Jehan Le Maire, that Madame Marguerite not only "read wise books, but that she also took the pen in hand to write . . ." and it is very interesting to find that many of her poems have been preserved in a precious volume where the artist has painted "marguerites" on all the margins, and on the frontispiece the Princess kneeling in her oratory.

There is a gentle melancholy in all her writing, regret for past sorrows, and yet perfect submission and fortitude. Her language is simple, almost homely at times, but on the whole may well bear comparison with the poetry of her day, as the following selections will show:—

Fortune! qu'as tu faict?
N'es tu pas enragée
D'avoir ainsi deffaict
M'amour et ma pensée?

Hé! Malheureuse mort
Tu as de moi grant tort!*

SOUVENIR TUE

Souvenir tue, et soir et matin,
Et si ne donne coup de main,
D'asche, d'espée ny de lance
Mais au cueur tant de regrés lance
Qui convient en demeurer vain.
Son cop est fort rude et soudain
Par quoy je dis et non en vain,
Que par sa très dure grévance
Souvenir tue.

Quant du passé l'on se remain
Qu'on n'avoit nulz regretz villain,
Mais que tout venoit à plaisance
Et par rebours de desplaisance
Tient en prison my cueur humain.
Souvenir tue.†

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* Fortune! What hast thou done?
Art thou not to madness wrought
Thus to trample in the dust
All my love and all my thought?
Alas! Unhappy death,
Thou hast wronged me bitterly!

MEMORY KILLS

† Memory kills, both morn and eve,
And if she give not sudden stroke
Of axe, of sword, nor yet of lance,
With such regrets the heart doth pierce
That who would wish to linger here?
Her blow is very swift and stern,
Wherefore I say and not in vain
That by her grievous bitterness
Memory kills.

For as I think upon the past,
Untouched by sorrow or regret,
When pleasure came with open hand,
The bitter contrast of this woe
In prison holds my human heart.
Memory kills.

TOUT POUR LE MIEUX

Tout pour le mieux bien dire l'ose
Vient maleur qui fault soubtenir,
Si c'est pour à mieux parvenir
L'endurer est bien peu de chose.

Mon cueur en franchise repose
Sans rien parcial soy tenir
Tout pour le mieux.

De ma part rien je ne propose ;
Viengne ce que pourra venir
Car dire veulx et maintenir
Que des emprinses Dieu dispose
Tout pour le mieux.*

MON SERVITEUR

Tousjours loyal, quoy que advienne
En tout et partout l'homs doit estre,
Tant soit il seculier ou prestre ;
Droit dit que loyalté l'on tienne

Dieu veut certes qu'on s'entretienne
En fortune bonne ou senestre
Tousjours loyal.

Pouser le cas qui mes avienne
Et que le tout ne vient à dextre,

ALL FOR THE BEST

* All for the best, I dare to say,
Though sorrow must be borne and pain,
If thus I reach the better way,
To suffer is not loss, but gain.

My heart in simple faith doth rest
And clings to nothing here below,
All for the best.

For my part I will nought desire,
Let come what may, my fate fulfil,
For I will say and still maintain
That God disposeth at His will
All for the best.

Je ne scay mieux du monde en l'estre
Pour l'homme for qui se mentienne
Tousjour loyal.*

TANT QUE JE VIVE

Tant que je vive, mon cueur ne changera
Pour nul vivant, tant soit il bon ou saige
Fort et puissant, riche, de hault lignaige
Mon chois est fait, aultre ne se fera.

Il peult estre que l'on dévisera,
Mais je pour ce ne muera mon courage
Tant que je vive.†

The student of Marguerite will welcome this selection from her poetry, in which the gallant spirit of the writer glorifies the simple words, wherein we find an intimate revelation of one so loyal, so tender, and so brave.

Marguerite had accomplished her great diplomatic

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* Ever loyal, come what may,
In all things man must constant be;
Whether secular or priest,
To loyalty he still must cling.

God would have him still remain,
Be his fortune good or ill,
Ever loyal.

Take the case as it befell
When fortune served us not aright,
Nought better in this world I know
For man than he should still abide
Ever loyal.

† My heart will change not while I live
For any, be he good or wise,
Or strong or mighty, rich, high-born,
My choice is fixed and will not move.

It may be they will scheme for me,
But never will my courage fail
While I do live.

success by the Treaty of Cambray in July, 1529; she was at rest from her long struggle with Charles, Duke of Guelders, by the peace signed in October the year before; and surely now she would reap the harvest of a quiet and prosperous rule, after her unceasing devotion and many sacrifices for her kindred and her country. Above all, she had rejoiced in the great consummation of all ambitious hopes for the glory of her race, when her nephew, Charles the Emperor, with his foes at his feet, had been solemnly crowned with the diadem of Charlemagne by the Pope himself—a triumph which her father Maximilian had desired in vain.

But at the very pinnacle of earthly success, the pious Marguerite turned with longing eyes to the peaceful seclusion of the cloister, where she might be safe from the turmoil of the world, and be free to spend her remaining years in the service of God, and the contemplation of heavenly things. She was now fifty years of age, and had laboured and suffered much; we have seen in her poetry how deep was her religious feeling, and how profound her craving for a life of holy meditation.

This is part of the letter which she wrote to La mère Ancelle, the superior of the convent "des Annonciades," which she had founded herself, near Bruges.

"Ma bonne mère, ma mie . . . je suis délibérée faire avec vous une bonne fin, à l'aide de Dieu. . . . Faites prier toutes mes bonnes filles à l'intention que je vous ay tousjours dite; car le temps approche, puisque l'Ampereur vient, à qui, à l'aide de Dieu, renderay bon compte de la charge et gouvernement que lui a pleu me donner, et ce fait, je me renderay à la volonté de Dieu et de nostre bonne mestresse, sa glorieuse Mère,

Neurdein, photo

TOMB OF MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA, IN THE CHURCH AT BROU

vous pryant ma bonne mère ma mie, que ne soye oubliée aux vostres. . . ."

(. . . I have decided to make a good end with you, by the help of God. . . . Cause prayers to be made by all my good daughters for the purpose of which I have always told you; for the time approaches, since the Emperor is coming, to whom, by the help of God, I will render a good account of the charge and government which it has pleased him to give me, and when this is done, I will give myself up to the will of God and of our good mistress, his glorious mother, praying you, my good mother, "ma mie," that I may not be forgotten by yours. . . .)

But this pious resolution was never carried out, for a more distant journey awaited the beloved Princess.

Concerning the death of the Regent of the Netherlands, historians tell us very little, and the story of her last days is chiefly taken from some manuscripts preserved in the church of Brou.* Here we are told that, having set all the affairs of her realm in order, she was preparing to pay a visit to Bourg-en-Bresse, to hasten the conclusion of the magnificent shrine to which she had devoted so much thought and expense ever since the death of her loved husband, the Duke Philibert. With this intention, the Princess left Antwerp in the beginning of November, 1530, to continue her journey towards Savoy, intending to stay a few days in her palace at Malines to make some final arrangements. She was here when, on the morning of the 15th, not feeling very well, she asked for a glass of water. Mademoiselle Madeleine de Rochester, one of her ladies-in-waiting, hastened to obey her request and

* Copied by M. Le Glay.

presented her with water in a crystal bowl, but when she received it back, in her agitation Madeleine let it slip from her hand; it fell to the ground and was broken, while one piece unnoticed glanced off into the high-heeled embroidered slipper ("mule") of Madame.

When Marguerite rose presently, she placed her foot in the slipper and felt a sharp wound. The fragment of glass was extracted, but the pain continued, and after some days it was found that the wound was poisoned. A week after the accident, the surgeons decided unanimously on the necessity of amputation. No one dared to announce this to the patient, until her almoner, Antoine de Montécut, who knew the noble character of his lady, took upon himself to break the news to her. Marguerite behaved with the utmost courage and fortitude, and without a moment's hesitation consented to the operation, only asking for time to receive the Sacrament, which was administered to her on the 27th.

We know that in those days surgery was not only very barbarous, but that, in the absence of our modern knowledge of antiseptics, there was always the utmost danger in any operation. It would be practically looked upon as a sentence of death. Even so, there seems to have been unaccountable delay, for the amputation was not fixed to take place until the 30th. In their great desire to spare the Princess pain, and prevent her feeling the horror and agony of the operation, the physicians gave her a dose of opium, but it was so strong that she fell asleep never to wake again. When we consider the procedure even in later days of so distinguished a surgeon as Ambrose Paré, we may look

upon it as a merciful escape, and be thankful indeed that our Princess was spared so much.

Marguerite had calmly devoted herself to setting her worldly affairs in order, for her mind was clear and untroubled to the end. On the 30th of November, she took advantage of her last hour to write to her dear nephew Charles, and send him her parting advice and her loving farewell.

Last letter of Marguerite to her nephew, Charles V

"Monseigneur, l'heure est venue que ne vous puis plus escripre de ma main, car je me trouve en telle indisposition, que doubte ma vie estre briefve. Pourveue et reposée de ma conscience, et de tout resolue à recevoir ce qu'il plaira à Dieu m'envoyer, sans regret quelconque, reservé de la privation de vostre présence et de non vous pouvoir veoir et parler à vous encoire une fois avant ma mort, ce que (pour la doubte que dessus) suppléray en partie par ceste mienne lettre, que crains sera la dernière qu'aurez de moy. Je vous ay institué mon heritier universel seul et pour le tout, aux charges de mon testament, l'accomplissement duquel vous recommande. Vous laisse vos pays de pardeça, que durant vostre absence n'ay seulement gardé, comme les me laissâtes à vostre partement, mais grandement augmentéz, et vous rends le gouvernement d'iceultx, auquel me cuyde estre léalement acquictée, et tellement que j'en espère rémunération divine, contentement de vous, monseigneur, et gré de vos subjects; vous recommandant singulièrement la paix, et par espécial avec les roys de France et d'Angleterre. Et, pour fin vous suplie monseigneur, que l'amour qu'il

vous a pleu porter au povre corps soit mémoire du salut de l'âme, et recommandation de mes povres serviteurs et servantes, vous disant le dernier à Dieu, auquel je supplie, monseigneur, vous donner prospérité et longue vie.

"De Malines, le dernier jour de novembre 1530.

"Vostre très humble tante

"MARGUERITE."

(Monseigneur, the hour is come when I can no more write to you with mine own hand, for I find myself so ill that I doubt my life will be brief. With a quiet conscience, and resolved to receive all that it may please God to send me, with no regret whatever save the privation of your presence, and that I am not able to see and speak to you once more before my death, which I would supply in part by this my letter, which I fear will be the last which you will receive from me. I have instituted you my universal heir alone and for all, save the charges in my will, the accomplishment of which I recommend to you. I leave to you your lands of "pardeça," which during your absence I have not only kept as you gave them to me on your departure, but greatly augmented; and I return you the government of the same, of which I believe that I have loyally acquitted myself, so that I hope for divine reward, satisfaction from you, Monseigneur, and thanks from your subjects; recommending to you particularly peace, and especially with the Kings of France and England. And to end, I beg you, Monseigneur, for the love which it has pleased you to bear to this poor body, that you will keep in memory the salvation of the soul, and

my recommendation of my poor servants, for the love of God, to whom I pray, Monseigneur, that He will give you prosperity and long life.

From Malines, the last day of November, 1530.

Your very humble aunt,

MARGUERITE.)

Marguerite passed away in sleep in the night of the 30th November, between midnight and one o'clock, in her palace of Malines. The sad news was at once sent to the Emperor at Cologne by the Archbishop of Palermo, Jean de Carondelet, and Antoine de Lalaing, Count of Hoochstrate.

"Madame has indeed shown in her end the virtue which was in her, for she died as good a Christian as it is possible for any one to be. It is a great loss, Sire, for Your Majesty and for all your dominions and subjects of 'par-deça.'"

No blame appears to have attached to the treatment which she had received, for which we have an entry in the accounts of the sum paid to: "Philippe Savoien, sirurgien de l'Empereur, pour avoir tracté Madame au *mieulx que possible lui a esté*, et aussi avoir fait bien embaulmé le corps d'icelle . . . XXX philippes."

Marguerite had made her will on February 20, 1508, during the life of her father Maximilian, whom she made her heir, but a codicil added on November 26, 1530, left everything to Charles except special gifts, such as "one of her best rings" to his brother Ferdinand. "And in order not to abolish the name of the House of Burgundy," she begs the Emperor that it may be his pleasure to retain in his hands the said county of Bur-

gundy so long as he lives, and that after his death it may go to such an one of his heirs as inherits the Netherlands ("pays de par-deça").

She left large sums of money to the church of Brou, near Bourg-en-Bresse, and to various other churches and hospitals; she dowered a hundred young girls, left a handsome legacy to her sister-in-law, Claude of Savoy, and pensions to all who had been in attendance upon her, or in her service. She gave very special directions about her burial in the splendid memorial church of Brou, where she wished to rest by the side of the dearly loved husband of her youth, so long and deeply mourned.

While awaiting translation to this final abode, her body was placed in the church of Nôtre Dame of the Annonciades at Bruges, where she hoped to spend the rest of her life, had it not been cut short, like that of her mother, Marie of Burgundy, by a fatal accident. Here was the last resting-place of this mother so early taken from her, and here her father Maximilian had desired that his heart should remain with his dear Marie. In the accounts of the funeral expenses of Marguerite, we find the sum paid to the ringers of the church of Nôtre Dame, "pour avoir sonné la grosse cloche pendant que le dict corps de Madame a reposé en la dite eglise . . . XX livres."

There were splendid funeral ceremonies, and she was deeply mourned by her people, whom she had served so well. It was Cornelius Agrippa who pronounced her funeral oration at Malines, Jean Fabri who spoke her praise in stately Latin in the great cathedral of Cologne, before Charles V and his Court, and Father Antoine de Saix whose eloquence moved

his hearers to tears in the church of Brou, for he spoke not only in Latin, but also in the language of the common people.

Through the wintry snows they bore her, across the land she had ruled so well, by the way she once travelled in life on her wedding journey—through Picardy, by Dijon and Dôle and over the mountains to Geneva. Not as in those days of her triumphant progress when everywhere she was met with glad and festive greeting, but with heavy hearts the loyal people held solemn obsequies for their loved ruler, as the sad procession passed slowly through their cities.

Hither she came at last, the beloved Princess, to the wonderful church which during the last quarter of a century had been preparing for this day—the reunion in death of the husband and wife whom life had severed.

Through the long centuries which the old sundial before the porch has noted, the stately monuments within that glorious fane have borne their silent testimony to the love which called them into being. We see the gallant young Duke in his splendid warrior panoply, fully armed, with attendant children as his sentinels on guard, bearing his helmet and his gauntlets, as though at any moment he might rise and call for them.

Below, in strong contrast to the great lord in his glory, is the grim mediæval reminder of the vanity of all earthly greatness—the dying man himself in bare nakedness, who brought nothing into the world and can take nothing away with him.

On the left is the regal tomb of the Duchess Marguerite, his wife. In queenly state and grandeur she

rests above, clothed in rich robes and crowned with a diadem, a greyhound sleeping at her feet. Underneath we see the presentment of the mortal woman robbed of all her state; only her shroud to cover her and her long hair sweeping over all—that last adornment which a daughter of Eve may bear unreproved to her grave. All around, in chased work, is carved her motto: "Fortune, Infortune, fort une"; which may be interpreted: "Fortune, misfortune, and one strong to meet them."

> "So rest, for ever rest, O princely pair,
> In your high church, 'mid the still mountain-air,
> Where horn, and hound, and vassals never come.
> Only the blessed saints are smiling dumb,
> From the rich painted windows of the nave,
> On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave."

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